

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

CONTENTS.

1. FATHER HENRY GARNET AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT. *By John H. Pollen* 305
2. CLARE VAUGHAN 321
3. LOURDES AND ITS INHABITANTS. *By the Editor* 337
4. THE ANGLICAN CHURCH CONGRESS. *By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith.* 352
5. THE ROSE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT 373
6. SIAM. *By James McCarthy* 374
7. THE CHEMISTRY OF THE SUN. *By Aloysius L. Cortie* . . . 381
8. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. *By John Errington* 393
9. A CRUISE IN THE ÆGEAN. *By the Rev. Victor Baudot* . . . 404
10. THE LINDSAYS. A Story of Scottish Life. *By John K. Leys* . 412

Chaps. XXII.—XXV.

REVIEWS 432

1. Readings with the Saints. 2. The Incarnate Word and the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. *By the Rev. George Tickell.* 3. Clare Vaughan. *By Lady Lovat.* 4. Le Magistère Ordinaire de l'Eglise et ses Organes. *Par J. M. A. Vacant.* 5. The *Divina Commedia* of Dante. *Translated by F. K. H. Haselfoot.* 6. The Psalms and Canticles of the Divine Office. *By St. Alphonsus Liguori.* 7. A New Natural History. *By John K. Leys, M.A.* 8. John Canada, or New France. *Translated from the French of Raoul de Navery.*

LITERARY RECORD 449

- I.—Books and Pamphlets.
- II.—Magazines.

LONDON :

OFFICE OF THE MONTH, 48, SOUTH ST., GROSVENOR SQ.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES. DUBLIN: M. H. GILL AND SON.

BALTIMORE: MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY AND CO.

Price Two Shillings.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

**THE GREAT
BLOOD
PURIFIER
AND
RESTORER.**

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE?"

CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

**LARGEST SALE
OF ANY
MEDICINE
IN
THE WORLD.**

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities, it cannot be too highly recommended. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases and sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing and permanent cure. **It Cures Old Sores. Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs. Cures Scurvy Sores. Cures Cancerous Ulcers. Cures Glandular Swellings. Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face. Cures Blood and Skin Diseases. Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck. Clears the Blood from all impure matter, from whatever cause arising.**

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Sold in Bottles **2s. 9d.** each, and in cases containing Six times the quantity, **11s.** each, sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases. **BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS** throughout the world, or sent on receipt of 33 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, **THE LINCOLN & MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.**

(TRADE MARK "BLOOD MIXTURE.")

THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES!!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

These excellent **FAMILY MEDICINES** are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every **HOUSEHOLD**. The **PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE,** and **STRENGTHEN** the whole system, while the **OINTMENT** is unequalled for the cure of **Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers.** Possessed of these **REMEDIES**, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or Family is liable.

N.B.—Advice Gratis at 78, New Oxford Street, late 533, Oxford Street, London, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED,

**DUBLIN, 1865. PARIS, 1867. HONOURABLE MENTION INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.
VIENNA, 1873.**

BOOK BINDING,

Artistic and Plain, by English and Foreign Workmen.

JOSEPH ZAEHNSDORF,

**OFFICE: 14, YORK STREET }
WORKS: 36, CATHERINE STREET } COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.**

VANHEEMS AND WHEELER,

Exclusively Clerical Tailors.

The only House in England which is conversant with the Roman formula in respect to the canonical dress of the Catholic Hierarchy.

47, Berners Street, London, W.

2

1

T
neare
are d
(3) th
hand

Ar

for
COL
IND

Li
pla
A

ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE, OLD HALL, WARE, HERTS.

PRESIDENT—THE RIGHT REV. P. FENTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT—REV. WILLIAM LLOYD.

The College is situated within thirty miles of London, on the main road to Cambridge. The nearest station is Standon (about a mile and a quarter distant) on the Great Eastern Railway.

The courses of studies are variously adapted for (1) candidates to the priesthood, (2) those who are destined for the learned profession or for careers involving competitive examinations, and (3) those who are intended for commercial life.

For the COMMERCIAL or MODERN division great stress will be laid on précis writing, shorthand, mental arithmetic, and English composition.

For the CLASSICAL and SCIENTIFIC division the College is affiliated to the London University.

ST. HUGH'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL (Adjoining the College).

PRESIDENT—THE RIGHT REV. P. FENTON.

An experienced matron superintends all that relates to the health and comfort of the children.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE RIGHT REV. PRESIDENT.

MOTTINGHAM HOUSE, MOTTINGHAM, NEAR ELTHAM, KENT, *TWELVE MINUTES' WALK FROM ELTHAM STATION.* (Removed from Blenheim House, Lee.)

The only Catholic Establishment for the Preparation of Candidates for the Examination for admission to the (1) ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH; (2) ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SANDHURST; (3) THE EXAMINATIONS OF LIEUTENANTS OF MILITIA; (4) THE INDIA FOREST SERVICE.

PRINCIPAL . . . REV. E. VON ORSBACH, F.R.G.S.
Late Tutor to their Highnesses the Princes of Thurn and Taxis.

TUTORIAL STAFF:

Higher Mathematics	G. Merrit Reeves, Esq., M.A.; 13th Wrangler, 1873; late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge.
Mathematics	J. A. Pease, Esq., and J. Sloane, Esq.
Classics: Latin and Greek	The Principal.
English: Language and History	T. W. West, Esq., B.A. Oxon., sometime Scholar of Lincoln College.
French Language	The Principal, and Mons. Victor Lemaire, M.A., Licencié-ès-Lettres, Paris.
German Language	The Principal.
Sciences: Geology, Physics, & Chemistry	Professor J. Morris.
Geography: Physical	The Principal and Professor Morris
Political	The Principal.
Tactics: Military Law	Major E. Lightfoot (late) Bengal Staff Corps.
Topography: Fortification	J. A. Pease, Esq.
Civil and Military Engineering	J. A. Pease, Esq.
Drawing: Geometrical, Freehand, and Perspective	J. A. Pease, Esq.
Preliminary Subjects	The Principal, J. Sloane, Esq., and S. E. Cottam, Esq.
Drill and Fencing	F. Myers, Staff Sergeant R.M.A., Woolwich.

Among other successes in the recent Examinations, the only pupil sent up for the Militia Literary (April) took the 22nd place (first trial), and Militia Competitive (September) the 29th place (first trial), the last after only 12 weeks' preparation.

His Lordship the Bishop of Southwark has kindly granted the privilege of daily Mass in the house.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPAL.

A. M. D. C.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
CHESTERFIELD, DERBYSHIRE.

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

This College provides a thoroughly sound classical and commercial education at a very moderate Pension. The course of studies is directed to Matriculation at the London University. The College is situated nine miles from Sheffield, seven miles from Chesterfield, and one mile from Eckington Station (N.M.R.).

For particulars apply to the Rector, Rev. JOHN CLAYTON, Mount St. Mary's, Chesterfield; Rev. PETER GALLWEY, 31, Farm Street, London; Rev. JAMES CLARE, 8, Salisbury Street, Liverpool; Rev. W. LAWSON, Portsmouth Street, Manchester; Rev. THOMAS HILL, Trenchard Street, Bristol.

ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE,
ST. CHARLES' SQUARE, NOTTING HILL, W.

Founded by H. E. the Cardinal Archbishop, and conducted by the Oblates of St. Charles, assisted by competent Professors.

For particulars apply to the Rector, the Very Rev. R. Butler, D.D.; the Very Rev. Father Superior of the Oblates of St. Charles, St. Mary of the Angels', Bayswater; or the Very Rev. Canon Johnson, D.D., Archbishop's House, Westminster.

The Oblate Fathers take charge of the moral and intellectual training of the Day Scholars equally with that of the Resident Students.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT,
ERDINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

STUDENTS ARE PREPARED FOR THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE PROFESSIONS.
For Terms, &c., apply to the President, as above.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE, YORK.

CONDUCTED BY THE BENEDICTINE FATHERS.

Students prepared for Matriculation, Preliminaries, &c. Apply to the Very Rev. the Prior.

JUST PUBLISHED

BY

THOMAS BAKER, 1, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

PIUS IX. AND HIS TIMES.

An Historical Biography.

BY THE REV. ÆNEAS M. DAWSON, P.P., LL.D., OF OTTAWA.

440 pp., 8vo cloth (published 7s. 6d.), 6s. net. Free by post.

M. H. GILL AND SON'S LIST.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

Month of the Souls in Purgatory; or, Practical Meditations for each day of the Month of November. By the Abbé BERLIOUX. Translated from the French by ELEANOR CHOLMELEY. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal MANNING. Royal 32mo, cloth, flush, 1s.

Purgatory. Dogmatic and Scholastic. The various Questions connected with it, considered and proved. By the Rev. M. CANTY, P.P. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Birthday Book of our Dead. With extracts of Poetry and Prose. Selected by S. M. S. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

St. Joseph's Manual of a Happy Eternity. By Father SEBASTIAN, Passionist. 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

A French Navy Captain; Augustus Marceau, Commander of the "Ark of the Covenant." Translated from the French of the Rev. Father CLAUDIUS MAYET, S.M., by A. W. CHETWODE. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

John Canada, or, New France. Sequel to "The Castle of Coetquen" and "The Treasure of the Abbey." Translated from the French of Raoul de Naverly by A. W. CHETWODE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Handbook of the History of Philosophy. By Dr. ALBERT STÖCKL. Part I. Pre-Scholastic Philosophy. Translated by T. A. FINLAY, S.J., M.A., Fellow of Royal University of Ireland, Professor of Mental Science, University College, Dublin. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Sermons of the Rev. Joseph Farrell, Author of the "Lectures of a Certain Professor." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

The Names of the Eucharist. By LUIGI LANZONI, Provost-General of the Institute of Charity. A Translation from the Italian by a Priest of the same Institute. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. J. CUTHBERT HEDLEY, O.S.B. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Moy O'Brien. A Tale of Irish Life. By Miss E. SKEFFINGTON THOMPSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Directorium Sacerdotale. A Guide for Priests in their Public and Private Life. By F. BENEDICT VALUY, S.J. With an Appendix for the use of Seminarians. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. 18mo, cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

* * * This Work can only be supplied direct to Priests.

Saint Augustine; Bishop and Doctor. A Historical Study. By a Priest of the Congregation of the Mission. With Map. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

The School of Divine Love: or, Elevations of the Soul to God. By Father VINCENT CARAFFA, Seventh General of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French of MARCEL BOUX, Priest of the Society of Jesus. 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Loving Kindness of the Queen of Heaven; or, the *Salve Regina* in Meditations. By Father ANTONY DENIS, S.J. Translated from the Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

For the Old Land. A Tale of Twenty Years Ago. By CHARLES J. KICKHAM. With Twenty-two Illustrations. Large 8vo, boards, 2s.; cloth, 3s. 6d.

Simple Readings on some of the Parables of our Lord Jesus Christ. By G. G. G. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

Christian Maxims, or, Tiny Flowers of Ars, consisting of Selected Thoughts of M. VIANNEY, the Curé D'Ars. Translated from the French, by the Rev. J. B. L., Priest of the Ancient Order of Mount Carmel. 32mo, cloth extra, red edges, 1s.

CATHOLIC PRAYER-BOOKS.

Our Editions of CATHOLIC PRAYER-BOOKS are specially revised, and published with the *Imprimatur* of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. WALSH, Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland.

Complete Catalogue post free on application. The Trade and Shippers supplied.

M. H. GILL AND SON,
50, O'CONNELL STREET UPPER, DUBLIN.

Telegraphic Address:—GILL, Dublin.

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS OF

St. Ignatius of Loyola

St. Francis Xavier

St. Francis of Assisi

St. Thomas of Aquin

St. Charles Borromeo

St. Philip Neri.

Size of Photograph, 5 inch by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inch. Mounted on Royal 8vo, with descriptive letterpress, as originally issued in THE MONTH. 6d. each, or 2s. 6d. the set of Six, post free.

ESTABLISHED 1730.

Prize Medal Wax Candles with Platted Wicks. Patented.

2s. 2d. and 2s. per lb.

Prize Medal Vegetable Candles for Church use.

1s. 5d., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 1d. per lb.

N.B.—Twopence per lb. on Wax, and one penny per lb. on Vegetable Candles charged extra if credit be taken over three months.

Pure Vegetable Oil for Sanctuary Lamps (Registered).

This Oil, the produce of a particular growth, and the finest in quality that it is possible to obtain, is refined by a special process for use in Sanctuary Lamps, and is the sole reliable oil for burning with eight-day wicks. It can be obtained only from FRANCIS TUCKER & Co.

Pure Incense, with ordinary care, warranted to burn without flame,

2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 6s., 8s., and 10s. per 11b. tin.

Candles of every description, Night Lights, Oils, Starches, and all other articles for domestic purposes. HOUSEHOLD and LAUNDRY SOAPS, well dried and fit for immediate use.

Toilet Soaps of all kinds.

THE REFINED PALE YELLOW SKIN SOAP, producing an agreeable softness to the skin, 1s. per box containing five tablets.

Religious Houses, Institutions, Schools, &c., placed upon the most favourable terms. Goods delivered free within the postal district, and carriage paid beyond it to the nearest country railway station on orders not less than £5 in value.

For Price Lists, Diagrams, and full particulars, address

FRANCIS TUCKER AND CO.,

18, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE; or, MANUFACTORY, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

The only Catholic Establishment in England for the Manufacture of Wax and Church Candles.

Messrs. Burns and Oates' New List.

NEW BOOKS.

A Menology of England and Wales; or, Brief Memorials of the British and English Saints, arranged according to the Calendar. Together with the Martyrs of the 16th and 17th centuries. Compiled by order of the Cardinal Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province of Westminster, by the Rev. RICHARD M. STANTON, Priest of the Oratory. In one volume. Demy 8vo, cloth, 14s.

Explanation of the Psalms and Canticles in the Divine Office. By ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI, Doctor of the Church. Translated by THOMAS LIVIUS, C.S.S.R. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

History of St. Catherine of Siena and her Companions. By Miss DRANE. A New Edition in Two Vols. Cloth, 12s. 6d.

"It has been reserved for the author of the present work to give us a complete biography of St. Catherine. . . . Perhaps the greatest success of the writer is the way in which she has contrived to make the Saint herself live in the pages of the book."—*Tablet*.

Memoir of the late Bishop Willson, First Bishop of Hobart, Tasmania. By Bishop ULLATHORNE. With Portrait. [Immediately.]

Religio Viatoris. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Life of Jean Gabriel Perboyre, the Venerable Servant of God. Translated from the French by Lady CLARE FEILDING. With Portrait of the Martyr. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Life of the Ven. Edmund Gennings. By JOHN GENNINGS, Provincial of the Order of St. Francis and Brother of the Martyr. Edited by the Rev. WM. FORBES-LEITH, S.J. Beautifully printed in antique type, and embellished with several plates. Cloth, 5s.

Clare Vaughan. By Lady LOVAT. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Extract from *Preface* by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.—"The Life of Sister Mary Clare is truly Franciscan in the love of poverty and the love of God. It reads like another chapter in the 'Little Flowers of St. Francis,' breathing the same charity, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost."

Flora: the Roman Martyr. A new and revised Edition in Two Vols. Crown 8vo, 8s.

"It is brimful of interest, brilliantly written, and the very circumstances under which it was composed have given us vivid pictures of scenery which are delightful at once to the traveller and to the stay-at-home."—*Month*.

Readings with the Saints. Compiled from their Writings for the use of Priests, Religious, and Christians in the world, by a Priest of the Diocese of Clifton. With a Letter of Approbation from the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. Cloth, 3s.

The Incarnate Word and the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. By the REV. G. TICKELL, S.J. Cloth, 2s.

Little Flowers of St. Francis. Translated from the Italian by a Religious of the Franciscan Convent, Bayswater. Second Edition. Cloth, 3s.

The Jewels of the Mass. A Short Account of the Rites and Prayers used in the Holy Sacrifice. By PERCY FITZGERALD. Second Edition. Cloth, 2s.

"A Treatise on the Mass, in which the author proves himself a sound theologian, an accomplished master of ecclesiastical history bearing on the question, a cultured scholar, and the possessor of a very charming style."—*Nation*.

Indifferentism; or, Is one Religion as good as another? By the Rev. J. McLAUGHLIN. Cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s.

"A work much needed in these days of levity as to the vital questions of Faith, in which the writer deals in a clear and comprehensive manner with the objections of those who deny the necessity of definite dogma. The work is admirably produced, and its popular edition ought to reach tens of thousands."—*Weekly Register*.

Now Ready.

THE PENNY CATHOLIC ALMANAC FOR 1888.

Compiled by the Editor of the *Catholic Directory*. Containing a vast amount of useful information.

Books for November. Month of the Holy Souls.

Messrs. Burns and Oates' MONTHLY LIST FOR NOVEMBER contains a full list of suitable works. The List will be sent post free upon application.

Burns and Oates (Limited), 28, Orchard Street, W., and 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

- Theodore Wibaux, Pontifical Zouave and Jesuit.** By Father DU COETLOSQUET, S.J. With an Introduction by the Rev. R. F. CLARKE, S.J. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound in blue and gold, price 5s.
- The Adorable Heart of Jesus.** By Father JOSEPH DE GALLIFFET, S.J. With Preface and Introduction by the Rev. R. F. CLARKE, S.J. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, elegant, 3s.
- The Existence of God.** A Dialogue. By the Rev. R. F. CLARKE, S.J. Fcap. 4to, paper cover, 1s. ; cloth, 2s.
- Text of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.** 2s. 6d.
- The Life of St. Thomas Becket.** By the Rev. JOHN MORRIS, S.J. Second Edition. 12s. 6d.
- The Life of Father John Gerard.** By the Rev. JOHN MORRIS, S.J. Third Edition. 14s.
- The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.** Meditations for Eight Days' Retreat. By the Rev. A. J. CHRISTIE, S.J. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- The End of Man.** A Poem in Four Books. By the Rev. A. J. CHRISTIE, S.J. Library Edition. Crown 4to, with four Autotypes after Overbeck, De Vos, Francia, and Fra Angelico, price 10s. 6d.
Smaller Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, lettered, price 2s. 6d. ; boards, 1s. 9d.
- Manual for the use of the Sodalties of our Lady affiliated to the Prima Primaria.** By the Rev. MICHAEL GAVIN, S.J. 2s. 6d., post free.
- The Order for the Dedication or Consecration of a Church.** Translated from the Roman Pontifical. 1s. 6d., post free.
- The Rite of Conferring Orders.** Translated, with Annotations, from the Roman Pontifical. 1s. 6d., post free.
- Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus.** By HENRY FOLEY, S.J. Complete in Eight Volumes, £8 8s.

JAMES STANLEY, MANRESA PRESS, ROEHAMPTON, LONDON, S.W.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

Shilling Volumes.

SUITABLE FOR LENDING LIBRARIES, PRIZES, ETC.

Publications of the Society: Vols. I.—V. Many have expressed a wish to have the Society's Publications in a handy form. This Series will contain all the larger issues of the Society, as nearly as possible in the order of their appearance, and will be continued from time to time as sufficient material accumulates.

The Church of Old England: Being a Collection of Papers bearing on the Continuity of the English Church, and on the attempts to justify the Anglican position.

Catholic Biographies, Vol. I. [Vol. II. in December.]

The Catholic's Library of Tales and Poems, Vol. I. [Vol. II. in December.]

The English Martyrs under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth: with Two Portraits.

"We hope that these Shilling Volumes may be the first of a long series, not only of collected publications bound up together, but of original volumes on biography, history, and fiction, and perhaps even of the more recondite subjects of philosophy and theology. In these days of education what could be more useful than such a series as this? We may have to wait some years for it, but if the Catholic Truth Society continues its present successful career under the judicious management that has done so much to establish it on a solid foundation, we may see this and yet more among the works it is destined to accomplish."—*The Month*.

Sixpenny Volumes.

The Catholic's Library of Tales. [Vol. II. in December.]

The Catholic's Library of Poems.

The English Martyrs (paper covers).

For November.

Before and after Gunpowder Plot. By E. HEALY THOMPSON. 1d.

NOW READY.

A Method of Mental Prayer. By Father BERTRAND WILBERFORCE, O.P.
1d.

*Full Lists and all Information to be obtained of the Hon. Secretaries,
18, West Square, London, S.E.*

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 18, WEST SQUARE, LONDON, S.E.

Now ready. Crown 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF LOGIC.

BY

LAURENCE JOHNSTONE.

* * * This Work which is published with the Imprimatur of the Cardinal Archbishop is strictly Thomistic in its teaching, while it endeavours to render the usually dry study of Logic as interesting as possible.

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

Works by Father Humphrey, S.J.

The Divine Teacher. A Letter to a Friend. With a Preface in reply to No. 3 of the English Church Defence Tracts, entitled *Papal Infallibility*. Fifth Edition. Cloth, 2s. 6d. Cheap edition, wrapper, and without the Preface, 1s.

Mary Magnifying God. May Sermons. Fifth Edition. 2s. 6d.

The Written Word ; or, Considerations on the Sacred Scriptures. 5s.

Other Gospels ; or, Lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.

Mr. FitzJames Stephen and Cardinal Bellarmine. 1s.

The Religious State. A Digest of the Doctrine of Suarez, contained in his Treatise, *De Statu Religionis*. Three vols. 8vo, 1,200 pp. £1 10s.

The Bible and Belief. 2s. 6d.

Christian Marriage. 2s.

Father Henry Garnet and the Gunpowder Plot.

I see no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.

GUNPOWDER TREASON certainly ought not to be forgotten by Catholics, for it was the occasion of some notable martyrdoms. Though none of the victims of that persecution have received so much attention as Father Henry Garnet, a fresh investigation of his case would seem to show that a more decided position regarding it may be taken up, than has usually been put forward in Catholic histories. Our object will therefore be to show what abundant reason there is for holding him to be a martyr in the plainest sense of the word, that is, neither the victim of a miscarriage of justice nor of political fears, nor an innocent man involved in the punishment of the guilty, but simply a martyr put to death out of hatred for the Faith.

Into the history of the Powder Plot we shall not at present enter. Suffice it to say that Father Garnet was connected with it in about the remotest way it is possible to conceive. He was consulted in confession by a confessor to whom the Plot had been communicated, a few days before its discovery. Our history commences with the endeavours of the Government to make use of the Plot as a means of assailing the Church. Of a fixed predetermination to do this there is the clearest proof. Scarce three days after the discovery of the Plot, King James declared¹ that "it was only the blind superstition of their errors in Religion, which led them (the conspirators) to this desperate device." Starting with this belief, the Government laboured by examinations extending over the space of ten weeks to extort from one or other of the many prisoners some confession, which would suffice for the accusation at least of

¹ "True and Perfect Relation of the Powder Treason," p. 10. Reprinted with the "Imprimatur" of the Bishop of Lincoln in 1679.

some leading Catholic priest. But all that while the rack, the dungeon, and the more scientific process of cross-questioning, led to no result. At length however the perseverance of the Government was rewarded with a partial success. On the 13th of January, Bates admitted² that Fathers Garnet and Greenway had been at times in the company of the conspirators, and that he "thought" Father Greenway "knew of this business." On this confession then, the Government on the 15th of January issued a proclamation declaring it "plain and evident that all three (to wit, Fathers Garnet, Gerard, and Greenway), had been peculiarly practisers in the Plot."

In accordance with information received, Hendlip Hall was searched for eight days, and Fathers Garnet and Oldcorne were at last discovered, faint and unable to move after their long confinement in a narrow hiding-place. They were indeed bravely carrying out their resolve rather to die where they were, than to implicate the lives and fortunes of their hosts by surrendering. Whatever unfair usage Father Garnet had to complain of, he could not at least accuse his captors of treating him with dishonour. Since the death of the Marian Bishops no priest of Father Garnet's influence and position had fallen into their hands, and Salisbury was not slow to perceive that the more honourable his captive was, so much the greater triumph would it be for his policy to implicate him in the Plot. Whereas then many of his brothers in persecution had been carried up to London with hands bound, and feet tied beneath their horses' bellies, Father Garnet was brought up in a coach by easy stages, and when he reached London, was examined by the Privy Council, and then committed to the Tower.

We have seen that the ten weeks' labour of the Government in endeavouring to elicit confessions from the real conspirators had resulted according to Royal Proclamation in the establishing of plain and evident proofs against the three Jesuits. A reader judging those times from our own might have imagined that the prisoner would now be put on trial, and the plain and evident proofs produced against him. Nothing of the kind. The proofs are never heard of, and the odious practice of trying to make prisoners incriminate themselves begins again with more vigour than before. For five weeks the Jesuits and their friends were subject to every device that could draw information from them, to torture and the threat of torture, to spying and

² Morris, *Condition of Catholics*, p. 210.

eaves-dropping, forged papers, counterfeit correspondence, the lies of feigned friends, and above all, to the continued cross-examination of the ablest lawyers of the land.

Father Garnet himself was examined twenty-three times, and was by no means reticent when he was free to speak. At last, when it was apparent that no more information was forthcoming, his trial was resolved on. It was true that no real evidence had been obtained, but in those days any evidence was sufficient for conviction, and for justice there was seldom much care taken.

The case for the Government consisted of this only, that Father Garnet had had a meeting with Catesby, some months before that Father had knowledge of the Plot even in confession. But this, surely, without reference to what really passed at that meeting, might be made into plain proof of his authorship of the whole conspiracy, by recounting other plots with which Catholics had been charged, by reflecting on the iniquities of Catholicism and the Jesuits, and by long tirades against equivocation. Father Garnet indeed defended a foregone case with great ability. Pitted against the ablest lawyer of his day, without warning of the indictment on which he was to be tried, left standing all the day with no support but his staff, not allowed to show any evidence in his own favour, and constantly interrupted in his defence, the noble, kindly old man, though he won the praise of the King, was of course convicted, and of course condemned.

Nor was he even then allowed to prepare for death in peace. Cruel deceptions, temptations of pardon, and still further examinations were employed to try his constancy. Having been thus harassed for six weeks, he was led out to die on the 3rd of May, when a glorious combat closed this protracted martyrdom.

And now we must leave our narration of Father Garnet's trials to argue more fully our claim to consider him a martyr.

A man is not a martyr because he has been put to death unjustly, or maliciously, or by mistake. It is of the very essence of martyrdom that death be inflicted out of a motive of hatred of the Faith or some of its precepts or counsels. Now Father Garnet was put to death primarily out of hatred of the Faith. That is to say, the Protestant Government abhorred the Faith which the Father professed, held him guilty of treason

because he professed it, and executed him because (as so chanced) he was its representative in their eyes.

We do not of course contend that his persecutors were always conscious of their real motives, nor do we take it upon us to pronounce whether their hatred of the Faith originated in malice, or in ignorance, or in apparent reasons of State. Nay, we can conceive the complete theoretical possibility of their having acted throughout in the honest belief that they were doing God a service. Our Lord Himself foretold that such things should happen. But whatever their beliefs may have been, whatever their culpability or ignorance, we are only acting as reasonable beings in assigning actions to their obvious motives.

Thus harm done by A to B argues A's dislike of B or something about B. And if A carries his efforts to the utmost he can, stopping at no bodily hurt or injury to reputation, then in the ordinary language of reasonable men we say that A hates B. So, too, when we say that Father Garnet was put to death out of hatred for the Faith, what we have to prove is, that the words and actions of his persecutors were such as could not have been prompted by any other motive, and can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that they hated the Faith. We repeat once more, that it is neither our business to excuse, or to blame. We wish to establish a fact by the ordinary rules of historical inquiry.

If it is unluckily true that some men act on motives so slight that they can hardly be made the subject of serious inquiry at all, nevertheless, unless we would stultify ourselves by denying that the human race ever acts on motive, we must surely hold that great national movements, systems of Government, bodies of eminent men, are directed by very definite motives indeed. Indeed, we may assume it as a rule that the more able and far-sighted rulers, statesmen, lawyers, and the like are, the more certain we are of being able to discover their motives, when we have the opportunity of examining in detail their works, their words, or their writings. In the case before us the actors are numerous, very many of them are eminent men, and their words and writings are unmistakably outspoken and clear. All the conditions are, therefore, given for working out our problem.

First of all there is the magnitude of the movement, of which Father Garnet's trial is the central act. The chief

members of the Government, the Parliament, the courts of law, the National Church, and in sober fact the whole kingdom from the King to the mob were zealous in discharging their several parts. Parliament, after debating several measures of unattainable severity, passed two fresh laws against Catholics surpassing in cruelty all previous enactments. As for the lawyers, they were never quite able to explain how well they had deserved of the nation by their labours. Father Garnet was assured that had he been the greatest Cardinal in Rome, the proceedings would not have been conducted with greater pains or greater solemnity. Coke, when he fell into disfavour with the Court, pleaded that his labours in this trial ought to have blotted out all recollection of faults committed before it. The National Church, too, by its participation, gave a religious tone to the whole, and to perpetuate the remembrance of the victory over Popery, it was ordained that the 5th of November should for ever be solemnized as a day of religious thanksgiving. King James spoke in person to his Parliament on the subject, and directed much of the investigation. Salisbury busied himself in all its details, as though they were the most important of his State duties. And so on down to the very street boys. Do they not still celebrate the 5th of November by burning the Pope in effigy?

It would be absurd to suppose that the impulses which could rouse so mighty an anti-Catholic movement could have been themselves either slight or insignificant. Surprise and ignorant fear often pave the way to very great popular commotions, but they are not motives of themselves. To what motive then is this national action to be ascribed? To a desire of inflicting legal punishment on a few prisoners in the Tower? The insufficiency of the supposition is ludicrous. We are therefore forced to conclude that there was a violent spirit abroad acting in some definite direction, ruling in the courts of law and guiding the action of the Government.

To some, the nature of this spirit will at once seem obvious; to others, the very multitude of persons and consequent variety of actions may seem to complicate the question. But there is a uniformity and directness about the particular course of action followed against Father Garnet, which entirely eliminates this difficulty.

The main features of his prosecution may be summed up

as follows. First, that the Catholic religion (and for the nonce Father Garnet became its representative) was responsible for the Plot was laid down as a fundamental principle in the investigation. In the examinations of the conspirators the first point was, by order of the King, to ascertain the names of their confessors. By Royal Proclamation Fathers Garnet, Gerard, and Greenway were declared "peculiar practisers in the Plot" on evidence so trivial and inconclusive, that it positively tells more against the prosecutors than to have employed bold invention would have done. In all the investigations into the Father's guilt, his examiners show what we can only describe as a passionate desire to incriminate him, and to attain this end they neglected no means, whether these were fair or foul. Before and at his trial his prosecutors profess that it is the Catholic religion and the Catholic body which they hold to be responsible for the crime, and which they hope to injure by the prosecution. Nor do they use any other means to hide from themselves and the world their intentions and the shallowness of their case than long digressions on neutral and utterly alien facts. Most important of all, the accusation is that, as an authorized teacher of his Faith, he contrived, suggested, and sanctioned the Plot. Finally, the Father is condemned without any relevant evidence, and punishment is awarded in its barbarous fulness.

Such a course of action could, we assert, only have been inspired by hatred of the Faith. It would be ridiculous to ascribe it to a desire of justice. Desire of justice seeks for truth and withholds its verdict till proofs are established. Of no such desire or search or self-restraint is there any sign in the case now before us. To say that it was all done in ignorance is to offer no explanation at all, for ignorance of itself is no motive. It has been suggested that it was done under the influence of political fears. This is grotesque if understood literally. What was there to fear in a feeble old priest who was safely in their hands? If indeed we suppose that they thought themselves struggling against some impalpable all-pervading power, some huge phantasmal ogre, which they could somehow maim by slaying Father Garnet, its representative—this is in effect to grant all that we are contending for. Such phantoms if feared are also hated.

In short, the more we reflect, the more the conviction will be borne in upon us that these actions can only have been inspired

by the motives which their actors avow, namely, the conviction that the Catholic Faith was immoral, that the ill-deeds of all who professed it were the direct result of that immorality, and consequently that the priests and teachers of that faith were more guilty than the ill-doers themselves.

A view of these actions somewhat more in detail will greatly confirm this conclusion. As to the predetermination of the responsibility of the Catholic Faith for the whole Plot, the words of the King have been already quoted that, "it was their errors in religion," and these alone, that led the conspirators into the Plot. The anti-Catholic feeling will be more apparent if we continue the quotation.

"No other sect," the King declared, "not excepting Turk, Jew, or Pagan, no not even those of Calicut who adore the devil, did ever maintain by the grounds of their religion that it was lawful or rather meritorious (as these *Romish* Catholics call it) to murder princes or people for quarrel of religion. And although particular men of all professions of religion have been some thieves, some murderers, some traitors, yet ever when they came to their end and just punishment, they confessed their fault to be in their nature and not in their profession (these *Romish* Catholics only excepted)." It is worthy of remark that James actually offended some of his more fanatical subjects by adding that there were, or rather had been some honest Catholics (the exception is made primarily in favour of his ancestors) who were only "blinded with some opinions of Popery . . . and either do not know, or at least do not believe, all the true grounds of Popery which is indeed *The mystery of Iniquity*."

This conviction that his religion was proof of his guilt, may be traced through every phase of Father Garnet's trial. The following table of dates will make quite clear how frequently and authoritatively this had been declared before the time when on Lord Salisbury's own admission they obtained any evidence whatever against him :

Nov. 5. Plot discovered.

Nov. 9. Guilt of Catholics declared from the Throne.

Nov. 9. Fawkes confessed that he received Holy Communion from Father Gerard, "who did not know of the Plot."

Jan. 13. Bates confessed that he "thought" that Father Greenway knew of it.

312 *Father Henry Garnet and the Gunpowder Plot.*

Jan. 15. Proclamation of the complete complicity of the three Jesuit Fathers.

Jan. 18. Indictment of the Jesuits and the conspirators.

Jan. 25. Act for the Solemnization of the Discovery of the Popish Plot. The preamble stated that many malignant and devilish Papists, Jesuits, and Seminary Priests, much envying and fearing the good estate of this Realm, conspired most horribly, &c.

Jan. —. Bill of Attainder mentions the three Fathers as prime movers.

Feb. 2. Two Acts of Parliament (3 James I. capp. iv. and v.) against Recusants. They declare the Plot to have been "undertaken by the instigation of the Jesuits and Seminaries, and in advancement of their religion, by their scholars taught and instructed by them for that purpose."

Feb. 21—March 2. Conversations of Fathers Garnet and Oldcorne overheard. By examinations based upon them, the Lords Commissioners first had what Lord Salisbury called "some light and proof of matter" against Father Garnet; "otherwise," he said, "they would have had to use the torture."

March 3. Lord Salisbury wrote to Sir Henry Bronker at Dublin: "Ere many days *you shall hear* that Father Garnet is laid open for a principal conspirator even in the particular treason of the Powder."

But Father Garnet was not only a Catholic and a priest, he was in their eyes the representative of Catholicism. The Attorney-General entitled him the Lieger³ Jesuit of England. Salisbury spoke of the "pre-eminence of usurped jurisdiction" conferred upon him by the Pope. And the mob hailed him as "Provincial," "Arch-Seminary," and "young Pope."

If therefore his Faith proved him a criminal, in virtue of his representative character he must be guilty of all the misdeeds which Catholics had done since he came into the kingdom. Thus for example during the trial, so far from thinking it necessary to show that the Father was guilty of the Powder Treason, the Attorney-General devoted a large part of his speech to the recusants, to a description of the Spanish Armada, and to the details of the charges against the Catholics during the past twenty years. *A priori* they knew that the Father must be held responsible for all. Similarly with the evidence read against him. It is impossible to make out exactly what proof was

³ The term was applied to the ambassadors of kings, who were resident in a country.

supposed to bring this Plot home to Father Garnet, but it is quite clear that the confessions of Lopez, Polewhele, and Cullen, of York, Williams, and Squire, and other obscure culprits of the last reign, were related in full. They omitted of course to say that Lopez was a Jew, and four of the others non-Catholics, or to show any connection between them and Father Garnet. "Garnet coming into England in 1586 hath had his finger left every treason since that time." Such was the impression left next morning after the trial on the mind of the well known letter-writer John Chamberlain, a man probably above the average of the prejudiced spectators.

But we must go back. Though the guilt of the Catholics was taken for granted, it was necessary to find out which priest should be accused. The prisoners denied that they had mentioned the Plot to any priest in or out of confession,⁴ and from the first refused to mention any names whatever. To extract these James had, in the case of Fawkes, the very day after his capture, directed the Lords Commissioners to use the torture, beginning with the gentler ones "*et sic per gradus ad ima tendatur*—and God speed your good work." Happily God did not speed their wicked work, for a month later we find Salisbury reporting:⁵—"I have received from you direction in two things. The one, to learn the names of the priests which have been confessors and ministers of the Sacrament to these conspirators, because it followeth indeed in consequence that they could not have been ignorant of their purposes, seeing all men that doubt have recourse to them for satisfaction, and all men use confession to obtain absolution" (referring, of course, to the Protestant misconception that Catholics get absolved beforehand in order to sin more freely). After saying that the second point of his instruction is to use all speed, Lord Salisbury describes his success in these very significant terms. "Most of the prisoners have wilfully foresworn that the priests knew anything in particular, and obstinately refuse to be accusers of them, yea, what torture soever they be put to."

It is needless to point out all that is here confessed and

⁴ Catesby who did confess had been killed.

⁵ This extract is taken from a copy of B.M. Add. 6178, fol. 625, headed, "a minute from Lord Salisbury to Mr. Favat (possibly an under secretary of the King)." The document goes on to say that hopes of disclosure are still entertained, and concludes with some extravagant adulation for James' eye. It is also important as conclusive proof of the employment of torture. Jardine has somewhat boldly stated that there was no "direct and positive" evidence of its application.

implied of prejudice and hatred of the Faith. And coming from the quarter that it does, it obviously gives us the key to the understanding of the laborious search made for incriminating matter. Yet perhaps nothing throws more light on the real motives of the prosecutors than their own explanations of them.

Lord Salisbury is perfectly outspoken. The trial was meant to be, he declared,⁶ "An anatomy of Popish doctrine, whence these treasons have their source and support." And again,⁷ "Here," he said, "we shall see such an anatomy of Popish doctrine, that I trust hereafter it will not have so many followers;" with many words of like import. For his own part, he continued,⁸ "he confessed that he held himself to be greatly honoured to be at the seat of justice, where God's cause should receive so much honour, by discrediting the person of Garnet, on whom the common adversary (*i.e.* the Pope) had thought to confer the usurpation of such an eminent jurisdiction. For otherwise, who did not know that the quality of poor Henry Garnet might have undergone a more ordinary form of trial, and haply in some place of less note and observation" than this, "which I protest were sufficient for the greatest Cardinal in Rome, if in this case he should be tried. No, Mr. Garnet, it is not for your cause that you are called hither, but to testify to the world the foulness of your fact, the errors of your religion, and his Majesty's clemency."⁹

There is no half-heartedness in these declarations. Garnet could of course have been condemned in a county Assize Court for being in England at all, but the chief officer of the Crown contrived this trial to strike a great blow at Popery, and to show the errors of a religion from which all treasons flowed.

Coke, the Attorney General, was less courteous in his tone. In the previous trial,¹⁰ he had thus described the Jesuits: "I never knew a treason without a Romish priest, but in this place there are very many seducing Jesuits, men that use the reverence of religion, yea, even the most sacred and blessed name of Jesus, as a mantle to cover their impiety, blasphemy, treason, and rebellion, and all manner of wickedness, as shall be made most apparent to the glory of God and the honour of our religion." And now he spoke of the Pope with equal virulence. St. Pius

⁶ *True and Perfect Relation*, p. 120.

⁷ Foley, *Records*, vol. iii. p. 183.

⁸ *True and Perfect Relation*, p. 120.

⁹ Foley, *ibid.* p. 186.

¹⁰ *True and Perfect Relation*, p. 24.

the Fifth he styles Impius Pius Quintus, the reigning Pontiff was a "foul-mouthed monster," and "a roaring bull." "Sir Edward Baynham was," he declared, "a vile dissolute companion, and such a one as was captain of a damned crew . . . and therefore a fit messenger between the Pope and the Devil."¹¹

Northampton, the Lord Chief Justice, was a little more moderate. He was not, however, above baiting the prisoner about confession, "whereat the people laughed heartily." And he remarked that none of Garnet's preaching had ever done so much good as his trial had that day. At the previous trial he had, before passing sentence, delivered "a grave and prudent relation and defence of the laws made by Queen Elizabeth against recusants, priests, and receivers of priests, together with the several occasions, progresses, and reasons of the same, and plainly demonstrated that they were all necessary, mild, equal, moderate, and to be justified to all the world."¹²

Much more might be added, if we could find place for digressions against Jesuits¹³ and recusants, and long diatribes against equivocation, by which they endeavoured to bolster up their own case, and throw odium on Catholic morals. The frequent mention of the good the trial would do their "pure" religion, is also full of meaning. To convict Garnet was, they thought, the triumph of Protestantism over Rome. Nor in estimating the force of the declarations of Father Garnet's prosecutors, should the dictum of James be forgotten, that Popery, the mystery of iniquity, was the only cause of the conspiracy; and that Papists justified all their crimes by their religion, being herein worse than devil worshippers.

There is not, for there could not be, any clearer proof that Father Garnet was put to death out of hatred to the Faith, than these open admissions. But the indictment on which he was condemned should be considered the most authoritative statement of the cause for which he died, and, indeed, even in point of clearness is little inferior to the words we have just cited.

Father Garnet was accused of, and condemned for the same crime as the original conspirators. We quote from the Fifth

¹¹ Foley, *Records*, pp. 171, 173.

¹² *True and Perfect Relation*, p. 69.

¹³ The Attorney General concluded his speech with a sort of hymn of triumph over them, in which the following quaint, though ungrammatical conceit occurs: *Qui cum Jesu itis, ne itis cum Jesuitis.*

Report on the Public Records¹⁴ (omitting some legal expletives as it covers two folio pages even in abstract). "Whereas the King summoned His Lords and Commons at Westminster, &c. ; that one Henry Garnet, a Jesuit by profession, Oswald Greenway, John Gerrard, Thomas Winter (and all the conspirators) did 20 May, 2 James I., in the parish of St. Clement Danes, conspire and compass the death and final destruction of the King, Queen, and Prince Henry ; also a general sedition throughout the Kingdom, and a miserable slaughter of his subjects ; also to subvert the Government and pure religion established in the country ; and to receive the King's strangers and alien enemies to invade the Kingdom. And in order to carry such their treasonable intentions into effect, the 20 May, 2 James I., as well the said Henry Garnet, and other Jesuits, and Thomas Winter, &c. (names of all conspirators repeated), met together, and being so met they, the said Henry Garnet and other Jesuits, persuaded the said Thomas Winter, &c., that the King, nobility, and clergy, and all the community of England, the Papists only excepted, were heretics, that all heretics were cursed by the Bishop of Rome, that no heretic could be a King, and that it is right and meritorious to slay the King and all other heretics in England, for the purpose of exalting the authority and pretended jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and for the restoration of the Romish Superstition in the kingdom of England. To which treacherous persuasion of the Jesuits, they, the said Thomas Winter, &c., then and there treacherously consented and assented and agreed to blow up the King and Parliament assembled with gunpowder. Furthermore, they resolved to seize the Lady Elizabeth, and furthermore, severally made oath on the Holy Gospels, and received the Eucharist from the hands of John Gerrard, Henry Garnet, and other Jesuits." Seven other treasonable acts are rehearsed, four of which Father Garnet is accused of having advised.

This indictment was dated the 18th of January, and the seven conspirators were sentenced in accordance with it, on the 27th. But as Mr. Jardine mildly remarks,¹⁵ these alleged treasons were inconsistent with the discoveries made after Garnet's apprehension. All the overt acts of treason therefore, which had been originally charged against Father Garnet had now to be dropped, and in their stead in his indictment, when he was brought to trial on the 28th of March,

¹⁴ Pp. 140 and 144.

¹⁵ Jardine, *Gunpowder Plot*, p. 213.

only one meeting said to be treasonable was specified, but the participation in the Plot and the religious motives charged in the old indictment were repeated word for word with all their odious details.

Protestant historians have contented themselves with noticing that even this final indictment against Father Garnet was untenable. Jardine¹⁶ (who supposes that the Father was guilty and that nothing needed proof but that the meeting with Catesby was of a treasonable character), owns that "if the verdict of the jury was to be strictly applied to the charge, there was nothing to warrant them in finding him guilty of that indictment." Gardiner's conclusion is, that the Government is "exposed to the charge of having brought an accusation which they were unable to prove."

But a Catholic will surely find further subject for reflection. The indictment is, in fact, laid directly against the Catholic Faith, as was expressly explained from the first when the conspirators were tried upon it. For the King's Serjeant-at-Law, in enumerating¹⁷ the persons accused, concluded by naming, "All grounded Romanists, and corrupt scholars of so irreligious and traitorous a school." "All grounded Romanists" could not of course be brought into court and tried, but their representative could be, and it was as such that Father Garnet was accused and condemned. This was what Salisbury meant by pointing out that the proceedings were meant to be an "anatomy of Popish doctrine," and that it was by discrediting the person of Garnet in his usurped jurisdiction that the cause of God and pure religion were to be served. Accordingly the accusation is made as foul as it can be. Garnet and his brothers in religion have in accordance with Catholic doctrine persuaded the conspirators, that the King and whole realm were heretics, accursed and excommunicate, and as such were their mortal enemies, incapable of the rights of kings or citizens, men who were not only not to be treated as neutrals, but whom every Catholic ought as a religious duty to harm to his utmost. The exponents of the Catholic Faith taught that it was "right and meritorious" (such were the strong words of the indictment) "to slay the King and all other heretics in England for the purpose of exalting the authority and pretended jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and for the restoration of the Romish superstition in the Kingdom of England." Treason and murder

¹⁶ *Ibid.* 231.

¹⁷ *True and Perfect Relation*, p. 12.

right and meritorious! Here is an accusation as odiously anti-Catholic as any we know of. Sedition and assassination sanctioned, every crime, in short, recommended in order "to restore the Romish superstition in England"! Can there be question of the spirit in which a man is prosecuted, who is put to death on this charge? If that man is a martyr who is executed for furthering the Faith, he surely does not lose his palm, if the prosecutor, to gloss over his action or throw odium on his victim, identifies his religion with crime. The accuser shows all the more abhorrence for the faith by such a pretence. Clearly, then, Father Garnet is a martyr: suspected, accused, and condemned out of plain hatred for the Faith. Eloquent facts and still more out-spoken works proclaim this unanswerably.

But how came it that they who arranged Father Garnet's trial, preferred a false charge of being prime mover of the whole Plot to the truthful and equally fatal charge of having heard of the Plot in confession? The explanation is, as Mr. Gardiner has pointed out, that they were afraid that to have executed him for his confessional knowledge would have been to ensure his being claimed as a martyr by all his co-religionists. Yet it is surprising to find what little attention this strange inversion of justice has caused. Garnet was indicted on the 18th of January. Yet it was not till six weeks later the evidence even of legal crime was discovered, in the knowledge then gained of his having been consulted in confession. He was found guilty in April on the original charge of contriving the Plot. Yet Catholic historians have usually founded their claim to consider Father Garnet a martyr on his having observed the seal of confession. That they are well within the truth is clear, but they have far understated the strength of the case. Catholics were so convinced of his martyrdom at the time, for many reasons, that they did not pause to examine what the particular cause was for which he died. In a subsequent age Catholics were so ready to act the apologist, that they considered first what would least offend Protestant susceptibilities, and accordingly allowed Father Garnet's persecutors as much show of reason as they could. Father Garnet was certainly a martyr for concealing his confessional knowledge; but it is needless to press this claim when one far more comprehensive is plain on the whole surface of the trial and the whole conduct of his prosecutors. There is manifold proof, both in their words, actions, and accusations, that they persecuted him because his Faith was in their eyes a more than sufficient condemnation.

For ourselves, we confess our greatest difficulty in grasping the facts has been the impossibility of realizing the unreasoning fanatical frame of mind which we have seen in the English Government, and which is seemingly so inconsistent with our vaunted national love of fair play. That a spirit of very narrow prejudice flourished at the time is, however, too evident in all the records of that day. Even after the excitement had subsided for seventy years, the Right Reverend Father in God, Thomas Thurlow, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, could still write in perfect sincerity: "This is an impious and prodigious Roman Catholic Conspiracy, a Popish Powder Plot, a Villainy so black and horrid, (I do not say unchristian only but) so inhuman and barbarous, as has no Parallel in any Age or Nation (Jewish, Pagan, or Turkish), nor indeed could have, before the Invention of Gunpowder, and the Unhappy Institution of the Jesuitical Society by a fanatical Lame Soldier, Ignatius Loyola" (&c., &c., through fifty-eight pages of introduction to the *Relation of Powder Treason*).

In conclusion we gladly turn from these effusions of bigotry to show the constancy of our good Father unto death. It is generally held that the most telling proof of this is offered when the Martyr being left the choice between death for his Faith and life if he renounce it, prefers the former. But this proof is not essential, nor could it be expected in the present case. To have made the offer and received a refusal would have been simply ruinous to the plans of the prosecution, and there was never any appearance of their receiving anything but refusal. There is however proof enough in the show of honour with which the prisoner was treated, and the somewhat broad hints that the accused "might do his majesty as much good service as any subject in the kingdom,"¹⁸ that the door was left open for him, had he wished to recant. And the wish must have been father to the thought freely expressed before the execution that Garnet would confess and recant, preach at Paul's Cross, and, as some suggested, be made Archbishop of York.

But though this line of proof is incomplete, Father Garnet has left the truth about his constancy clear enough. From the scaffold he began to preach his Faith in which and for which he was about to die, and though interrupted returned twice to his profession, and died with a beautiful prayer to our Lady

¹⁸ Foley, *Ibid.* p. 166.

320 *Father Henry Garnet and the Gunpowder Plot.*

on his lips. He would not indeed call himself a martyr or allow others to do so: in his humble simplicity he would look no higher than to his innocence. But he laid down his life cheerfully, and in perfect confidence in the goodness of his cause. "I die willingly," he said in his last speech. "I cannot but die for justice," he had written shortly before. And the first words he spoke from the scaffold were, "Whatever be said about me, I now die for the Catholic Faith; and, if it could be done, I would give my life for it a thousand times."¹⁹

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

¹⁹ Father Stephenson to Father Persons, May 10, 1606. Stonyhurst MSS.; Letter of Spanish Ambassador, Eudæmon Joannes. *Apologia*, p. 350.

Clare Vaughan.

THERE are some families, as there are some individuals, who seem to be literally called of God from their mother's womb to His signal service. A sort of inevitable benediction hangs over all who are comprised within the little circle from their infancy. There seems inborn in them a spirit of piety which compels them to a life of virtue, and almost forces them to love and serve God. God is so near to them that they cannot escape Him, and whatever their path in life, a consciousness of His presence and His protection surrounds them and makes easy to them what to ordinary men is difficult. Of such a family we shall generally find a large proportion called to the higher life, to be Priests or Religious, and even those of its members who remain in the world share the spirit of self-sacrifice which has led their brothers or sisters to consecrate themselves to God. They have generally in early life sought to imitate them, and have only been prevented from doing so by the conviction that it is not God's will that their pious desires should be carried into effect, but that they should serve Him in other ways, and in a path which admits of a holiness no less real if more difficult than the holiness attainable in the cloister.

Why God chooses out a family to bestow these signal graces is a mystery of His Providence. But it is a mystery which, at least in many cases, admits, if it is not presumptuous to say so, of a very easy solution. St. Paul's words respecting himself, that God called him *from his mother's womb*, are true of the sons and daughters of such a family, not only in point of time, but also by way of cause. It was the holiness of the womb that gave them birth that made them instinctive lovers of virtue from the first; it was the sweet odour of their mother's piety that gave fragrance to their childish prayers as they rose up like incense before the throne of God. Their stock of virtue came to them by inheritance, not from any actual merit of their own, so that when they look back upon their

lives and when, it may be, men praise them for all that they have done for God, for their active zeal, their charity, their mortifications, they are obliged to confess in their hearts that the only merit they can claim is that they have not sufficiently resisted these wonderful graces of which they were the heirs to frustrate them altogether from working out the end which God intended to bring about.

But the advantages accruing to those who are in this sense sanctified from their mother's womb do not end with their inherited virtue. The germ that comes by inheritance has the further and the greater benefit of a nurture corresponding to its birth. She who has gained for her new-born child the grace of this sort of instinctive love of virtue and purity from its earliest years, preserves the tender plant from the biting east wind of evil example, checks it where she perceives any tendency to perverse or wayward growth, nourishes it with gentle words and kind looks, engrafts it with the wholesome truths of Christian doctrine, places it under the safe protection of the Holy Mother of God, earns for it a rich supply of blessings and graces by her constant prayers, fashions it in that training-ground whence only can proceed solid and perfect virtue—the training-ground of good example, which speaks more eloquently than words, and draws the heart to God with greater efficacy than any other motive that men or angels can propose to the objects of their love and care. When we thus reckon up the privileges, the inestimable privileges, of the fostering love of a holy mother, we do not thereby detract from the brightness of the virtue to which the children of such a mother may attain. What is the virtue of the greatest saint save a virtue in which himself is nothing and can do nothing, save in so far as there is breathed into him that grace and holy inspiration which comes in the first instance as a free gift in which he himself has no lot or share. In the one case and in the other there is a complete dependence on external influences for good; in the one case and in the other there must be a co-operation with the external influences, without which the privilege may be lost, aye, and worse than lost. But as there are some graces which seem to be almost necessarily efficacious, or at least make the co-operation with them so sweet and pleasant that it is scarcely possible to withstand them, so there are inherited graces and holy influences surrounding the childhood of these privileged children of bene-

diction which appear almost to secure the happiness, if not the holiness, of those to whom God in His mercy allots them.

It was to such a family that Clare Vaughan belonged, one in which it would be an invidious task to have to determine whether father or mother contributed the most to the sanctification of their children. The manly chivalry of the one, the tender loving affection of the other, had always made God its first object. To Him every other interest had been subordinate ; to His love their warmest, strongest earthly love was subservient. Like holy Zachary and Elizabeth, they walked in all the commandments of God blameless, and in days when the prejudice against Catholics was a hundred times stronger than at present in the educated classes, they had won the respect and esteem of the Protestant society among which they lived.

It was, however, to their mother that the more immediate work of training up her little ones in the love of God naturally and necessarily fell. What a mother she was ! One for whom the words of Holy Scripture might seem to have been specially written, " Her children rise up and call her blessed, and her husband and he praiseth her."¹ How remarkable for her personal holiness, her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, her gentleness, her humility, her prudence ! It happened to her once that a relation entering her boudoir, remarked that it was not as tidy as should be the room of one who sought in all things to aim at perfection. Instead of resenting the reproof, she thanked her visitor, and from that time forward nothing was ever found there untidy or out of place. Many a time she passed the long watches of the night praying before the Blessed Sacrament, and never a day passed without an earnest prayer that her children might have the grace of a vocation to religious life and to the priesthood. In spite of natural delicacy, she seemed never to notice what sort of food was presented to her ; in spite of her beauty, she was perfectly indifferent as to what she wore, and rather chose what was plain and unattractive. No wonder that such a mother had a special grace to turn the hearts of her little ones to God, and to make piety attractive to them from their infancy ! She had a wonderful knack of making everything recal God and His love to them. She taught them to admire God in the beauties of the material world, in loveliness of natural scenery, in the colour and perfume of the flowers, even the very ticking of her watch was

¹ Prov. xxxi. 28.

ingeniously made to tell the story of God's love. She used to come to their school-room, and interrupt their lessons, to remind them to offer them up to God. Every night, after they were laid in their little cots, she would go round, and make them each repeat some prayers after her, and then cross their arms on their breast before they went to sleep. She never cared to go anywhere without her little troop being with her, and it was a touching sight to see her in their midst, ever teaching them some fresh lesson of God's love to them, and of the love they owed to God, teaching them above all to love God in His poor, to visit the poor, to nurse them when sick, to consider it a privilege to minister to those who were specially dear to her, as being the friends and representatives of Jesus Christ.

Yet she never spoiled her little ones, or let them have their own way. She somehow won her way to their hearts, and made them love obedience. It is scarcely too much to say, that while they loved her as the fondest of mothers, they at the same time looked upon her as an angel. Nor was it to them alone that she made piety attractive. Every one who fell under the spell of her holy influence was insensibly drawn to God by a sort of holy fascination that she exercised.

To their mother's tender love Colonel Vaughan added a chivalry and fearlessness in the cause of God, a loyalty and devotion, a charity, a gentle sympathy, that made him respected and loved by all who knew him. He was one of those who knew no fear save the fear of God, which was strong within him from his childhood. When in the army, unseemly talk was silenced at once in his presence. Before his death, he said that it was a distinct consolation to him, as he neared his end, to know that, during the whole time he commanded the regiment, never even once, at mess or in the ante-room, had he heard any conversation unbecoming a Christian gentleman. He too had the same happy gift of weaving piety into the life of his children. He loved to walk out with them in the evening, in summer time, through the Park at Courtfield, saying the Rosary. He had, moreover, the same fond love of the Blessed Sacrament and of Holy Mass. He too lived a life of self-conquest and mortification. With his children he was strict, sometimes even stern, instilling into them the manlier virtues by precept and example, gathering them around his knee on Sunday, and explaining the Gospel to them, teaching them how to think and act in view of the public events in Church and

State, training them up to have only one aim in life, to fight the battle of God and of right.

But there is no need to write a panegyric of those whose memory is still fresh and green amongst us. How can we forget them when we see the heritage of benediction that they have handed on to their children? To each they seem to have bequeathed a separate grace, and to have parcelled out among them the various phases of work for God that were dear to their own souls: to one, aye, and to more than one, the grace of the Episcopate, to others the grace of serving God as sons of St. Benedict and St. Ignatius, to others the work of missionary labour and of a life of expiation for the sins of men, to others the grace of treading in their parents' footsteps as heads of a Christian family, and to their daughters one and all the happiness of consecrating their lives to God, of being the chaste spouses of Christ, of earning the supreme happiness of hearing their Lord welcome them, and for the most part ere the season of their youth and strength had passed away—welcome them, unspotted by the world, untainted by its follies and its pleasures—welcome them, in the sacred habit of the various Religious Orders in which they had consecrated themselves to God—with those words familiar to us in the holy Office of Virgins, *Veni sponsa Christi, accipe coronam quam tibi Dominus præparavit in æternum*—"Come, O Bride of Christ, receive the crown of glory which thy Lord and thy Love has prepared for thee to wear for ever in the Kingdom of His elect."

We have said that among the brothers and sisters of Clare Vaughan there were distributed one or other of various kinds of work for God. Our present task is to dwell for a little on the share which fell to her own lot. Every one who attains to an advanced degree of holiness has some one gift round which the others centre. It is not that it is out of proportion to the rest or involves any want of harmony among the various virtues which adorn the soul. This never can be the case, for the simple reason that as any virtue and any phase of true devotion grows within the soul, all other virtues and devotions grow with it. An abounding and increasing devotion to the Sacred Heart carries with it of necessity an abounding and increasing devotion to our Lady. A more intense zeal for the souls of others (so long as it be a true and supernatural zeal), means a more intense earnestness in the pursuit of personal holiness. Yet there is in every saintly soul some one gift from God which seems to take

the lead, and which forms its pre-eminent and distinguishing adornment. There is no difficulty in discovering it in Clare Vaughan. The most superficial reader of her Life cannot fail to recognize what was the special form of devotion which was, so to speak, innate in her saintly soul. From her childhood she had an irresistible attraction to Jesus present in the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. Like Mary in the Gospel, the one absorbing desire of her heart was to sit at Jesus' feet, and hear His Word, to lie prostrate at the foot of the altar, and drink in the draughts of love that came flowing into her pure soul from the Prisoner of the Tabernacle, to speak to Him and to hear Him speaking to her.

Yet this inner colloquy does not seem to have been at all an essential part of her devotion. Most of us are familiar with the practical test of *love* as distinguished from *friendship*. We enjoy converse with our *friend*, but we are not satisfied with his mere presence. But with one whom we really *love* no converse is needed, his mere presence is sufficient. We are perfectly content though no word is spoken, we do not crave after the exchange of loving looks if our heart is occupied with a pure love for some one who is dear to us; it is quite enough that we are in his presence. *Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi*. The mother needs not to talk to the child she idolizes. The darkness may have fallen, and no ray of light may reveal the features of the object of her fond affection. It is sufficient, and more than sufficient, that he is there, and that she can say, *Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi*—"My darling is here with me, and I with him. I am conscious of his presence, and his presence fills my soul with joy. No words are needed, no looks of love, there is a chord of sympathy between us that supplies all else. The hours never seem long in his company, though he is lying fast asleep in his little cot. It is quite enough for me that I am with him where he is."

This, however, does but very faintly represent the intense delight that the lovers of Jesus Christ entertain for His company as He lies as if helpless and still in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Clare Vaughan found her peace and joy in thus basking in the presence of Jesus Christ. Our readers will remember the good man mentioned in the life of the Curé d'Ars, who used to remain long hours before the altar, and when asked how he was wont to spend them, whether in mental or vocal prayer, or in canticles of praise or acts of adoration,

disclaimed all of these occupations, and when pressed as to his employment of the time, replied simply, *Je l'envisage et Il m'envisage*—"I watch Him, not with my bodily sight, but with the eyes of the soul that loves Him; and He from the Tabernacle watches me with reciprocal glances of affection." So it was with Clare Vaughan. She used to go and throw herself before the altar, and there remained absorbed in the mere consciousness that Jesus Christ was there before her. She used indeed to pray, and to pray fervently, often to pray aloud, but her central idea was to *be with Him*. Curiously enough, the very defects of her character seemed to facilitate this form of her devotion. She was naturally impulsive and naturally indolent. The impulsiveness seemed, as time went on, to be supernaturalized into the ever-present impulse which drew her to the Tabernacle, and the indolence into the habit of passively basking in the sight of Him whom she loved. If we read the Gospel aright, there was something of that natural indolence in St. Mary Magdalene—degenerating as it so often does into a love of ease and pleasure, but grace raised, not the fault, but the natural peculiarity, to the supernatural order, and transformed it into the habit of contemplation, in which the powers of the soul are not inactive, but rather are acted upon by the power of God drawing them to Himself.

This love of the presence of Jesus was the fountain-head of all her other virtues—they all tended to develope it. Her appetite for mortification arose from her desire to detach herself from everything which could hinder the familiar intercourse between her Jesus and herself. For hindrances there were—not actual sins so much as little acts of unfaithfulness to grace in her earlier times—the love of easy comfort that was natural to her, and a sort of passivity that might have degenerated into sloth, had not the force of Divine grace partly cleansed it of what was prejudicial, and partly transmuted it into a means of advance in virtue. Moreover, in a soul like hers, that God has chosen out for Himself, He always establishes a sort of counter attraction directly in the opposite direction, to enable her to overcome the weaknesses of nature. She took a positive pleasure in weaning herself from that to which the natural attraction is the strongest. She had an innate love of mortification, which was always searching out fresh methods of conquering nature. She never read of any mortifications or penances practised by the saints without wanting and generally

trying to practise them. She suffered habitually from sick headaches, brought on in great measure by her penances, and by robbing herself of sleep, but in spite of her suffering she was always cheerful and gay, "quite a little sun in the household." She loved the poor with an intense love, and was ingenious in getting rid of jewellery and trinkets given her, in order that she might spend the money on the poor. She disliked needlework of every sort, yet her needle was continually at work on behalf of the altar or the poor. She loved poor children, and spent many a happy hour among the children at the Poor Schools at Westminster, talking to them of God's love for them, and winning the little ones by a scramble for *boubons*. She had the spirit of the Church, the mind of the Church, so to speak, born in her. Every Feast Day as it came round was to her a real festival, and she prepared for each just as if it were the only Feast Day of the year. Gradually this fondness for things Divine absorbed all else. In her younger days Clare would get hold of some stirring novel, and would sit curled up on a sofa half the day reading it. Shelley, Byron, Southey had been also favourites, appealing as they did to the wild romanticism of her ardent southern nature. But they never really had hold of her soul. They were enjoyed only to be rejected when there came in her way books that appealed to an impulse within her which was predominant even from the first, and admitted of rivals only because she was not aware that she must renounce those rivals all, if the one longing of her heart was to be fully satisfied. As St. Ignatius, when he looked up to heaven, felt all things on earth to be vile and contemptible, so Clare Vaughan soon lost her taste for romance and epic when she made the acquaintance of the Saints' Lives and the Exercises of St. Ignatius and Lallemand's *Spiritual Doctrine*. The romances became distasteful because she knew instinctively that they hindered instead of helping her love of Jesus alone, and that the spiritual books helped and fostered it, taught her how to pray better and to love more. In the same way she loved sermons as all the saints seem to love them, inasmuch as they remind them of God, and increase their enjoyment of His Divine Presence. This was the one test for her of any occupation or employment—whether it made her enjoy more or less the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. She took up the study of Latin in her father's house, and took the greatest interest in it, because she thought that to recite the Divine

Office with a full understanding of the words would thereby honour the more Him in whose presence she hoped ere long to recite it day by day as one of His consecrated spouses. But it was all for the sake of that prayer of contemplation that was the one employment that she valued for its own sake. To quote a short passage from her Life—

Prayer was the occupation of her life, or, as her sister described it in a little sketch which was written at the request of the Community at Amiens, it was the "the breath of her soul." Study, spiritual lectures, all else were but as oil to the flame which as a faithful virgin, she burnt day and night before her Beloved. Her prayers may be said to be continual; whenever she could she escaped from the house to go and spend hours before the Blessed Sacrament, there to kneel entranced in the presence of Him who remained for ever a victim of love upon our Altars. The smaller, the poorer, the more neglected the chapel the better; Jesus was there—it was enough. What she loved best was to kneel among the poor at the bottom of the chapel, too glad if she were mistaken for one of those favoured children of the Lord. If by any accident the church door was locked, it was her greatest happiness to her to kneel on the steps of the entrance. There with her head leaning against the door, which alone separated her from the dwelling of her only Love, she would (as her sisters witnessed) pour forth her soul in passionate love and praise of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and before turning to go away would tenderly kiss the door which separated her from Him (pp. 40, 41).

This was when she was eighteen years old, after her conversion in the sense of the word in which the saints employ it to describe the period in their lives when all else becomes obliterated in presence of their longing after God. Even before this, in her unconverted days, when Scott and Byron were still dear to her heart, she writes to a friend: "Dear N. the Blessed Sacrament will teach you everything. Do not forget me when you go before His most holy Presence. Try to let nothing content you but God alone. You were created but to love Him, give Him then your whole heart. He is so beautiful, so worthy of our wretched love, and yet He asks for our love, for our hearts—and how many refuse Him!" Even then we are told that "when conversation (with her intimate friends) turned on religious topics, her interest kindled, her face glowed, all her mind and heart were in her words, in fact her words could hardly come fast enough to give vent to all the thoughts that seemed to long to find utterance. This was specially the case

when she talked of the love of our Lord in remaining for ever with us in the Blessed Sacrament, and of His love for sinners." How much more after the change had taken place, and Jesus had occupied every corner of the heart that He had destined for Himself alone, and after she had entered a period of trial and desolation and suffering, "the painful terrible ascent in which the devout soul, supported by her Divine spouse, follows again with Him the road to Calvary, and which ended only with her death in the Convent of Amiens."

But in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament darkness and desolation disappeared, and Clare was perfectly happy, nay, radiant and transformed. She used to go and prostrate herself at the steps of the sanctuary, and pour out her whole heart and soul aloud. In her earlier days, before she had learned to bask in the sunshine of that Presence, her heart speaking, but her lips silent, she often could not keep in the expressions of her love and gratitude. Just as at times the mother cannot restrain the endearing terms, the assurances of fond affection, the narration of the varied perfections of the child she adores, so, if we may compare small things with great, and the earthly with the heavenly, this holy soul could not restrain the fount of her words as they poured themselves forth in honour of Jesus hidden under the sacramental species.

All this was while she was in the world, but in the world, it need not be said, she was not content to remain. She must needs dwell where the life was one of contemplation, one of great severity, one where she would have continual opportunity of indulging that sacred longing that consumed her—the longing after the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. The very name she had received seemed to point to her future destiny. It was but right that one who had been under St. Clare's protection from the first should find a home under the roof of her holy patroness. Had not all her life been moulding her after the fashion of St. Clare? Had not the poverty of St. Francis, the mortification of St. Francis, above all the burning love for Jesus which consumed the heart of St. Francis, been unspeakably attractive to her and chosen her by a sort of natural or supernatural selection to be a daughter of St. Francis? She had always had an implicit confidence in the intercession of St. Francis and St. Clare. When she was quite a child, if her brothers and sisters wanted to obtain some favour from Heaven, she used to take the little statues of these two saints, one in each

arm, and kneeling down with the younger ones around her, used to implore St. Francis and St. Clare, each in turn, first one and then the other, to grant the petition that was asked of them. In the world she already possessed the spirit of St. Francis. She writes to her father, in 1862, "I have prayed daily for so many years to know my vocation that I quite trust I am not mistaken when I say I think that the Order of the Poor Clares is the one I believe God has called me to. . . . I shall not be taken by surprise by the austerities, &c., as I go on purpose that all my senses and every sort of power I possess may be mortified and put down." But how could those who loved her, in common prudence allow one so frail and delicate to undertake such a severe rule and trying life?

In her father's house, on account of her weakness of constitution, she had always eaten meat on abstinence days, and in the convents of the Poor Clares there is a perpetual abstinence which admits of no dispensation even in the case of sickness. She had been delicately nurtured, how could she do the rough work of sweeping, cooking, washing up plates and dishes, &c.? For a long time her father would not consent. But when God calls, what use is it to make opposition, even though the opposition seems founded on the most solid reason? The longing desire unfulfilled threatened to be more fatal to her health than the severities of its fulfilment, and so her father reluctantly, yet joyfully, gave way. But among the many convents of Poor Clares, which was she to choose? Not one in England, for there it would have been impossible for her to exclude all visits of friends and relations, and Clare wished henceforward to leave them all behind, that she might be the more completely absorbed in Him whom to love and serve was her one desire. By chance she heard of a convent of Poor Clares at Amiens, where too the privilege of continual Exposition was enjoyed. This was clearly whither God was calling her, and joyfully she went forth, leaving many sorrowful hearts behind, but with her own natural sorrow swallowed up in her spiritual gladness.

Her life in the convent was little else than a continuation of her life in the world. This may seem to some but poor praise, but we esteem it the highest that we can bestow. In the convent she had scarcely anything to unlearn. The only difference was that she was nearer to Him whom she loved, that she had more opportunities of showing the intensity of her affection for Him.

Long ago she had said in her heart, I have sat down under His shadow whom I desired. In the world His sheltering love had kept her safe from the noontide heat, and if here and there in the early morn the world's glare had for a moment fallen upon her with its dangerous brightness, she had sought refuge instinctively under the shadow of the Cross. But now she was safe where the world's glare could not reach, now the shadow of Him whom she desired was a part of the little world in which she lived, now she could revel in the companionship of her God, and indulge herself more fully in all those strange mortifications and penances by which, under His holy inspiration, she sought to expiate her own sins and the sins of others. For like all the special friends of God, she would reproach herself as if she were of sinners the greatest. She had that hatred of herself which the world finds so inexplicable. In spite of the stainless purity of her soul, she used language of herself that can only be explained by the superior delicacy of perception that gives to the saints some sort of appreciation of the hideous evil of sin—even of what ordinary men would call trifling sin—in the sight of an all-just God. "I am too great a sinner," she said of herself. "I might almost call myself a devil, I have sinned so much!" She took a positive delight in penance and mortification, and the expression is not an exaggerated one. For it is a great mistake that to do penance is a synonym for being miserable. It has often been remarked that the members of those orders who live a life of penance are the most cheerful and light-hearted of men, and we may add that the saints who were called to a life of extraordinary penance were not only cheerful, but positively joyous and merry. Clare Vaughan had something of this—something of St. Teresa's *aut pati aut mori*. She was always devising new methods of mortification. At one time she would keep her bread till it was mildewed. At another she would choose out the dishes at table she most revolted from. When she lay down to rest, she would choose the most uncomfortable position possible. She begged as for a privilege for the penance of lying on the ground at the refectory door while all the community walked over her—anything to satisfy her unslakeable thirst for mortification and self-humiliation.

But mortification and self-humiliation were but the adjuncts of the central and all-absorbing devotion of her life.

As the magnet turns to the North Pole, so did all her thoughts, desires, affections, turn to the spot where Jesus resided. Even when

sleeping at night she loved to lie with her face turned towards Him who was the desire of her heart, saying to Him, no doubt, as the Spouse of the Canticle, "I sleep but my heart watches." She would often when passing outside the chapel prostrate in adoration before our Lord, and kiss in devout affection the door which led into His Presence. In her eager desire to add to the number of her visits to the Blessed Sacrament, she used to contrive to leave a book or something in the chapel, which would give her an excuse for a few moments of adoration of our Lord. She used often to implore permission to spend the entire night in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, ingenuously urging "that it was impossible to sleep when one knew He was there" (pp. 102, 103).

We should be drawing a false picture if we represented Sister Mary Clare as faultless when she entered the convent. Her predominant fault was one that lingers on even in those far advanced in holiness. There was one thing she had to unlearn. It had grown partly out of the generous impulsiveness of her nature, eager for every sort of suffering, partly out of her home-life, where she had been wont to lead the younger ones around her. In her noviceship there was for a time a struggle. She had a difficulty in submitting herself, and some of the same prohibitions forbidding her penitential practices had to be repeated twice. But God would not allow this "spoilt child of His, to have her purity of soul marred by any lasting trace of self-will and unsubmitiveness. After her profession she completely changed in this respect. God Himself had taught her the lesson of blind obedience. She had no longer any will of her own. "Her obedience was joyous, prompt, and firm," is the testimony of one of the community about her, "and her greatest fear was to be wanting in the smallest degree in the practice of this virtue."

We are not writing even a sketch of the life of Clare Vaughan. We are only seeking to direct the attention of our readers to the distinctive phase of holiness which characterized her life, and to show how all else clustered around her personal devotion to the Holy Eucharist. This longing after Jesus carried with it as a necessary consequence a longing still more intense to that closer and nearer union in which she would cry in a sense unknown to earth, *Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi*. In spite of her happiness in Religion, she used continually to say, "When shall I go to my only Home, to possess my God? It is so tiresome being on earth!" When she heard of the death of her sister Teresa, she was quite jealous of her. It was not the *negative* desire to escape from suffering, it was the

positive desire for a closer union with her Heavenly Spouse. She used to ask when in bed at night that a little chink might be left in the curtains of her bed, that so she might get a glimpse of her dear sky. She used to like to have to shut the attic windows, for the sake of seeing the heavens after which she longed. In her last illness, when told that her recovery was almost hopeless, her joy was so great that her only fear was lest her satisfaction should bring her back to health again. When the doctor's final decision pronounced recovery impossible, she writes to her father: "You have heard from our Mother Abbess that the doctor has pronounced my recovery impossible, and that I may at any time receive Extreme Unction. I cannot resist writing to tell you with what immense happiness this glorious news has filled me. My only grief is to think of you, my darling Papa, and of all the loved ones at home, who cannot yet share my happiness." And shortly after to her uncle, Father Edmund Vaughan: "Is not all this unspeakable happiness for me, dearest Father Edmund? The longing, burning desire of my heart to see my beloved Spouse *so soon* to be realized!" And to her sister: "I am so *intensely* happy at the thought that I am so soon going to die? How immensely loving of our Lord to take me so soon, is it not?" And then she adds in this, her last letter, the thought which had been the key-note of her life: "I am sure your only joy in the world will be to adore and watch before the Blessed Sacrament. It is in that treasury of grace you will find all your strength and consolation, as I have found from my own experience."

There is no need for us to say anything of her peaceful, happy, joyous death. What else could it be but peaceful and happy, when it was, to use her own expression, merely the falling off from her of that worn out garment of her body, which had long separated her from her Beloved, and now ceased for ever to be an obstacle to her union with Him. She was little more than a child, not twenty years of age, when she heard the angels say, *Veni sponsa Christi, accipe coronam quam tibi Dominus præparavit in æternum*, and began to sing the sweet song of the virgins, *Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi, qui pascitur inter lilia. Sub umbra illius sedi quem desideraveram.*

What is the thought most prominent before our minds as we read the Life of this beautiful soul? Perhaps one that may seem at first rather a paradox. It is the immense work for God done by her. If external work is reckoned as of great account in the service of God, if zealous missionary, or teacher of little

children, or diligent hospital nurse, does so much for His glory, how much more one who, before the Blessed Sacrament earns graces for sinners, and expiates for the countless sins committed against God each day and night of the revolving year. Nay, what chance would missionary or teacher have of success were there not behind our convent walls holy souls who pouring forth their hearts to God avert His anger from sinners and call down countless benedictions on His elect? It was the vision of such that slaked the thirst of our Blessed Lord in His Sacred Passion, it is the sound of their silent prayers that is sweet music in the ears of the angels, it is they who like Mary take their part in crushing the serpent's head. If to sit at Jesus' feet and hear His Word is the one thing necessary, this life of contemplation must be inexpressibly dear to Him.

Another reflection that this Life suggests is, how *imitable* the saints are. We are sometimes told that when St. Apollonia leaped into the fire of her own accord, this action was one to be admired rather than imitated, and that the same is true of the strange eccentricities of St. Philip Neri. Nothing of the sort. When there comes to any ordinary Christian the same clear and unmistakeable inspiration that guided the one and the other saint in a course which otherwise would have been foolish or criminal, he cannot do better than follow in their footsteps, and obey as they obeyed. Clare Vaughan was an instance of the continuity of God's strange and wonderful gifts within the Church. She, a modern English young lady, well-bred and delicately nurtured, with nothing very extraordinary about her in the natural order, is drawn by God's wonderful graces to imitate those extravagances (as the world terms them) of mediæval asceticism, which are so strangely out of gear with the spirit of this nineteenth century of ours.

If ever there was one of whom it is true that the world was crucified to her, and she to the world, it was Clare Vaughan. Every worldly amusement, however harmless, every relaxation, however lawful, every pleasure, however innocent, was a positive cross to her, and became more and more distasteful to her at the very age when most girls are beginning to taste with delight the passing sweetness of earth's fading joys. All that the world *loves she hates, all that the world hates she instinctively loves*. She persecutes her body with relentless cruelty, not because she had great sins to account for, but because Jesus her Lord had suffered every sort of bodily agony, and she had an irresistible longing to imitate Him. With health of the frailest, and

constitution the most delicate, she adopts the hardest, rudest most mortified form of life ever sanctioned by the Church, and not satisfied with this, adds to it the most frightful mortifications on her own account. She has but one desire in life, to get out of it as soon as possible, not because she was unhappy or discontented, but because her pure spotless soul was craving after its home, longing to be delivered from its exile, and freed from the prison-house of the body, in order to be face to face with Him whose presence alone could satisfy its desires, or slake its thirst after God. No suffering is enough for her, no self-humiliation comes up to her craving to be regarded as a fool for Christ's sake.

Above all, her one greatest delight, the only employment that is to her instinct with inexpressible sweetness, is to lie prostrate at the foot of the Tabernacle, and there to drink in draughts of love from Him who is present there. "My Beloved to me, and I to Him." No wonder that such a life is esteemed by the leaders of the modern journalism an extravagant bit of fanaticism. They need only turn to Holy Writ to find their sentiments anticipated there,—*"We fools esteemed their life madness, and their end to be without honour,"* as well as the sentiments they will entertain when this world's glare has passed away,—*"How are they numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints!"*²

Clare Vaughan is indeed to be numbered among the saints. Her life is lighted up with that Divine fire that gives a new aspect to the most ordinary action. Faults and imperfections she may have had, but in spite of them all there is the Spirit of God breathing upon the waters of her soul, and producing that perfect calm which enables it to reflect the likeness of the Most High. She did indeed choose, like Mary, the good part which was not to be taken from her. Like Mary, she stood beneath the Cross, and clung to it with loving devotion. Like Mary, she longed continually after her absent Lord, and like Mary, she had not to wait long before Jesus listened to her prayer, unable to resist the cravings of her love and longings after Him. In the flower of her early youth, young in years but old in holiness, she took her place in the Choir of Virgins who sing the song that none save they can learn, and who follow whithersoever He goeth the Lamb whom they chose on earth to be their Lord and their Love.

C.

² Wisdom v. 4, 5.

Lourdes and its Inhabitants.

THE stranger who disembarks at the railway station at Lourdes soon discovers that he has arrived at a place utterly unlike all other places in the world that he has ever visited heretofore. If he has journeyed thither from Bordeaux by way of Pau he will already have had a glimpse of the magic scene across the waters of the Gave; he will have passed immediately in front of the spot which he has come to visit, with the Basilica above and the Grotto below facing him as he looks out of the carriage windows on the right hand side. For the line runs along the valley and skirts the river for some considerable distance, and as it nears the station of Lourdes it is sufficiently raised above its level to give an excellent *coup d'œil* from a vantage-ground of some thirty or forty feet over the rock of Massabielle, and the little niche where our Lady's statue marks the spot where she appeared to Bernadette, and over the open space which separates the Grotto from the river, and it may be over some hundreds or thousands of pious pilgrims kneeling there and worshipping at the shrine.

But if he has taken the route of Tarbes, he will encounter no new experience until he arrives at the very station itself. There he will observe a separate exit, with the notice painted up, "Sortie des Pèlerins." If it happen to be the season of pilgrimages, it is not improbable that he will find a crowd who are coming from some distant part of France or returning home when their pilgrimage is over. Often, too, he will see ranged along the platform a row of litters, bath-chairs, invalid carriages, and other means of transport, waiting to bear from the station to the hospital the pilgrims who are sick and who hope to obtain a cure or alleviation of their malady through our Lady's intercession. By the side of each he will see two or more of the noble corps of *brancardiers*, gentlemen who devote themselves to the care of the sick, and of whom we shall have more to say hereafter.

But at least on his exit from the station the visitor

will soon be convinced that Lourdes is not as other towns in France. It is true that there are the usual string of omnibuses, with the usual row of busy touters. Many of them are as elsewhere; Hotel d'Angleterre, Hotel de Belle Vue, Hotel de l'Europe. But beside these there is the Hotel de la Grotte, Hotel Notre Dame, Hotel de l'Immaculée Conception, Hotel de l'Ermitage. As we descend the hill and enter on the line of shops, we notice that the prevailing feature of the place is devotion, and especially devotion to the Holy Mother of God. No commerce ever so devout as the commerce of Lourdes. In every shop window scapulars, rosaries, medals by the thousand, pious pictures innumerable, statues of Our Lady of Lourdes in silver, statues in metal, statues in plaster of Paris, statues of Bernadette Soubirous, statues of all the saints, views of the Grotto of every kind and description, photographs, prints, chromographs, engravings, souvenirs of the Grotto, rings and bracelets and crosses and brooches, and every variety of ornament—but all in some way or other of pious significance, all having some relation to the central idea that reigns at Lourdes, devotion to that Holy Mother who there manifested herself to her humble servant Bernadette, whose presence still lingers there, and whose wonder-working power is manifested there as it is manifested nowhere else in the limits of the wide world.

All this is to be found in the new Lourdes, the Lourdes that has sprung up within the last thirty years. The little town of Lourdes is not wholly pious. There is an old Lourdes, which existed before the apparition, and which remains much as it was a hundred years ago. It has its own parish church and curé, its own trade, its own market-place, and streets differing nothing from any ordinary French country town, its own chateau crowning the valley, once a strong fortress, but now simply a picturesque castellated building that a modern cannon would knock to pieces in an hour. This old town of Lourdes is altogether separate from the recent Lourdes which has sprung up around the Grotto. It has indeed benefited by the devotion, both materially and spiritually. Its numbers have increased, its trade has become more flourishing, and the spirit of piety which centres in the Grotto has extended its graces to all the inhabitants of the town. These southern valleys are all of them remarkable for their Catholic spirit, and they have always kept their faith in spite of revolution and heresy. But in

Lourdes and its neighbourhood there were many more of careless and indifferent lives in former days than there are now. The holy influence has spread far and wide. Go into Lourdes on any Sunday morning when there are no organized pilgrimages there, and individual pilgrims only a few, watch the stream of country people who are pouring in from every side, peasants for the most part from the outlying hamlets and valleys around, with a certain admixture of the better class, farmers, and tradesmen from the old town, and hotel-keepers, and a few independent residents. Go into the Basilica during the early hours, and see the church well filled at almost every Mass from six till nine or ten, observe the large number of devout communicants, and notice especially how large both in the church and at the Holy Table is the proportion of men. One such Sunday while I was there (the Sunday in the octave of our Lady's Nativity), two of the priests of the Basilica were occupied continuously from five till ten in the morning hearing the confessions of *men only* in the sacristy.

Or look in again at the parish church in the old town on Easter morning. The first Mass is set apart for the Communion of the men of the parish. The law of the Church prescribes that in their parish church the Easter Communion should be made, and we may therefore form a fair estimate of the piety of the men of Lourdes from those who communicate on that day. We are sometimes told that in France few indeed are the men who make their Easter. Here is a good opportunity of judging of the truth of the assertion. The little town contains not quite six thousand inhabitants, and the statistician will tell us that out of these the males over twelve years of age will be some fourteen or fifteen hundred. What proportion of this number are present? In godless France, I suppose, merely a handful, a hundred or so at most. Why the church is simply crowded—nothing but men—and all of them come to receive the Body and Blood of Christ our Lord. Let us count them. We reckon up a thousand, and there is still a goodly group remaining, some fifty or so, all of them from the little town of Lourdes, so that allowing for the sick, for a certain number necessarily absent, the whole of the male population, with a very few exceptions, are not only professing, but practising their religion—not only Catholics, but good Catholics, who faithfully observe the precepts of the Church, and live a godly life.

I asked the good curé who gave me this information whether the influx of visitors had injured the piety of his flock. I remembered the bitter lamentations of one of the priests of Chamounix over the havoc wrought in the moral tone of his people by the crowds who came thither during the summer, and I was anxious to know whether even at Lourdes the mass of strangers might not have introduced a neglect of religious duties, or at least a too great absorption in worldly interests. No, he thought not at all, for almost all the visitors came on pious thoughts intent. It was not as in a watering-place or village where foreigners resort for pleasure. It was true that a number of strangers had come to settle in Lourdes, hotel-keepers and others, but they were as a rule good pious Catholics, who took care that their servants and *employés* heard Mass and attended to their religious duties. Only one of the hotel-keepers in the place was a Protestant, and his hotel was one of those which bore a name of Catholic devotion, and when the hotel was opened the parish priest had been invited by the Protestant hotel-keeper and his wife solemnly to bless it, *secundum ritum Romanum*. Of course among the shopkeepers the commercial spirit sometimes prevailed over the religious, and there would be found some whose French politeness or human respect or desire to please their visitors would induce them to talk slightly of the Grotto and its miracles, if they were speaking to one who was a Protestant and a free-thinker. But these were exceptions, and even commercial Lourdes is more satisfactory from a religious point of view than any other commercial town in Europe.

While all this is due in great measure to the holy influence of the place, the parish priests of Lourdes have been untiring and vigilant in their care of their flock. The missionaries of the Basilica have also proved invaluable allies, for while they primarily devote themselves to the pilgrims, and the pilgrimages claim their first care, yet during the greater part of the year they are at the service of the good folk of the neighbourhood, and spare no pains to render Lourdes, in its devotion to God and purity of life, a fitting home for the Holy Mother of God. No one can visit Lourdes and study its inner life without acquiring a most intense respect and admiration for these good religious, to whose care the Grotto, the Basilica, and all its surroundings, have now for many years been entrusted. Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, they have earned

by their self-denying devotion and indefatigable zeal the love of all those who have had the happiness of enjoying familiar intercourse with them. What struck me from the first was the perfection of order within their domain. Too many a place of pilgrimage is marred by the importunate mendicant, and still more importunate vendor of articles of piety, eatables of all description, memorials, relics, and pictures commemorative of the spot. All this is wholly absent within the large territory over which the Fathers of the Grotto hold sway. Nothing whatever is sold within their precincts except articles of piety, and these only in authorized establishments, duly regulated by them, and the weekly *Journal de Lourdes*, which a little boy, stationed at one of the angles of the path leading to the Grotto, offers to the pilgrims who may desire to know the programme for the week, the services at the Basilica, the various dioceses whence the pilgrimages proceed, the cures that have been lately worked, and other pieces of necessary information which are officially guaranteed by insertion in the official organ of the Grotto. Many things for which a charge might reasonably be made are perfectly gratuitous. To all, whether rich or poor, who desire to plunge into those sacred waters, the well-kept baths are provided free of all cost, with linen and all necessary appurtenances; seats in the Basilica are all free of cost; the various officials employed in and around the Grotto take no fees. No charge is made for anything and the Apostolic motto is strictly observed: "Freely ye have received, freely give." The stranger may wander at his will all along the well-kept terrace that runs by the side of the Gave, he may ascend the zig-zag path that the Fathers have made at their own expense up the hill, he may stroll around the Basilica, and wander up and down the gardens laid out in front, and across the open space where the busy workmen are building a new church to supply the increasing needs of the crowds of devout pilgrims—nowhere is he molested, nowhere is he asked for the reluctant fee, nowhere is he attacked by the buyers and sellers and askers of alms, who are the pest of many a pious pilgrimage-place elsewhere.

But all this is only within the domain over which the good Fathers of the Grotto have control. Once outside of it, and the difference is speedily manifested; over the high-road they can exercise no jurisdiction. As you cross the public bridge the nuisance only intensifies the feeling of relief when you are

within the sacred inclosure, and makes you appreciate the more the wise regulations which protect the pilgrims from intruders around our Lady's shrine : " M. l'Abbé, un cierge pour brûler à la Grotte ! M. l'Abbé, un chapelet pour deux sous ! " Then a card with six little medals on it is thrust into your face and you are invited to purchase them all for a penny. Then comes a seller of little bundles of black sticks, the scent of which makes it unnecessary for the vendor to proclaim that he is a seller of vanille ; next a woman accosts you with various cakes, crisp biscuits, and crackers ; then comes a little girl with pictures of our Lady appearing to Bernadette ; then a seller of fruit ; then a boy with a comical sort of tripod, most anxious to black your boots ; and lastly, a child who furtively holds out its hand for a sou, looking round, however, lest the dreaded agent of police be near at hand, since at Lourdes, as elsewhere, the visitor is at least partially protected by the general law, *La mendicité est interdite dans cette commune*. We shake ourselves free of those obtrusive applicants and enter once more the peaceful *terrain des Pères*. We are just in front of the Basilica and are anxious as far as we can to give our readers some little idea of the buildings already finished and in course of construction, which crown the rock consecrated by the holy Grotto beneath it.

The Grotto, as every Catholic knows, is on the bank of the River Gave. At the present time there is a large open space between it and the river, but this is mainly artificial. At the time of the apparitions the Gave ran much nearer the Grotto. There was then, hard by the Grotto, a stream, one affluent of which had its source not far from the row of houses which you pass on your way to the station, running down from a series of springs in the rising ground behind, and providing water enough even in the late summer and autumn to enable the *blanchisseuses* of the town to carry on their work by its side, ere it emerges into the valley and runs into the Gave. At the present time this little stream flows almost directly into the river, but at the time of the apparitions it passed through an artificial channel, to a mill which it turned, and it then meandered along the valley, more or less parallel to the Gave, and was not lost in it until it approached close to the rock of Massabielle. It was this stream that Bernadette had to cross on the first occasion when our Lady appeared to her, and she was, as the reader of her story will remember, taking off her shoes and

stockings with that intent, at the moment when the wondrous vision broke upon her sight. There was then a very narrow space between the Grotto and the river, and it was only when pilgrims began to flock thither, and cures to be many in number and wondrous in the diversity of their miraculous character, that this ground was gained from the river immediately under the Grotto, and the water forced into a narrower channel and at a greater distance from the rock.

This open space is covered with benches and seats, and there the pilgrims assemble to offer public or private devotions, to hear Mass when it is said in the Grotto, to listen to the sermons by which bishops and priests stir their devotion to our Lady, and to start on the processions which are a distinctive feature of every pilgrimage. Above the Grotto is a sheer rock of some fifty or sixty feet, and above this a platform on which the Basilica has been most solidly built. Under the Basilica is a crypt, which forms a second church, and provides in some degree for the overflow from the Basilica. But there is nothing like sufficient accommodation at present, and no amount of ingenuity can prevent a most inconvenient crush in the crypt and in the Basilica itself.

To provide for this a second church is being built. The Basilica is built along the rock parallel to the river. In front of the main entrance the ground slopes away rapidly until at a distance of about one hundred yards it is but little raised above the river. This slope has been most skilfully made use of by the architect to complete his magnificent work. Immediately in front of the Basilica, on a level with the entrance to the crypt, he has constructed a terrace which will pass behind the new church on a level with the roof of it, and then will sweep round on both sides in a wide curve, gradually descending until in front of the church the two sloping sides of the terrace will approach one another on a level with the floor of the church, but with a wide interval between them. The whole terrace will be supported on a series of arches, and will describe a sort of flattened circle, complete with the exception of the gap in front.

The space contained within the circle made by the terrace will furnish a magnificent place of assembly for the pilgrims, as it will easily contain many thousands. The terrace itself will be a valuable marching ground for the processions which will pass around it on both sides from the Basilica to the space it

encircles. The new church is Byzanto-Roman, surmounted by a cupola essentially Byzantine, but Roman in its arches and general design. The difficulty will be to admit sufficient light, but the frequent windows in the cupola and roof, with such light as can be admitted from the sides, are expected to be sufficient for all practical purposes. It is to be called the Church of the Rosary, and is to contain fifteen chapels running all around it, each of them commemorating one of the Mysteries of the Rosary. It will thus add sixteen fresh altars (reckoning in the high altar in the centre) to those already existing in the Basilica and crypt. At present, on occasions of a crowded pilgrimage, it is very difficult to find sufficient altars for all the priests sojourning in Lourdes, even though Masses begin at midnight and continue till midday. The sixteen additional altars will thus not only be a very great convenience to the priests and people, but will enable the Holy Sacrifice to be offered by many who at some periods of the year, from sheer lack of room, have to forego the privilege of saying Mass from lack of an altar at which to say it.



But we must return to the noble Basilica itself. It is an admirable specimen of modern Gothic, light, and yet substantial, designed, or perhaps constructed undesignedly, to be a most suitable receptacle of the countless offerings, trophies, flags, pictures, *ex votos* of all kinds, that are gathered together within it. Where shall we begin among that dazzling array of chan-

deliers, lamps, banners, statues, decorations the most varied, differing in every respect, save that each and all are offerings of the grateful hearts of Mary's devout clients? They come from every quarter of the globe, and from every nation under the sun. As we leave the sacristy to walk round the church, there meets our gaze at once, in a chapel behind the altar, a magnificent banner just arrived from California, and painted by the pious hands of the Enfants de Marie belonging to the congregation whose parish priest has brought it hither. Enter the choir, and that solid lamp in gold and silver and bronze is the gift of the national pilgrimage of Italy. Hard by another lamp, girt about with shamrocks, proclaims itself the gift of faithful Ireland; not far off is another that the English pilgrims have presented to the shrine. Those massive chandeliers have been given by the Belgians. On the walls of the sanctuary are the epaulettes, the jewelled crosses and decorations of a Portuguese general. Conspicuous among the flags that surround the choir is the familiar Union Jack, not far off are the no less familiar Stars and Stripes, the Canadian, Mexican, Hungarian, Belgian, and Spanish flags, while the banners of St. George, and of St. Patrick, and St. Andrew, and many more beside, find themselves in harmony under the shadow of the common Mother of those who, whatever their nation, love our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But what is that red flag, covered with *ex votos*, veiled in crape, in sign of mourning? It is the gift of the pupils of the Jesuits belonging to seven different Colleges in the south of France. They had come together in a common pilgrimage, and had dedicated to our Lady seven *ex voto* hearts containing their names, and fastened on a rich banner of velvet. When their dear Fathers, and friends, and teachers were driven out by ungrateful France, some of them returned to Lourdes on a second pilgrimage, and draped their banner in black crape in token of their sorrow and distress, yet in the hope that the day may soon come when our Lady may crush the head of the serpent of the Revolution, and restore to the country which she still loves the sons who have fought and suffered in her behalf.

Walk round the Church, and you will find a number of wondrous curiosities. What is that frame containing a mass of rich plaited hair, with paper roses planted here and there among its golden tresses? It is a touching gift from five poor women of Hungary. On foot they begged their way from Hungary to

Lourdes, taking five months in the journey. After their visit to the shrine, having nothing else to give to our Lady, they cut off their long beautiful hair, giving of their best to their dear Mother, inserting the paper roses to hide the places where one series of tresses was united to another. Go a little farther. What is that strange *ex voto*, apparently of twisted horns and horned lumps? It is the gift of a poor woman whose nails and finger-bones had grown strangely around her hand, so sensitive that it was impossible to cut them, while on every joint a hard swelling had formed, which physicians had attempted to remove, but had caused such agony, that they were compelled to desist from the attempt. To Lourdes she had come, with firm and ardent faith. She had bathed in that water of benediction, and lo! the long twisted nails of their own accord fell from her hands, and the corns dropped off, leaving those hands which before were a mass of deformity, clean and beautiful like those of a little child. Go down into the crypt, and there you will find the walls all covered with countless tablets recounting the graces and favours received from our Lady by her grateful children. Most of them are, of course, in French, but Spanish, Italian, German, and even English inscriptions may be found among them. As we walk around the crypt, we see nothing else, from roof to floor, over and over again, "Reconnaissance a N. D. de Lourdes," "J'ai prié Marie et elle m'a exaucé," "Reconnaissance à la Sainte Mère de Dieu. Je lui ai confié mes enfants et elle les a sauvés." "A token of gratitude to Mary for an instantaneous cure." The strain is always the same, save that here and there it is a prayer rather than a thanksgiving, a constant petition for some grace or favour, ever meeting the eyes of our Lady as she casts them upon the temple dedicated to her honour.

But in the forefront of the treasures of Lourdes we must place a work of ecclesiastical art such as in modern days we rarely witness, the monstrance presented to the Basilica by a number of grateful clients of Mary. It consists of mingled gold, silver, and enamel, adorned with countless precious stones. The design is splendid and elaborate. The idea running through it is a very beautiful one—the Immaculate Conception giving to the world God in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. The solid base represents Mount Tabor, on which are depicted the holy angels victorious over the prostrate demon and his rebel allies, their wings forming a sort of triumphal

curtain beneath which are represented the scenes of the Old Testament which are connected with the Immaculate Conception. On one side Adam and Eve kneel at her feet in the terrestrial Paradise, on the other Esther is crowned by Assuerus, and Judith presents the head of Holofernes to the assembled people of Israel; while opposite to the scene in Paradise, Pius the Ninth on the throne of St. Peter proclaims in the Bull *Ineffabilis* the dogma to the world. At the foot of the monstrance, above the angels' wings is a rich enamelled crown, on which a number of doves are settling. From the centre of this crown proceeds the palm-tree entwined with roses and lilies, forming the stem of the monstrance and surmounted by four angels whose wings support a large halo of glory within which the central figure of the monstrance is contained. Needless to say that this figure is Our Lady of Lourdes as she appeared to Bernadette, a massive figure some two feet high, crowned with a crown of diamonds, while rubies and pearls are distributed around in costly profusion. On the reverse is a similar figure of St. Joseph, with a lily for his sceptre. The nimbus which surrounds our Blessed Lady culminates in the glory of Heaven, which is represented by a ground of blue enamel mixed with pearls and topazes, and in the midst of which is the circular lune destined to contain the Sacred Host, and forming a circle of glory around It. This lune is divided into sixteen compartments, fifteen of which represent the Mysteries of the Rosary, and the sixteenth our Lady holding the Cross. The figures are rose-coloured cameos enamelled on a white ground. Round the lune which contains the Sacred Host are a number of adoring angels, skilfully distributed among the rays of precious stones which proceed from it as their centre, while above the lune is a rose-tree covered with flowers of rubies and diamonds, its branches supporting a pedestal over which four eagles hover, with the inscription, "Wherever the Body is, there shall the eagles be gathered together," and amid them a cross of jewels proclaims the eternal reign of Christ. But it is impossible by any description to give a just idea of this marvellous work of art. Its richness and value may be gathered from the fact that it contains more than one thousand diamonds, about the same number of pearls, and nearly five hundred red topazes. We do not like to venture on any estimate of its value, lest our incredulous readers should think that we exaggerate.

But we have been encroaching somewhat on the subject of our next article. We are concerned here with material Lourdes rather than with the spiritual fabric of its pilgrims' prayers and praises. We have wandered a little from the good works wrought by the Fathers of the Basilica, and must return to the congenial task of describing their *modus agendi* in their difficult task of supplying the countless and varied needs, holding together and preserving in due order the multitudinous interests of those who flock from the various quarters of the earth to obtain the fulfilment of their desires.

Nothing made a deeper impression on me as I watched day by day the orderly and harmonious arrangement of all things appertaining immediately or remotely to the well-being, comfort, happiness, and devotion of the pilgrims at Lourdes, than the most edifying, practical, and self-sacrificing manner in which the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception throw themselves personally into every department of the work which they superintend. Instead of employing paid agents, or allowing a little knot of speculative traders to settle on their domain, they themselves undertake, for the love of God, and not for any earthly reward, the management of things temporal as well as things spiritual at Lourdes. I will suppose the case of a priest arriving at Lourdes, to whom all kinds of needs present themselves during his residence there. I am not speaking of one who enjoys their generous hospitality, but of a stranger staying in the town, who has come with a number of pilgrims from some distant part of France. He arrives at the station with a number of sick who are hoping for a cure. Some of them are paralyzed, others are suffering from ulcers in the feet, others from hernia, from consumption, from various internal diseases. At the station is the long row of litters and couches ready to receive them. Every litter has two volunteer attendants, but the presiding genius of the scene is one of the good Fathers. It is he who arranges all, provides for all, has a kind and encouraging word for the poor sufferers, directs their painful journey to the hospital, visits them when they are housed there, and superintends the handy nurses who see to all their needs. It is he who personally directs the corps of *brancardiers* who carry them down to the Grotto to pray before our Lady's shrine. And when the time comes for them to bathe in those holy waters, at the door there is—not a paid attendant or *employé*, but a priest, who, for the love of God, spends his days in the mono-

tonous employment of Guardian of the Piscina, condescending to the details and trivial humble services which such an occupation necessarily entails; all this, too, with an unwearied patience and gentle courtesy and thoughtful interest in each. What else but the love of God and of His Holy Mother would ever induce an educated gentleman and a priest of the Most High to devote himself to an employment so humble? To nurse the sick, to perform for them the most menial offices, to do the work of a hospital, carries with it a sort of pious *éclat*—but to stand at the door of a bathing establishment, to arrange the time and order of the baths, to furnish to each their linen and all that is required—this is a refinement of self-sacrifice worthy indeed of our heart-felt admiration.

To turn from the wants of the sick and the diseased which our pilgrim priest brings with him to his own. He desires in the morning to say Mass, and with that object makes application at the house of the good Fathers. He is most courteously received by another specially appointed for the regulation of the Masses, and has a time appointed him. When he arrives the next morning at the crypt, in the sacristy he finds the same Father waiting there. Quietly and patiently he is listening to a crowd of applicants anxious to say Mass. Some have made no arrangement the previous evening—it is difficult, nay, impossible, to find an altar for them—others have found the altar assigned them occupied by some intruder, others have come unprovided with the necessary papers; some have occupied so long a time over their Mass that the whole series is thrown out, others want to change the time appointed for them; some have one grievance, others another. But to all the good Father listens with a gentle forbearance, and instead of entrusting to a sacristan the task of getting rid of the often unreasonable and importunate applicants, he has a kind word for each, and sends each away, so far as may be, contented, and satisfies the wishes of each to the utmost extent of his ability, and even beyond it, leaving the sacristy from time to time to give Communion to those who cannot receive it from the priest saying the Mass without a delay that would be inconvenient to his successor, or to make some arrangement in the church which necessitates his personal presence.

And when our pilgrim priest has said his Mass and made his thanksgiving, and desires to know the programme for the day, he has but to visit the *Maison des Pères* hard by the Basilica,

and there upon the door he will find nailed up day by day all necessary information, and much that is useful beside—the time of the trains to neighbouring places, the various hours when the various bands of pilgrims will have High Mass sung for them at the Grotto, or will hear Vespers in the church. Then he will bethink himself of letters from those at home. The Bureau de Poste is far away, but here again the thoughtful care of the good Fathers has provided a remedy. A little house on the slope of the hill has been constituted a Bureau des Renseignements. There two Fathers are continually occupied in giving every sort of information to the pilgrims. When we remember that there are sometimes from five to ten thousand sojourning there, that for the most part they are strangers, from various parts of France, and often from other countries, that many of them are simple and ignorant, quite at a loss how to proceed in any sort of business or in any of the countless difficulties in which they are sure to be entangled, we may form some idea of the endless variety of inquiries, monetary transactions, applications for all kinds of information, postal and telegraph communications, which continually beset the patient and ever-obliging Fathers, who devote themselves to this tiresome and monotonous work. Has a pilgrim lost umbrella or *porte-monnaie*? It is at the Bureau des Renseignements that he expects to find it. Does he wish to learn the hours of the trains to some place far or near that he desires to visit? He applies as a matter of course at this same bureau, and search is made for him with all possible patience in the Indicateur des Chemins de Fer. Does he wish to exchange his foreign moneys for French coins? There he will receive the full equivalent for English sovereigns or German crowns. Does he want postage stamps, or postal orders, or telegraph forms? Everything may be had there from the good Fathers, who devote themselves to all the minutiae of such business for the love of God and in honour of His Holy Mother, that so the pilgrim may, as far as possible, have his every want supplied by their courteous hands within the domain where their benevolent charity holds sway.

Or perhaps our pilgrim is on the eve of his departure, and desires to carry away some *souvenirs* of Lourdes. In a little shop close to the Grotto he will find a collection of objects of piety, sold by the good Brothers who form a part of the community, and at a cost so low that it is hard to understand how they can recoup themselves for their expenditure. Those

little statuettes of our Lady, shining bright as silver, for which in a shop in Paris we should expect to pay fifteen or twenty francs, are sold at less than a quarter of that sum. Those medals of durable white metal, or brass, of platinum, or silver, are ridiculously cheap. Pictures of our Lady by the hundred, flowers from the Grotto deftly pasted on a card, with indulgenced prayers and a history of the apparitions, crucifixes, holy water stoups, photographs of the Grotto, of the Basilica, of Bernadette Soubirous, flagons carefully incased with wicker-work, and bottles and metal vessels of every shape and description for carrying away the holy water, all these and much beside may be had for a price which only makes the visitor fear that the missionaries should lose instead of gaining by the advantageous business transactions that he accomplishes.

Before we quit the subject of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, we must remind our readers that their work is not confined to Lourdes alone. After their difficult task of guiding and directing the summer pilgrimages is over, they turn their energies to a fresh field of labour. In every part of France they go hither and thither giving missions and retreats. Often in this way a pilgrimage to Lourdes produces a double fruit. The priest who brings his pious folk with him, takes occasion to invite one of the missionaries of the Grotto to visit his people, and try to win over the impious and the careless residue of his flock, who have hitherto lived neglectful of devotion to our Lady, or, indeed, of any devotion at all. The invitation is joyfully accepted, and our Lady's missionary, carrying with him the graces of the Grotto, is enabled to do a work of mercy which brings to the foot of the Cross many who have lived as the great proportion of the inhabitants of French cities are too prone to live.

But we must not forget above all the generous hospitality exercised by them. Whenever a pilgrimage to Lourdes is announced, their house is at the disposal, so far as space allows, of the priests who are in charge of the pilgrimage. Some of them are lodged within its walls, or in the peaceful chalet which joins for the present their Novitiate. Those for whom room cannot be found eat at their bounteous table, and are received with a courteous kindness which is a proverb in every diocese of France, and in many a diocese beyond.

The Anglican Church Congress.

THE Church Congress this year has excited an unusual degree of public attention, and it must be allowed that it has rendered itself in many ways remarkable among its fellows. The choice of a great centre of population, although fatal to the objects of the class which regards these gatherings mainly as opportunities for a little sight-seeing under favourable circumstances, succeeded in attracting a much larger number of those who take a solid interest in the great religious questions of the day. The masses also seem to have put in a strong appearance, though perhaps not so strong as to justify the jubilant anticipations entertained that a way had at last been found to their hearts ; for after all, it was to be expected that out of the myriads of Wolverhampton a thousand or so of "honest hearts and horny hands" would be found to fill the lecture-rooms of the dominant Church, and even to take part in the deliberations. Then too the programme was inviting, and there were men of light and leading, dignitaries and students and men of practical experience, to conduct the discussion through its varied fields. Perhaps, however, the most significant of the features which distinguish this Congress from its predecessors is the testimony which it bears to the spread and progress of the High Church party. We notice the name of Canon Hoare, of Evangelical reputation, among those present, and we are not sure under what banner Canon Curteis would elect to stand. Canon Isaac Taylor was presumably invited, on the same principle as Mr. Champion, to provide a little spice for the entertainment. Otherwise, the High Churchmen seem to have had it nearly all their own way. All the questions proposed were drawn up in their peculiar sense. Bishops and Archbishops were on their side. Pastoral staffs and croziers were borne through the streets amidst admiring crowds.

Catholics were naturally not to be found amidst the band of Nonconformists who came forward with a welcome. We could

not afford that sacrifice of our principles. Nevertheless, we are not without our feelings of interest, and even sympathy in the proceedings. If we bewail the misconceptions which, rather through the sins of their ancestors than through their own, have condemned them to a position of isolation and even hostility, in regard to the true Church of Christ, we can recognize, at the same time, the zeal with which they labour to deepen the religious convictions of our fellow-countrymen, and the true spirit which has lifted them already so far out of the abyss of Protestantism towards the appreciation of many Catholic doctrines, has impelled them to cultivate the devotional life so much according to the Catholic ideal, and has kindled in their breasts the desire for restoration to Catholic Unity. We propose to offer our readers some comments on the doings of the Congress, and if our words should reach any of the adherents of the Anglican communion, we trust that, although we feel compelled to pick holes in their ideal, they will understand that we are animated by no unfriendly or unsympathetic spirit towards their aspirations.

Bishop Lightfoot's sermon will have attracted most attention, and will be considered to have struck the key-note to the discussions. It is convenient, therefore, to adopt its point of view as that from which to survey the subject. The occurrence of the Jubilee suggested a retrospect of the history of his Church, and it was natural that the preacher should be jubilant over the manifold improvements which it has undergone since the commencement of the reign. The age of somnolence has passed away, and everywhere we meet with busy, and even feverish activity. Sporting parsons, pluralists, Greek Play bishops, gigantic livings with little work, gigantic parishes altogether neglected, slipshod christenings, irreverent administrations of holy rites, churches desolate as barns, cold, sleepy services, and sermons up in the air—scandals like these have passed into oblivion, and it is almost to our grandfathers that we must go for personal recollections of them. In their place we find dioceses and parishes divided and subdivided, churches restored and multiplied, services brightened and varied to suit the character of the worshippers, careful and elaborate ceremonies, sermons which aim at being useful to the hearers, bishops and clergy converted into the busiest and most zealous of men, High, Low, and Broad, vying with one another in the earnestness and energy with which they create and sustain organiza-

tions innumerable for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of those who accept their ministrations. Nor is it at home merely that the change is witnessed. There is the great multiplication of the colonial episcopate to tell its tale of progress, an episcopate which began to place itself *en évidence* at the First Lambeth Conference, and which, in a similar Conference next year, is to impress the imagination with the spectacle of almost two hundred prelates hailing from the four quarters of the globe.

The Anglican communion now comprises within her embrace Churches established, unestablished, disestablished. She has flourishing branches in every continent of the globe. She acknowledges as her sons converts from the highly developed and immemorial religions of the East, and converts from the rude idol-worship of Africa and the Pacific islands. The successor of St. Augustine is coming to be regarded as the Patriarch in substance, if not in name, of the Anglican Churches throughout the world. The proud title, *papa alterius orbis*, has a more real meaning now than when it was conferred many centuries ago.

Dr. Lightfoot then proceeds to claim, among the results obtained, the establishment of more intimate relations with the ancient Churches of the East. On this point his language is somewhat indefinite. Perhaps because there is nothing very tangible to show. Certainly the quite recent opening of an English school for the young Nestorians of Kurdistan, at the desire of their Patriarch, and another for the Alexandrian Copts, or even the still more recent permission to hold an English service in the Chapel of Abraham, does not go far towards the establishment of intercommunion. Moreover, we learn from Mr. Brisco-Owen, English chaplain at Chalcedon, "that the most definite idea that even the best educated of them (the Orientals) as yet possess, is that there are two parties in this Protestant body, one of which is willing to show disinterested goodwill towards them, while the other looks upon them almost as heathen who need to be converted afresh." Perhaps there are some at home who will think this impression not inaccurate even as regards the Anglican communion itself.

Whatever may be thought of the relations between Anglicanism and the Oriental schismatics, Dr. Lightfoot felt himself able to point to the brilliant picture of progress which he had drawn, and to ask triumphantly whether the Comte de Maistre's charge of sterility and isolation, urged against the Anglican communion at the beginning of the century, could still be sustained.

We think, however, that the Comte de Maistre could still maintain his indictment. Has Dr. Lightfoot realized its nature? It asserts that Anglicanism, in common with every communion that has repudiated the Supremacy of the Holy See, is destitute of the attribute of universality which is one of the marks by which Truth is distinguished from Error. Error owes its origin to the peculiar nature of the human soil from which it springs, and thence derives its distinctive characteristics. It is thus enabled to preserve itself more or less completely through a longer or shorter period within the area of its origin, but will never find much success in its endeavours to spread beyond, and will certainly never unite all nations in its embrace. The Catholic religion reveals its capacity to take root everywhere: the missionary enterprise of heretical bodies is nearly everywhere characterized by failure. That is the charge; and does it not still hold good? We readily grant the impressiveness of the assemblage which the Archbishop of Canterbury is able to collect for a Pan-Anglican Synod. Their numbers are imposing, and so too is the wide area which they represent. But after all within that area what is it they represent? Not the wide-spread propagation of the faith, but the wide-spread propagation of the race. The race has spread in a truly marvellous manner, and to all its settlements it has carried with it its religion.

The congregations over which these gentlemen preside, are substantially, almost entirely, congregations either of their fellow-countrymen or of their American cousins. Even within the limits of the Anglo-Saxon race it has to divide its figures with the various Nonconformist bodies, which in America at least far outnumber it. If the limits are extended so as to comprise generally the population under British and American rule, the Catholic Church, even on this the chosen territory of its competitor, is close at its heels. The tale of Anglican missionary efforts among the heathen is still what it ever was. Its most striking characteristic continues to be the enormous disproportion between the apparatus employed and the conversions made. Although the funds which English and American wealth and generosity contribute to the work, so vastly exceed those which Catholic poverty is able to provide, although the relationship of their missionaries to the dominant power and the spectacle of confusion in which their divisions involve us as well as themselves in the eyes of the natives, are so terrible a

handicap to our disadvantage, nevertheless, our converts in India alone outnumber the sum total of theirs from all the entire area of their missionary agencies, and disinterested observers still continue to distress them by drawing unpleasant contrasts between the moral calibre of those who come under their influence with that of those who come under ours. Indeed it is not necessary to go beyond the Congress to find evidence of sterility of Protestant missions. We are far from sympathizing either with the opinions of Canon Isaac Taylor or with the tone of his remarks. Nor is his comparison between Mohammedan and Christian rates of progress at all relevant. The conditions of the problem are wanting in Mohammedanism. It appeals to natural inducements. Its creed is one of extreme simplicity. It exacts no sacrifices from its adherents save what they are naturally disposed to render, and on the other hand it has an array of temporal advantages to offer. If we cite Canon Taylor, it is because of the witness he bears to the fecundity of the Catholic Church, acknowledging its progress in regions on which Anglicanism can make no impression, a witness not the less effectual, because of the ignorant sneer at "black madonnas." So assured is he of the unfitness of Anglicanism, to act upon the African populations, that he would have the way prepared for them either by Mohammedanism itself, or by the ministrations of their fellow-countrymen from the States, a cargo of whom he would ship over to the continent of their origin to commence a campaign of revival talk and christening bouts. Let us not be understood to think lightly of the energy and zeal of Anglican missionaries. We appreciate it highly, although we may not think it reaches the degree of self-devotedness displayed by the Catholic missionary, who is required to sacrifice to his vocation so much more of what is dear to human nature. It is not the industry of the husbandman which we call in question, but the value of the seed.

If the activity of Anglicanism abroad does not yield evidence to disprove the charge of sterility urged by the Comte de Maistre, is the activity at home more successful in this respect? It is surprising that those who agree with us in believing fecundity to be a mark of the Catholic Church, and are interested in asserting it for their own communion in order that it may support their claim to be considered an integral part of the Catholic Church, should imagine the charge of sterility to be self-evidently repelled by a simple appeal to the revival of

activity which we have acknowledged to exist among them. Was there not a similar outburst in the last century under Wesley and Whitfield, and yet it was a movement which led distinctly from and not to the Established Church? Even to confine ourselves to the present period, is it so clear that the increase of religious activity and earnestness is unshared by the Dissenters? The large organizations in connexion with Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and Mr. Newman Hall's Chapel seem to speak of work done, and want of life is the last accusation which would be laid against the Salvation Army. When we find a religious denomination undertake missions to the heathen provided with the most elaborate equipment of men and funds that ever was, continue the work through a lengthened period generally assisted by most favourable circumstances, and yet in spite of all the undoubted energy, zeal, labour, and skill expended, invariably compelled to tell the same tale of only infinitesimal results accomplished, there is fair ground for doubting if this is the society on which our Lord laid the injunction to "go and teach all nations," with the promise attached of His abiding presence and support.

But when a great development of religious earnestness supervenes on centuries of torpor in a community which has isolated itself from what is, after making every concession, the main body of Catholics, before drawing any conclusion therefrom, it is necessary to institute an analysis and determine how much of the awakening is attributable to the impulse of the Holy Spirit, how much to that of foreign and intrusive agencies. A good deal must certainly be ascribed to a purely natural source. The age itself is an age of activity succeeding to one of torpor. When minds are aroused generally, the stream of energy is sure to flow into religious as well as secular channels. Still we are far from wishing to deny that the action of the Holy Spirit is discernible. It has always been the teaching of the Church (teaching which follows at once from the truth that God wishes and works for the salvation of all), that the Holy Spirit works without the Church as well as within. With this difference, however, that, within the Church, God works through all her doctrines and institutions alike, and tends to retain souls within her fold and to satisfy them with their position; without the Church, on the other hand, His intention is gradually to draw towards her, and for this purpose He employs the fragments of truth still retained, and endeavours to lead

the soul by gentle stages out of one misconception after another, till at last it is able to accept the truth in all its entirety. Thus the eventual result of the working of grace, upon non-Catholic communities, if undisturbed, is to dissatisfy souls with their position. That, however, is a termination which will frequently be displeasing, and the effect of the displeasure is to set up a disturbing current. The two will then collide and an ultimate direction may result which can easily be mistaken for that of grace, whereas it is in reality determined by the resistance to grace of passion and prejudice, a resistance which may be altogether wilful, or may be in the main ascribable to invincible ignorance. We cannot expect Anglicans at once to accept our application of this doctrine. But the doctrine itself, considered in the abstract, ought to commend itself to the reason of all who believe the Holy Catholic Church to be a visible society, communion with which is by Divine command obligatory upon all. How rash and crude, then, is the inference which concludes at once from the bare unanalyzed fact of a growth of earnestness in a particular denomination to the Divine sanction of its ecclesiastical position! Would it not be more to the purpose to recommend to all who feel the influence of the movement, careful and continual searchings of conscience with a view to detect and check every attempt of human and defective motives to disturb the course of grace from its own proper channel?

The Bishop of Durham, like all earnest Christians, is distressed at the divisions of Christendom, and the main purpose of his sermon was to encourage his hearers to labour for their removal. The Bishop of Lichfield also gave a prominent place to this topic in his presidential address.

It is impossible to look around either at the state of our own country or of foreign lands without being drawn to the consideration of another great question which presses itself upon us—I mean the question of Christian Reunion: in what way, on what terms, by what means, the great baptized brotherhood in Christ may be brought to fight together under their common Lord. Will the time ever come when "Ephraim shall no longer envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim?"

Canon Hole seems to have chosen the same subject for his opening sermon at one of the churches in the town. Anglicans are unable to understand why we decline invitations to join their Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom. We are compelled to decline, because it is impossible to join

without constructively sanctioning the false principle that the Church can be divided. But this does not hinder us from regarding with interest and sympathy an Association which gives expression to the desire to heal divisions among those who bear the Christian name, nor from offering many prayers that the desire may at length lead to a more enlightened perception of the means by which alone its object can be obtained. It is difficult to estimate the degree of harm which these divisions have brought about, and we Catholics, although in no way responsible for divisions rife among those who have left the fold, are sufferers none the less from the general *égarement*. Take, for instance, the great difficulty we are all experiencing how to secure the Christian education of children of the poor. We quote again Dr. Maclagan :

The absence of definite religious instruction (in the Board schools) is bringing forth its certain fruit. One of the Judges in a recent charge to a Grand Jury, alluding to juvenile offenders, spoke of their lamentable want of moral and religious training. "Most of them," he said, "have been attending school, and it would seem as though the anxiety for their intellectual progress had led to the sacrifice of all other training. The children in most cases are totally unconscious of the distinction between right and wrong."

Trace this lamentable fact to its causes, and it is seen to be a direct consequence of the religious dissensions. Could all those who profess to follow the teaching of Jesus Christ be united together and able to show a firm front, the difficulty which has been engaging the attention of the Royal Committee on Education, of providing religious instruction in the elementary schools without violation of religious liberty, would simply disappear. We cannot deliver our message without its being challenged by a dozen messages in a contrary sense. Men of education may be able to appreciate our words, when we deprecate being classed with the rest, and point to our compact unity and world-wide extension. But how are the poor, still less how are the heathen, to perceive the difference, beset as they are by those whose interest it is to obstruct the recognition of the facts by misstatements and sophistries which it requires deep study of books to dispel! In this difficulty of ours in which they have involved us, we cannot expect to meet with sympathy from our Anglican friends. We bring it forward, however, as illustrating the extent of the evil which the strife of denominations has entailed and as affording an assurance that we cannot fail to

wish well to any league of prayer which tends to keep the importance of Catholic unity prominently before the mind. Reunion of all the fragments which divide Christendom around the only possible centre, is a consummation which we fear is still far distant, even if it is ever to be arrived at; but the cherishing of a desire tends of its own nature to the discovery of means by which it is attainable, and the more Anglicans are induced to dwell on the thought of reunion, the more likely are they to come down from the clouds, forsake the illusory schemes which are at present misleading them, and draw the right conclusion as to what should be done.

Bishop Lightfoot has managed to persuade himself that his Church is marked out by Divine Providence to be the intermediary in bringing the disunited communities together.

Is there not a sense in which it may be said that God sets up His standard in this English Church; that it seems to be marked out by His hand as a rallying-point of the nations; and that here is the most hopeful centre for the unity of Christendom, if such unity has any place in His counsels? History is our prophet. God's voice speaks with no uncertain sound in the records of our nation and Church. Have we ears to hear? He throws down the gage. Have we faith and courage to pick it up? . . . Just seventy years ago a famous French writer, yearning for the unity of the Church, and conceiving the Papacy to be the only possible centre of union, appealed to Anglican Churchmen to take the initiative. Himself holding Ultramontane views, and speaking in no measured terms of the position and character of the English Church, he yet recognized in her a prerogative character which might make her a leader in the great movement of the future.

Is there faith and courage to take up the gage? Surely it is not faith and courage that are at fault! Faith and courage are at call in such force that it is hard to curb their impetuosity. They are ready to stoop and pick up even a shadow. It is the gage, a substantial gage, which is wanting. We do not wish to fail in respect towards such a man as Bishop Lightfoot. But really it is hard to restrain a smile over the enunciation of this theory of the Anglican Church set up as a divinely appointed ensign round which the dissentient communions of Christendom are to rally; still harder when the preacher proceeds to illustrate his theory by a comparison drawn between this supposed vocation of the English people and that which constituted the singular prerogative of the Jews, the glowing language addressed to the elder nation by its prophets being taken over bodily and applied to the younger.

Who are expected to answer the summons? The "Roman obedience," as the phrase runs on Anglican lips, is declared to be so committed by the Vatican Decrees to a false position, that it is useless to entertain any hopes of her. Thus the ideal breaks down on the threshold through the impossibility of drawing into its embrace a portion of Christendom so large as to outnumber the entire remainder by some hundred millions of adherents.

It is true that from one speaker (Dr. Cutts) we have mysterious allusions to the cultivation of friendly relations with Continental Churches; hopes expressed that the appointment of "two Bishops representing our Church and superintending our congregations in Northern and Southern Europe," may tend to produce among them "an improved understanding of our *status* and character;" recommendations not to be too hasty in requiring from these continentals the immediate abolition of their erroneous doctrines and superstitious practices; but "to be content to take them at present as they are, and declare our fellowship and our sympathy with them, and be content to let them work out their own reformation gradually in their own way." Still the Congress will allow that the Continental Churches have not as yet shown the faintest symptoms of an inclination to break away from the teaching of the Holy See, or to undertake such corrections of their present system as may bring them within measurable distance of intercommunion on Anglican principles. We notice, however, that since the dissolution of the Congress, its President, in company with a brother-prelate, has gone to study the progress of the Old Catholic movement in Germany and Switzerland. There perhaps they have a less reluctant candidate. Still the progress of the Old Catholic movement has been retrograde rather than forward during the short term of its existence, particularly since the withdrawal from it of State sympathy and support. Not a few of its adherents have returned to the allegiance which they had forsaken, and the influence of the remainder counts for so little in Germany that the movement has got to be generally regarded as a burst bubble. The episcopal studies in this field are likely to bring small consolation to the students.

It is the Oriental separatists who are considered likely to yield themselves first to the influence of this new centripetal force. But the exposition given at the Congress of their present attitude towards their English wooers, is not likely to sin by understatement of favourable symptoms, and it cannot be said

to afford ground for confident expectations. Dr. Cutts summarizes the results gained as follows :

There have been a number of individual acts of friendly intercourse between members of the English Church and members of the Orthodox Greek communion. For example, your contributions are asked at this moment towards the purchase of vessels for the celebration of Holy Communion, which the Orthodox Patriarch of Jerusalem has promised to permit priests of the English Church to celebrate in a chapel close by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is something more than an international compliment that the Emperor of Russia was present at the consecration of the new English church at Copenhagen a fortnight ago. In answer to repeated requests we have sent three priests to counsel and aid the Assyrian Church, the representative of the ancient Church of Persia : and we thought it right after the English occupation of Egypt, to open communications with the authorities of the Coptic Church. We have also taken an important step in this direction by the reappointment of an Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem. The Holy City is a great Christian centre, visited by all Christendom, and many branches of the Church maintain representative bishops there. It is legitimate, it is full of hope and promise, that the Church of England should also have its representative bishop there to care for our pilgrims to the Holy Land, to show what the Church of England really is, to maintain friendly relations with the representatives of the other Churches there and to exercise what influence he can among them. The progress of events is continually proving that the Church of England has characteristics which may make it the centre round which divided Christendom may rally.

There is not much here to justify the expectations formed, nor do the detailed accounts of those who followed Dr. Cutts clothe the summary with anything of substantial value. An essay is dedicated to the Armenian Church by Mr. Brisco-Owen, but we find that the "Archbishop's good intentions," expressed in a letter addressed only last year to their Catholicos, "were somewhat frustrated by the coldness with which his advances were received," so that "a notice of the relations between the two Churches can only take the form of hopes for the future instead of being a record of what has been done in the past." It should be mentioned that these Armenians are Monophysites, and were condemned by the Council of Chalcedon. Anglicans maintain this Council to have been Ecumenical, so that it would seem to follow that the Armenians ought not to be regarded by them as a portion even of the "Divided Church." Among the Copts in Egypt they have got so far as to open a school, and

the Copts are declared by Mr. Greenwood to "manifest a thirst for spiritual teaching." Those who are acquainted with the literature of Anglican Missions will recognize in this phrase one of those over-confident anticipations of a sanguine temperament which have been invariably doomed to disappointment. Nor will they find it incompatible with the depressing tone which pervades the announcement made later by the same gentleman, according to the *Church Times* report, "that the fate of this Church was now put into the hands of the Anglican Church, and hung trembling in the balance. The danger was now that the hopes of enlightened Egyptians might for a second time be disappointed through the apathy or inattention of English Churchmen." It should be mentioned that these Copts are also under the condemnation of the Council of Chalcedon, as imbued with the Monophysite heresy. Perhaps the results accomplished among the Assyrian Nestorians of Kurdistan will be claimed as more solid. Here "three priests of the Anglican Church," according to Mr. Athelstan Riley, have been sent out by the Archbishop of Canterbury "to assist and instruct an ancient separated Oriental Church at the request of the Patriarch and Bishop of that Church," and "with the knowledge and blessing of the Catholic (*i.e.*, Greek Schismatic) Patriarch of Antioch." "Our priests" even "preach in their churches, celebrate the holy mysteries according to the Anglican rite at Assyrian altars when away from their private chapel in the Mission House, and allow the native priests, deacons, and boys to sing their daily services in the English chapel." Still "there is at present no intercommunion. . . . Nothing is done to compromise the position of the Anglican communion as a true branch of the Holy Catholic Church. If not in actual the Chaldæans are at least in formal heresy, cut off from the body of Christ." In short it comes to this, that upon that section of Oriental schism which, according to the Three-Branch Theory is the Eastern Branch of the Divided Church, the Anglicans have made no impression whatever. But they would like very much to obtain an earnest of the realization of the brilliant destiny which they have imagined for their Church, by establishing sacramental intercommunion with some Church or other of ancient name, and they have found a section or two of degraded and half-barbarous Oriental schismatics,¹ excommunicate even

¹ Mr. Athelstan Riley, in his essay read at the Congress, describes the Assyrian Nestorians as "a race of wild and savage mountaineers, wilder and more savage than

on Anglican principles, firm in their resolve to hold communion with none who will not subscribe to their traditional tenets, but with a sufficiently keen eye to the temporal advantages of the British connexion to be willing to coquet with it a little in order to obtain them.

Anglicans are to be condoled with over the deficient character of the associates at whose mercy the exigencies of their theory places them. Meanwhile, is the desired inter-communion ever destined to come off? Of course it will not last, but are there ever to be a few delicious moments during which it is to be an accomplished reality? One thing seems certain, namely, that, if obtained, it will be on the basis of a complete surrender exacted from the hard-pushed Anglican. The Oriental mind cannot master the conception of a comprehensive Church. Phrases dexterously devised to span the abysses of doctrinal difference are proposed to them in vain. They are not going to place reliance on bridges so fragile. They must have something real and substantial before ever they will consent to cross over and join hands. "Who shall tell what will come of it?" the Archbishop of Canterbury is reported to have said when despatching the three missionaries to Kurdistan. Probably nothing will come of it. For more than half a century negotiations have been going on between the Orientals and their Western admirer, but the desired union is as far off as ever. Still the Archbishop may be right. Who can tell? It would be a strange issue of the long courtship, if at some future Pan-Anglican Synod, when the Fathers of the Anglican communion assemble in their hundreds around the throne of the *Papa alterius orbis*, he were constrained to propose for their consideration the painful question, Would they, to secure the first-fruits of the work for which their Church had been marked out by Providence, be prepared to strike out the *Filioque* from their Creed, and anathematize the two Ecumenical Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon? Yet we fear these stubborn and inconsiderate Orientals will be satisfied with nothing less.

their Mohammedan rulers, and yet clinging tenaciously, in spite of their barbarism and their crass ignorance, to their ancient Church, their ancient liturgies, their ecclesiastical rites and customs, and the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ." The Schismatic Copts are also, though not barbarous, notable for their ignorance and the degradation of their morals, and the same indictment lies against the Schismatic Armenians. It is in fact general against the Schismatic Christians of Asia and North Western Africa. Those, on the other hand, who hold communion with the Holy See belong, by general acknowledgment, to a much higher plane of mental and moral culture.

But, alas! if to gain the Orientals it is necessary to swallow one bitter pill, to gain the Nonconformists it is necessary to swallow yet another. The Greeks will only unite on the basis of a formal acceptance of a few unwelcome heresies. The Nonconformists at home are clamouring for almost absolute comprehensiveness. Of comprehensiveness in doctrine there is enough already, in all conscience. But the Nonconformists require greater comprehensiveness in discipline and ritual as well. Bishops must go, or at all events be localized, so as to allow presbyteries and similar institutions to share with them the honours and toils of government. Prayer-books, ceremonies, altars, must be declared non-essential, and equal right of admittance conceded to the methods of worship acceptable to Dissent. And who knows what besides, along with participation in the ecclesiastical funds. Surely the fates are hard upon the Church which has been commissioned to set up this new standard among the nations!

There is a sense, nevertheless, in which the "English Church," or, as we prefer to express it, the English people, might lead most valuably in the religious movement of the future, and it is in this sense that the Comte de Maistre, in the passage to which the Bishop of Durham referred, desired to be understood. He saw that the form of belief which the Anglican Church had adopted had diverged less from the creed of the Catholic Church than had that of any other Protestant community. There seemed also to be less bitterness and hostility there than elsewhere. And it should be borne in mind that when he wrote this the memory of the kind reception accorded to the *émigrés* and their clergy by our fellow-countrymen, and the consequent abatement of previous animosities, was still fresh in the minds of Frenchmen. There might therefore be some possibility, so he hoped, that this great nation would before long be induced to bury the sad relics of obsolete quarrels, and in its desire for unity turn its eyes Romewards, and engage in a conscientious and unprejudiced study of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, a study which he trusted would lead to conviction. If only this happy result could be accomplished, how grand might be the consequences! What with her vast dominions and great wealth, joined to the religious earnestness and the solid character of her people, there was no nation with such capacity and such opportunities as England to labour for the healing of the Church's wounds and

the propagation of the faith. To the opposition of England most of the Church's losses and most of the failures of her enterprise were due. With England enlisted in her service as a faithful son, she might hope to recover lost ground, and enter upon a new era of missionary successes among the heathen she longed to evangelize. The reasoning is sound, and had the Count survived to our own days he might have urged it with still more justification. The political disturbances at the end of the last and the commencement of the present century, had the cruel result of denuding the foreign missions of their pastors. The work of conversion had been proceeding everywhere with the happiest successes, when the blow came which recalled all the missionaries to Europe, without hope of replacement, and abandoned the newly-formed congregations to their own resources. When the storms of revolution had blown over, and at last it was possible to spare from the reduced numbers, and to equip out of the shattered resources a fresh supply of missionaries to resume the interrupted work, it was too late. England had come on to the field, and had begun to exhibit the strange spectacle of her religious dissensions. Amidst the jar of contending sects the voice of truth had become less distinguishable, and although the Church will always progress, and in her progress outnumber the sects, still the rate of progress had been indefinitely lessened. It is hardly too much to say, that had it not been for the counter-action of English Protestantism, the Catholic missionaries would by this time have succeeded in transforming the races amongst which they labour into Christian populations. As it is, if things are to remain in their present condition, the conversion of the heathen world is not to be looked for within any calculable period. On the other hand, if the magnificent organizations for missionary enterprise which are now stricken with barrenness on account of their Protestantism, could be grafted on to the stock of Catholic unity and endowed with its gift of fecundity, how much might still be accomplished. Such seems to be the train of thought which suggested itself to the Comte de Maistre. It would be most unjust to suspect him of propounding the theory concerning the destiny of Anglicanism with which Bishop Lightfoot associates his name.

It makes the mouth water even to speak of a possibility which, if attained, would effect so consoling a transformation. But it is useless to spend time in lamenting over what, in the present state of Anglican feeling towards the Holy See, is

morally impossible. We have, however, a suggestion to offer to the more earnest of our Anglican friends. We cannot deny that we are moved to make it by a belief that, if adopted and carried out in a logical, business-like, and straightforward way, it should lead to the kind of reunion which we desire—the return, that is to say, of many individuals at least to the unity of the real Catholic Church. Still it is a suggestion recommendable even from the standpoint adopted by the Bishop of Durham, and very generally by the Congress. A communion which feels the call to offer itself as the rallying-point for the scattered units of the “Divided Church,” should above all things commence by endeavouring to know its own mind. Yet, to judge from the talk at the Congress, this preliminary requirement has not received sufficient attention. From the Presidential Address we learn that reunion

Will not be by any watering down of creeds, nor by any fusion of incongruous elements, nor by any faithless compromise on the one side or the other. Perhaps we must look to affiliation rather than to comprehension. But our greatest hope lies in the law of spiritual attraction.

This is very vague. Spiritual attraction is of course required ; but as a motive force. It does not supply the *terminus ad quem*. What are they to be attracted to? Affiliation and comprehension hardly form a pair of alternatives. Be the union through affiliation or through submission to the same hierarchical system, it presupposes the conditions which render it justifiable. How far are these conditions to involve exact uniformity, how far are they to permit liberty of opinion? Dr. Lightfoot is equally chargeable with want of definiteness. In declaring what should be “our attitude towards this great work before us,” he says—

We shall not lay the yoke of a rigid uniformity on the necks of our converts. We shall lay down for ourselves as an aim not the multiplication of English churches on a foreign soil, but the creation of native churches. We shall allow great latitude of development in non-essentials such as the form of worship. We shall not impose our Articles, or even our Prayer-book, as a necessity, on native peoples. We shall act throughout in the faith that they too, like the races converted to Christ in ages past, have some treasure of their own, some special gift or endowment, to contribute to the House of God. We shall draw closer our intercourse with the enfeebled Churches of the East, not too carefully scanning their faults, whether in doctrine or practice, but striving by education and sympathy to raise them to a higher level.

The phrases are all negative save the last, and all quite generic. The preacher might perhaps protest that a peroration is not the place for details. True, but an exact conception of the details should lie behind, and where is it to be sought? It is intercommunion, not friendly social intercourse which is in question. We suppose there is to be some measure of common faith on the basis of which the intercommunion is to be held legitimate. It would be more useful and practical to define what this measure is to include than to throw out a vague idea of what may lie beyond its boundaries. Is any provision to be made lest the special gifts and endowments which converted races may propose to contribute to the House of God should continue to present the spectacle of jarring discord rather than of harmonious variety? In what respect may Eastern Churches be accepted as they stand, in what respect will they need to be levelled up? Is the Divine origin of the episcopate to be insisted upon? Bishop Lightfoot himself is known to be a formidable adversary of those who maintain it? The question would seem to be of primary importance. It is a factor in the decision what sacraments are valid. If it is answered in the affirmative, the Orientals may so far be admitted, but the English Dissenters, and even Dr. Lightfoot himself, will have to be levelled up. If it is answered in the negative, the Orientals must be submitted to an educational process, under which they are likely to prove restive; unless indeed they should be found too ignorant to estimate what is involved. Is the latitude allowed in regard to the form of worship in non-essentials to leave it open whether the worship is to be sacrificial and based on the formulated profession that according to our Lord's prescription sacrifice is the central act of worship, or unsacrificial and based on the formulated profession that every attempt to offer a Eucharistic Sacrifice is an outrage on the all-sufficiency of the Sacrifice of the Cross. According as one answer or another is rendered, it will be made clear whether the Orientals are to be levelled down from their present sacrificial notions and practices, or proposals to them delayed till the levelling up at home has been completed and certified by some authentic and effective declaration less open to misconception than the Thirty-Nine Articles. If the latter solution should be preferred, the President of the Congress himself would seem to require some further training. Earnest believers in the Real Presence must have listened with amazement while he instructed them, that the question whether there

is such a Presence or not "involves considerations of a highly metaphysical character as to the Divine method of operation : " that it is better for the "disputants to draw near with faith and take the Holy Sacrament to their comfort " than to strive and contend about "the conditions under which our Blessed Lord communicates Himself to the soul." One cannot help wondering whether it was while listening to this attempt to gloss over the difference between recognition and denial of a great mystery of faith, that it occurred to the Bishop of Carlisle to give expression in his Lichfield sermon to a shrinking from "generalities which may be the mere clothes for nakedness, a grave-clothes which conceal a skeleton or a corpse."

Such grave-clothes of fine phrases, which will not bear lifting, are so common as to be characteristic of Anglicans, especially of their bishops. But if their Church is to know her own mind and be in a position to make a practical and business-like offer to other communions, she must certainly tear them all away, and place beyond doubt what it is that lies beneath. The Pan-Anglican Synod is to meet next year. Is not this the very opportunity which is desiderated ? Its claim to represent the Anglican communion would not be impeached save by those who dwell in the darkness of Erastianism. Moreover, it is extra-legal, and need stand in no fear of any usurping interference from Parliament, whose supremacy Bishop Maclagan is not prepared to recognize. Let the Conscript Fathers of Anglicanism deliberate together and then draw up a profession of their faith, conceived, not like the Thirty-Nine Articles in ambiguous phrases, but in distinct propositions, protected against misconception as far as careful language can ensure protection. Let the propositions cover the field of Christian belief, so that those who are drawn towards them by the force of spiritual attraction to seek the privilege of intercommunion, may perceive clearly what they are required to believe concerning the constitution of the Church, the nature of God, of the Incarnation, the economy of grace, of the sacraments, of public worship and discipline. It may well be that all would not accept the ruling. Those who obey the whip of the *Church Times*, for instance, would repudiate it *ab initio*, conformably with their fundamental principle, that no good thing can come out of bishops. It might even provoke a schism for the moment. What matter ? The force of spiritual attraction is abroad and could be trusted to bring the truants back again. Meanwhile they could count

on those who, with Mr. Welldon of Harrow, recognize the principle of episcopal authority: they would have the immense advantage of knowing who and how many they represent: and they would be able to lay before those to whom they address their message of invitation a distinct and intelligible programme.

There is still another and perhaps greater matter which may well engage the attention of the Pan-Anglican Synod. Anglicans lay great stress upon a General Council yet to assemble, which, unlike some that have arrogated to themselves the title, is to be a truth-seeking Council. It is from this authority that they hope to obtain a settlement of the various discussions concerning doctrine and discipline by which Christendom is torn. It is to this authority they look for the ratification of a restored unity on terms which the various branches will be able to accept. We have the Archbishop of Canterbury's judgment for it that the realization of this hope is "far away yet, very far indeed," and the judgment is one which it requires very little discernment to endorse. But then he also reminded the Congress that—

The greatest things are only brought about by people long, long before—centuries before it may be—indulging in noble conceptions and trying to get them right: and we may remember that every Congress of this kind, every diocesan conference, and every great conference like the decennial conference of the Bishops of the Anglican Church, is in its way leading to a truth-seeking General Council.

Would not the approaching Synod be rendering an important service to the cause of preparation, if it were to set itself the task of getting this noble conception right? At present, as far as we can gather, it is all astray. There has been no attempt to define the nature of the Council that is to be. Who are to be entitled to sit, and with what rights? Is it to include those who have confessedly no Apostolic succession; those whose Apostolic succession is challenged; those who have been formally cut off from the Church by previous Councils, such as Ephesus and Chalcedon; those who are involved in manifest heresy concerning fundamental articles of faith? Is it to be confined to bishops with sees, or to include bishops without sees, or even bishops who have set up altar against altar; or again, is it to include representatives of the inferior clergy and of the laity? Will the validity of the assembly be affected, and consequently the guarantee of its acceptance by the Holy Spirit as an organ

of infallibility be endangered, if any of those entitled to attend are not summoned: or if any, or at all events, if any large number of those summoned, refuse to attend; for instance, if all the bishops of the "Roman Obedience" refused to attend? This involves the further question, with whom lies the right of convocation. With the Pope, or the *Papa alterius orbis* (in virtue of the mediatorial office of his Church), or the Patriarch of Constantinople, or Temporal Sovereigns, or all combined; and if any of them refuse to act, does the right pass by devolution to another, and to whom? When the Council is assembled, on what principle is the validity of its decrees to be determined? Will a majority of votes suffice to render them the decrees of the Council, or is unanimity required, and if unanimity, what constitutes unanimity? The *Church Times* has lately ruled that unanimity is required in a Council; and that the Vatican decrees are null and void on this ground alone, although the proportion of those who refused to sign the decree to those who did sign, is infinitesimal. Is the judgment of this august authority to be ratified, or not? This is a most practical question, seeing that unless by miracle, or by some radical change in the constitution of human nature, neither unanimity, or anything approaching unanimity, is likely to be obtained. Differences of opinion are numerous enough, and pronounced enough already among all who repudiate the authority of the Holy See; and if we may trust experience they are destined to become more numerous and more pronounced still with the flight of time.

There is even yet a further danger which needs to be provided against. Let us suppose that reunion on the desired lines has been established and ratified by the General Council of the future, how is it to be maintained? Controversies are certain to spring up in the sequel just as in the past. Unless some provision is made for their settlement by an unimpeachable authority, the splits are likely to be renewed, and all the good gained lost. Past Councils would seem to have made themselves responsible for the divisions by neglect to legislate for such probable eventualities. Unless, indeed, they acted in the belief that provision had already been made by our Lord Himself in the appointment of a Supreme Pontiff, always on the watch, and always endowed with unimpeachable authority. That, however, is known to be a figment of the imagination, devised by the naughty "Romans." So that the indictment lies against

the ancient Councils, and is a warning to the future Council to be more prudent.

How then is it to be done? Is the Council to be in perpetual session, or in quinquennial session, or is a *locum tenens* to be appointed and endowed with authority to act during the interval: in which hypothesis again, what provision is to be made against the case of his abusing his position? Here surely are questions the settlement of which by a representative authority would go far to get right the noble conception of a Church reunited round the standard set up by Divine Providence in the Anglican communion! With such a settlement in their hands, would not its leaders be enabled to address a more forcible appeal to the sects and the nations, avoiding the delays and the misunderstandings which are the inevitable fruit of a programme not properly defined? Or would the issue of the deliberations rather be the discovery that the noble conception could not be got right; that the Order of Providence gave it no sanction; that it was not a noble conception at all; that it was, on the contrary, a mere will-o'-the-wisp leading out into the barren and pathless desert; that the problem of reunion must be worked out on other lines, and the true rallying-point, the true centre of union, sought elsewhere?

There were other topics of interest debated in the Congress on which we should have liked to comment. But the limits of space have been reached. We may conclude by recording our agreement with those who in the Congress laid stress upon the duty of not widening the breach by entertaining personal bitterness against those of another creed. To expose error, and to urge arguments on behalf of the truth, with whatever force is at our command, is at times a duty. But there is never a call to use harsh language or to impute motives. Undoubtedly the sense of unfair treatment is apt to irritate. But the largest allowance should always be made for the effect upon the mind of its point of view. Those who have passed through Anglicanism into the Church can testify to the difficulty which an Anglican, with all his inherited prejudices and misconceptions, may have in comprehending truths which to us seem so simple. Meanwhile, cannot we admire their piety and their zeal? Of how many among those who have taken part in the Congress may we not say, *Quum tales sitis, utinam nostri essetis!*

S. F. S.

The Rose of the Blessed Sacrament.

SWEET rose, my garden's fairest flower,
Wouldst thou not wish a lovelier spot
With thy rich colours to adorn,
Where rain and cold blasts enter not ?

Wouldst thou not have thy fragrance fill
A nobler palace than is raised
To earth's great princes, potent kings,
By faithful subjects loved and praised ?

Wouldst thou not have thy perfume mount
Where angel-choirs His praises sound,
Who made the worlds His power to tell,
Who made thee, too, in bloom to abound ?

Wouldst thou not wish that King to charm,
Whose beauty never fades away ;
Whose love is riches, glory, bliss,
His Light, the joy of Heaven's high-day ?

Come, lovely rose ! no more thy leaves
By wild birds' footsteps shalt be trod ;
Come, quit thy bush, and sweetly grace
The tabernacle of my God.

Be thou this rose, O heart of mine !
Thy love pour out as incense sweet
Before the shrine of Christ my God,
And breathe for ever at His feet.

*Siam.*¹

THE recent English occupation of Upper Burmah, and the French occupation of Cambodia, Annam, and Tong-King, is likely to bring Siam more prominently before the notice of Europeans. My description of their interesting country and people must necessarily be brief and fragmentary; in fact I shall not be able to do more than offer a few remarks on the natural features, rivers and mountains, on the climate and the people, their social and religious condition. First, then, Siam occupies the heart of Indo-China and nearly the whole of the Malay Peninsula. It has a seaboard sweeping round the Gulf of Siam from about the 4th deg. of latitude on the Malay side to about the 11th deg. of latitude on the Cambodian side, a distance of about 1,200 miles.

A great feature of Siam proper is its magnificent system of rivers, the principal of which is the Me-Nam, Chow-Phragah, on which Bangkok stands. The river is commonly called the Me-Nam, which is, however, a generic term for all large rivers, Me meaning mother, and Nam water. At about one hundred miles from the sea there is a bifurcation of the river, both branches flowing through rich alluvial soil with a great deal of rice cultivation, the banks being well studded with villages. Towards the delta formed by the bifurcation of the river two large streams converge; the Meklong, from the Burmese frontier on the north-west, and the Bangpakong, from the hills on the Khorat plateau, both empty themselves into the head of the Gulf of Siam. All these rivers are connected by big canals, thus enabling the Siamese to travel by boat to almost any part. The rivers and canals are always alive with boats and rafts of teak-wood and bamboos. It is wonderful with what ease and confidence the smallest children can direct their tiny boats across the widest rivers; they are, in fact, amphibious, swimming

¹ Paper read by Mr. Jas. McCarthy before the Geographical Section of the British Association at Manchester, on September 5, 1887.

being learnt when scarcely out of the mother's arms. The country is subject to a yearly inundation, and unless the rivers overflow their banks a short rice crop is expected.

The May-Nam-Kong flows through the northern and eastern parts of the kingdom, receiving the waters of many large affluents, but the channel of this mighty river is so blocked with large rocks and cataracts that its navigation is very difficult, and in some parts impossible even for native craft. From the north-east of Chiengmai two ranges of mountains branch off, one running south in an unbroken chain through the Malay Peninsula to Singapore; some of its peaks between Siam and Burmah rise to a height of 7,000 feet, one in the Malay Peninsula reaches even 8,000 feet; the other range follows the course of the May-Nam-Kong, first running east and west, and then in a southerly direction towards Cambodia. Siam proper is mostly flat, diversified by isolated hills, and broken and jagged ridges of lime-stone mountains.

Now let me say a word about the Siamese themselves. The population is variously estimated at from seven to twenty odd millions; but I think it will be found that ten millions would be beyond the mark. The population comprises Siamese proper, Cambodians, Burmans, Annamites, Malays, and Chinese; these latter swarm all over the country, and are specially numerous in the capital, Bangkok. The portion of the kingdom administered directly by the Central Government includes the greater part of the Malay Peninsula, and the larger portion of the May-Nam and May-Nam-Kong valley. Some Malay, Lao, and Cambodian States are tributary—that is, make offerings of gold and silver flowers to the King at Bangkok. Each ruler of these States is appointed by the King, who exercises considerable power in his own province. The most important of the tributary States are those of the Lao, which occupy the mountainous country to the north. Those in the valley of the Me-Nam are known as the *Lao Phoeng Dam* (black-stomached), because they tattoo their bodies from the waist to the knee, and those in the valley of the May-Nam-Kong are known as the *Lao Phoeng Khao* (white-stomached), as they do not tattoo themselves. The Lao very much resemble their brethren of Siam proper, speaking a dialect of the same language. Those of the valley of the May-Nam-Kong bear a strong resemblance in every particular. Even the words which are peculiar to the Lao in ordinary conversation are said to be used in Siamese poetry.

Passing from the people to the climate, we find that Siam, lying as it does between the parallels of 4 deg. and 23 deg. north latitude, has but two seasons, distinctly determined by the monsoons. The south-west monsoon, bringing with it rain, prevails from May till September, but the high mountain range running on the west from north to south prevents the excessive rainfall experienced on the Burman coast. From September to February the north-east monsoon blows, and from November to February dry weather proper and cool breezes prevail, rendering travelling all over the kingdom enjoyable. From the middle of February until the rain sets in the heat is very oppressive, but even at this period the thermometer seldom rises to 95 deg. in Bangkok, and in the winter occasionally falls as low as 60 deg. In the interior of the country, at places of a low elevation, the heat is intense, sometimes rising to 110 deg., while, on the other hand, at the same place in winter, the glass falls as low as 45 deg. The average annual rainfall in Bangkok is about 60 inches, but in the interior of the country, judging from the excessive inundations of the river, it must be a great deal more. Malarial fever is a common complaint. Cholera is more prevalent in Lower than in Upper Siam, being rarely absent. Small-pox is common in the Lao States. The Lao practise vaccination, believing in its mitigating influences.

The Siamese use principally herbal medicines—some of them very effective. Among the Lao superstition attributes much of the sickness to the influence of evil spirits. The different classes of Lao take opposite views of the influence of the spirits. Among the Lao Phoong Dam when a man falls ill the spirit doctor is sent for, who questions the patient, who is often in a raging fever, as to who has caused the sickness, and woe betide the unhappy individual, whether man or woman, whose name may be mentioned. He is expelled the village community, as being possessed by the evil spirit who has caused the sickness, his house burnt down, and he is forced to live at some distant village expressly set apart for all possessed. With the Lao Phoong Khao, to be possessed by a spirit is a very great privilege. The Governors and every one who can afford it has his spirit man. Nothing important is ever undertaken without consulting him. He begins by working himself into a kind of fit, then asks for a good feed and drink of rice liquor, and is prepared to answer questions. He usually drinks enough to put him into a sound sleep, and when he awakes pretends

to a total ignorance of all that has taken place—a practice which recalls the performance of some of our European spirit mediums.

But let me now pass on to say a few words on some of the principal towns of Siam. The inhabitants of Siam are for the most part agricultural, and their towns mostly present clusters of villages and hamlets consisting principally of wooden houses, thickly settled on the river banks. The capital of the Siamese has always been remarkable for the magnificence of its temples, and from Chieng Sen in the north, the southward march of the Siamese is traced by the magnificent ruins of the temples of the capitals of different periods. Bangkok, the present capital, is the site of the eighth capital since Chieng Sen, which, to some extent, supports the Siamese in their claim to a history extending many hundred years back. In Bangkok the temples and palace surpass all other buildings in richness and beauty. The royal palace is the object of greatest magnificence, exciting the curiosity of all visitors.

It would be impossible to give a detailed account of the numerous temples and gorgeous buildings that surround the seat of royalty. It is here that the King presides over his Councils, and it was here that the young King published his famous edicts abolishing slavery. Within the precincts of the palace are kept the famous so-called "White Elephants," the reverence for which has been a great deal exaggerated. The elephant is the national emblem of Siam, and a *white* specimen is regarded more as a curiosity than anything else. In many cases, but for the pink eye, it would be difficult to distinguish a "white" elephant from an ordinary one. Outside the palace walls, and within the city, besides the numerous temples and glittering pagodas, are many excellent public buildings. The foreign representatives live on the banks of the river, the river itself presenting a busy scene. Numerous canoes, with gaudily dressed women and children, gondolas, and steam launches are shooting past in a constant stream, disappearing into the numerous canals with which the whole city is interspersed, giving it the name of the Venice of the East. The population of Bangkok is variously estimated at from three to eight hundred thousand inhabitants. Khorat is one of the most important towns after Bangkok. It is a crenellated walled city, about three miles round, and built at an elevation 750 feet above mean sea level. It is one of the most important towns

in the valley of the May-Nam-Kong. The district is famous for the stupendous ruins of stone temples, the same in design and construction as those to be found in Cambodia and Borobudur, in Java. Nothing can be discovered as to the builders, all knowledge of them seems to have been lost in the past. Outside the city wall is a colony of Chinese, who carry on all the trade of the district. Chiengmai, or as it is called in Burma, Zimmé, is one of the most important towns in the Lao Phoong Dam country. It is a walled city, about five miles round, situated at an elevation of 1,000 feet on the Me-Ping, or north-western branch of the Me-Nam. It is in direct communication, by boat, with Bangkok, but the journey is a tedious one, taking, under ordinary circumstances, as many as fifty days from Bangkok. The daily market is an interesting institution, mostly managed by women, of whom there are at least 1,500 employed there. Salt is so rare that it is gladly taken instead of money. Among those who throng the market, besides the usual Burman trader found all over Indo-China, may be seen Llwes and Moosars, members of interesting hill tribes, the supposed aborigines of the country. The former occupy themselves peacefully in iron-smelting: the latter are more retired, and live, with their bows and arrows, on almost inaccessible mountain tops. An English Vice-Consulate has been established at Chiengmai. There are a number of American missionary ladies and gentlemen, whose influence is spreading throughout the Lao country.

Luang Phrabang is the principal town of the Lao Phoong Khao country, and is on the May-Nam-Kong, at an elevation of about 1,000 feet above mean sea level. There is a melancholy interest attached to Luang Phrabang, as it was only a few months ago that what remained of this once powerful city was entirely destroyed by Black Flags. It is very picturesquely built at the junction of the Nam-Kan and May-Nam-Kong. It surrounds a small hill. The river, which is a thousand yards broad, is closed on all sides by hills, and presents the appearance of a lake.

As regards the commercial condition of Siam, the chief articles of export are rice, cattle, sugar, pepper, cardamoms, and ivory, exchanged chiefly for machinery and Manchester goods. From the Malay Peninsula tin, lead, gold, and rubber are exported. Lately an enterprising Siamese official started working some coal mines. The gold, worked only by Chinamen, is found in alluvial deposits near the heads of the largest rivers

in the Malay Peninsula, all rising near the same mountain, the highest in the peninsula, about 8,000 feet above sea level. This mountain is now the chief home of the few remaining groups of Oorang Utan, or wild men, the aboriginal dwellers in the Malay Peninsula. The Lao country is, however, that portion of the kingdom with the greatest trade resources, which are in no way developed. The principal drawback to the development of trade is want of improved communication. The chief means of communication at present is by river, a comfortable enough method for holiday-seekers. In the Lao country elephants, bullocks, mules, donkeys, and carriers are to be met with in all directions carrying the trade of the country. The mules and donkeys come from Yunnan usually laden with opium. The carriers accompany the Burmese peddlers, who, with their wares, spread all over the Lao country, have made the Indian rupee the current coin, nearly to the shores of the Gulf of Tong-King. They mostly carry raw silk and gum-benjamin, which they exchange for European goods from Maulmein. Mee Ung, a tea that grows indigenously all over the Lao country, is an article of local traffic. To improve the communications of the country by railways has long been the idea of the King, and the Government is now considering how to surmount the innumerable difficulties that obstruct the improvements and development of the country's resources.

We come now to consider the religion of Siam. Buddhism is the national faith. It is said that Buddhism is merely a religion of philosophy, and I have heard many Siamese claim the late Professor Darwin and many of the English professors as being real Buddhists. In the Lao country, however, spirit worship has crept into the religion to a considerable extent. Spirits disport themselves everywhere, but the tops of trees are the favourite haunt, and one very often sees all manner of offerings placed at the foot of gigantic trees to propitiate them. There are numerous temples, monasteries, and excellent rest-houses, built from motives of charity, for weary travellers. The monasteries contain scores of yellow-robed monks. They keep their heads shaven, even their eyebrows, and eat but one meal a day, which they must go out and beg for in the early morning. They practise celibacy, but are at liberty to leave the monastic life when they feel so inclined. Every man in the kingdom, including the King himself, must, after the age of twenty-one, enter the priesthood, for at least a short period. With the

numerous monasteries in the country, no one need ever starve, and a man going to sleep hungry is unheard of in Siam, except under very extraordinary circumstances.

To the Governors of Provinces and Judges appointed by the King is delegated the administration of justice. The laws are excellent, the difficulty being to find the right man to administer them. Disorder is of rare occurrence, the people being eminently noted for a love of peace and quiet. In Nan, one of the Lao Provinces, the punishment for theft is death, and one's property can be literally left on the road without the slightest danger of any one interfering with it. In support of this rigorous law the chief told me that in a period of about three years one man loses his life, whereas in countries where this law is not enforced, many lives are lost in the course of a year through robbery.

The Tong-King troubles have extended to Siam, and at present the Government is engaged in suppressing the bands of Black Flags that are overrunning the north-east frontier. Under the beneficent rule of the present King, Siam is improving rapidly in every particular. Postal and telegraphic communication extends to all the important parts of the kingdom, education is being spread on a liberal basis, the King himself, with several Princes, editing some of the educational works. I have been some years with the Siamese, and found them a kind, cheerful, and hospitable people.

*The Chemistry of the Sun.*¹

NOT unfrequently we see the statement that the progress of modern science is due to the Baconian mode of philosophizing. But if that were so, as De Morgan has pointed out,² it would never be permissible to start any hypothesis until every fact which experiment and observation could furnish in any branch had been gathered and arranged in due order, rendering it possible to make a thorough and complete induction. The method actually followed in modern scientific investigations is that of a partial induction, giving rise to what is not inaptly termed a "working hypothesis." By a "working hypothesis" is meant one which more or less fully explains the observed facts, and which, its truth being assumed, by the method of deduction or descending from the general to the particular, opens up a way for further experiment and observation. It may be that such further experiments and observations will tell against the hypothesis, although suggested by it, in which case the old hypothesis will give place to a new one. Oftentimes it will be strengthened by research, and thus rendered still more plausible and acceptable. Darwin's theory of coral reefs and islands, about which we have heard so much lately, will serve as an illustrative case, although in this instance the old "working hypothesis" has had to yield altogether to a more probable rival. Again, the "Emission Theory of Light," which conceived light to be of the nature of material particles, travelling from a luminous object until caught by the retina, served very well to explain the mode of the propagation of light, the formation of shadows, and the laws of aberration, reflection, and refraction. But it breaks down at diffraction, double refraction, and polarization, and so recourse is had to the "Undulatory Theory." But even this is only a "working hypothesis," although one most

¹ *The Chemistry of the Sun*, By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. Macmillan and Co., 1887.

² *A Budget of Paradoxes*, pp. 49, seq.

fruitful in results, for it presupposes the atomic theory of the constitution of material things, and the existence of the all pervading ether; two assumptions which, to say the least, cannot be credited with metaphysical certainty. But incalculable are the advantages of such theories to science. They demand criticism, they indicate new observations and experiments, they elicit activity and energy in scientific research, and thus, by a process as it were of continual elimination, truth after truth is attained, demanding in turn a far deeper-reaching hypothesis. It is a good thing to come to the questioning of nature possessed of some definite view, otherwise science becomes the mere collecting of isolated and unconnected facts. But it is a misfortune should an opinion become a dogma, causing those who hold it to interpret every observation according to their own view, without allowing the possibility of truth in any other.

Mr. Lockyer has broached such a "working hypothesis" with regard to the chemical elements, and his experiments, his observations, and his arguments are gathered together in the volume which furnishes the subject-matter for the present review. Besides this, he applies his hypothesis to the solar phenomena as they are known at present, and endeavours to show that it alone gives a satisfactory explanation of much that otherwise seems anomalous and strange. And if observational skill, if painstaking and careful work, if lucidity in argument and expression give any claim to be heard, surely Mr. Lockyer's theory deserves our careful attention. It chiefly affects that most useful of all sciences, chemistry, and to the student of solar physics it is extremely interesting, both on account of the questions raised by it, as also by reason of the high position held by its author in this branch of science. The observations upon which Mr. Lockyer founds his views have been taken with the spectroscope, that delicate instrument of modern physics. The first part of the book accordingly is devoted to a history of spectrum analysis from the days of Newton to the classic labours of Kirchhoff and Fraunhofer. One point in this portion of the work calls for remark. On page 113 it would seem as if Mr. Lockyer laid claim to the merit of the independent discovery of the open slit method of viewing the solar prominences. He accentuates the fact that Mr. Huggins used a ruby glass as an absorbing medium to all but red rays, to aid him in his observations, such red glass not being at all necessary. Whatever

credit may be due to Mr. Lockyer, yet the fact remains in the history of the science, that the first prominence ever seen as a whole on the uneclipsed sun was observed by Mr. Huggins on February 13, 1869, Mr. Lockyer's earliest not being till the 29th, while Zöllner, although he published the theory of the method prior to Huggins, did not actually employ it until the 1st of July.³

After the interesting survey of the history of spectrum analysis, Mr. Lockyer proceeds to give his own views on the subject of the decomposition of the elements. Briefly they are founded on the following lines of reasoning. It is a matter of daily experience in the laboratory, that chemical compounds are by the agency of heat split up into the elements out of which they have been formed. On this analogy, may it not be that our elements themselves, are but compounds of still more elementary forms, which under transcendental degrees of temperature would in their own turn be resolved into component parts? Such transcendental temperatures exist in the sun, and there, according to Mr. Lockyer, we have evidence that decompositions are actually effected. At any rate, so far, with the exception of carbon quite recently established,⁴ the absorption lines of metalloids are wholly absent from the solar spectrum, an absence explained by the theory on the grounds that they have been split up into more elemental forms. In terrestrial laboratories, too, there are powerful electrical means for vaporizing metals, and Mr. Lockyer professes to see in the behaviour of such vapours under the influence of the electric current, when employed either with the arc or the spark, evidence that our elements can be even on earth so decomposed. As the Preface tells us, "During the last thirty years . . . we have actually, though yet scarcely consciously, been employing these transcendental temperatures."

Should any of our readers be unfamiliar with the main principles of spectrum analysis, necessary to a clear understanding of Mr. Lockyer's doctrine, we propose to very briefly summarize them.⁵ A heated body placed in front of the slit of a spectroscope, will by means of the refracting prism acting on the light rays proceeding from it, paint images

³ Clerke, *History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century*, p. 240.

⁴ *On the Existence of Carbon in the Sun.* By Professor J. Trowbridge and C. C. Hutchins (*Philosophical Magazine*, Oct. 1887, vol. 24, 5th series, No. 149).

⁵ See also *THE MONTH*, for March, 1887, p. 360.

of the slit on the screen or eye placed to receive them. If the body be solid, liquid, or even gaseous under great pressure, these images will be in every colour of the spectrum, and the band will be continuous. If the material be incandescent vapour or gas, a discontinuous spectrum will be given under ordinary conditions, and the observer will see detached lines or groups of lines—lines because images of the slit—distinctive of the substance under observation. Thus can metal be distinguished from metal, and that too by a method of analysis that is both powerful and delicate. The same lines are seen, reversed, *i.e.*, dark instead of bright, in the spectra of the sun and fixed stars, and hence, accepting the theory of the reciprocity between emission and absorption of light, there is established a probable existence of our terrestrial elements in those far distant bodies. But should maps of the spectra of the elements as observed in the laboratory, be compared with the solar spectrum given by any good instrument, great discrepancies are seen to exist. Thus in the first place, it is found that out of thousands of lines in the solar spectrum, only some few can be matched by the lines of the elements, the great majority being without any corresponding terrestrial line. By observing coincidences, Kirchhoff and his assistant Hofmann were able to register some eighteen elements as existing in the sun, while in the map of Ångström, fourteen metals have lines corresponding to the dark Fraunhofer lines. But the number of solar lines which cannot be matched, and *vice versa*, far exceeds those which can. Thus, to take Mr. Lockyer's "typical case," the bright lines H and K in the violet due to calcium are seen as dark in the sun, while the characteristic line in the blue, given at a low temperature in the laboratory, cannot be found. To what kind of matter do these solar outstanding lines belong? One of them D^3 occurs so frequently in the spectrum of the chromosphere and prominences, that it has received a special name, "helium;" while $1474K$ is quite as well known to observers of the sun. But not only is there failure in finding a line of the spectra of the elements to fit every solar line, but even those which do correspond differ widely in their intensities. Casting an eye along the map of Ångström and comparing the intensities of the iron lines with those occurring in the sun as coincident, one cannot fail to be struck by the difference.

Nay, more, even by experimenting in the laboratory with

vapours under varying conditions of temperature and pressure, considerable anomalies can be observed in the spectra of one and the same element. Thus, for instance, the metal sodium, a component of common table-salt, and ubiquitous in sun, earth, and stars, gives under the temperature of the Bunsen burner two bright yellow lines, the historical D lines. But pass an electric current, using a powerful battery, an induction coil and condenser, through a solution of table-salt, or sodium-chloride, and the spectrum of the sodium is quite altered. Great D is there if anything brighter than ever, but it is now joined by other couplets; a complete modification of the first spectrum. Nor alone in the spectrum of terrestrial elements do such modifications appear if the conditions of temperature be altered, but let the appeal be made to the fixed stars, and such variation among the lines of a spectrum, supposed due to one element, is greatly intensified. It will be interesting and will serve as an illustration of this point if we quote Mr. Lockyer with regard to the element calcium. On p. 241 he writes:

(1) At a low temperature we get a spectrum of calcium which contains no lines whatever in the blue. (2) When we increase that temperature—the temperature of a Bunsen burner is sometimes sufficient—we get a line in the blue at wave-length 4226·3. (3) When we pass from a Bunsen burner to an electric lamp, we get this blue line intensified, and at the same time we get two new lines in the violet, named H and K, at wave-lengths 3933 and 3968.

And so on until by using a very large induction coil and the largest Leyden jar he can get, he practically abolishes the blue line and gets the violet lines alone. And all these effects produced by simply varying the temperature! Passing from the laboratory to the fixed stars the modifications in the spectrum of the same element as shown by the observations of Mr. Huggins, quoted on pp. 246—249, are still more wonderful. It is found that the line K, which as we have seen above first appeared with the use of the electric arc, is altogether absent in some stars, as in Sirius, and η Ursæ Majoris, its companion line H being present. In Vega, K appears as a thin line, H being very thick, and so it can be traced through various grades of thickness until when it appears in Arcturus, the original order is reversed, and K is thicker than H. What can be the cause of such variation? For it may be argued, that if the spectrum of calcium be that observed in each of these stars, wherever H is, K ought to be. The ordinary answer given to these difficulties

is that in the sun and stars, calcium must exist under conditions of temperature and pressure far different from those that obtain in the laboratory. It is still calcium, or iron, or magnesium, but just as by a variation of conditions different laboratory spectra can be produced of the same element, so in the furnaces of the sun and stars, it is possible to observe corresponding diversities. The production of new lines or the withdrawal of old lines are simply according to this view, the effects of different states of vibration of the molecules of an element induced by gradation of temperature. But with Mr. Lockyer the cause is to be sought much deeper down. Temperature if you will is the means employed, but temperature not only as causing the molecules of an element to be variously agitated, but temperature as actually splitting the elements into more primary forms. Thus it would cause a simplification in all bodies responded to by a simplification in their spectra, until at the highest heat-levels we should arrive at only the elements of elements, giving spectra of the simplest kind, spectra that is of but a few lines. This opinion derives plausibility from the fact that in some of the brightest and presumably hottest of the stars, such as Sirius and Vega, the spectra are reduced to very simple forms. This argument appeals then to the law of continuity, and is perhaps the strongest adduced in support of the theory. Briefly stated it is as follows. Compound bodies which have as definite and characteristic a spectrum as any element—and we cannot help remarking how well such an observation fits in with the scholastic doctrine of matter and form—can be split up by heat in the laboratory into their component elements, giving the definite elemental spectra, the change being accompanied by a passage from spectra of bands and flutings to more simple ones of lines. If our elements are compounds of still more elementary root-forms, which are capable of dissociation at still higher temperatures, yet further simplification ought to be obtained in the spectra. It is found that the spectra of the hottest stars, and of the prominences in the hottest parts of the sun, do possess such simplicity, hence it would seem that the theory gave the true key to the solution of the difficulties raised by crediting all the various spectra of sun, stars, and laboratory, to one and the same element.

The argument rests on a supposition and an inference. The inference is that what occurs when a compound is dissociated, will occur should an element be broken up into its root-forms;

the supposition is that as we know the hottest stars have simple spectra, we may assume that root-forms actually exist in them. But is the inference justified by experience? Does every raising of temperature simplify the spectrum of an element? Surely the spectrum of sodium under the electric spark is a more complicated thing than that given by a Bunsen burner, and so too with lithium or calcium, and many other examples. The absolute number of lines increase; and is not increase of number of lines rather complexity than simplicity? As far as this evidence goes it would be just as warrantable a conclusion to infer that the sign of greater temperature should be an increase in the number of lines. Another difficulty too which can be brought against the argument will be seen from the following example. Take a substance such as iron possessing some six hundred lines in its spectrum. By splitting iron into more elementary forms, let us suppose it possible to allot, say some forty of those lines, to one root-form, and the rest to a second component. Each of these components may be similarly treated. Are we to believe, that proceeding in this manner it would be possible to disintegrate iron into more and more elementary substances at different stages of the process, some capable of existing at one heat-level, some at another, until finally each single line of the original spectrum, and what spectrum can be conceived more simple than a single line, should represent a constituent element? The theory certainly seems to warrant such an assumption if pushed to its logical conclusions. The number of ultimate elements would then not be few but infinite in number. Such is not indeed Mr. Lockyer's mind, to judge from many passages in his book. He would rather contend for some common source to all the elements, what Sir Henry Roscoe, in his recent presidential address at Manchester to the British Association,⁶ very aptly termed an elemental Bathybius. The following quotation from the work may, however, to some minds seem satisfactory as an answer to the difficulty raised:

Let us assume that in a certain very hot star there shall be two substances, which we will call *a* and *b*. They will first, at the transcendental temperature which I assume, exist as separate entities. The temperature being then reduced, they probably will combine, and, instead of two atoms, *a* and *b*, we shall have one group of $a + b$. If the temperature is still further reduced, we shall get *b* combining with *b*; along that line we shall have a grouping consisting of $a + 2b$. Let the

⁶ *Nature*, vol. 36, n. 931, p. 418, September 1, 1887.

same operation be performed again, and we shall then have $a + 4b$; we shall have what we can represent, in short, in chemical language by ab_4 . Now, having got our ab_4 —having got our temperature reduced, let us assume that ab_2 is now the substance linked on to give a greater complexity, instead of b or $2b$ merely.

He then proceeds to give a table containing a hypothetical series of substances formed by successive additions of ab_2 , until we arrive at $a_{16}b_{34}$. Then we are asked to look at the concrete hydrocarbon series actually found in laboratory experiments by the successive addition of CH_2 , beginning with marsh gas CH_4 , and passing through the gases C_2H_6 , C_4H_{10} , a series of liquids from C_4H_{10} to $C_{15}H_{32}$, until we arrive at the solid $C_{16}H_{34}$. But, had the quotation given above been founded on a course of *a priori* reasoning, perfectly distinct and independent of what is known to happen on earth, the argument would carry great weight. As it is, the hypothetical series has first been founded on the analogy only of the concrete series, and then afterwards the agreement between the hypothetical and concrete series is shown to exist. As it stands it bears a striking resemblance to the circular form.

To look at it in another light. We are asked to assume that because we know a hydrocarbon series to have been formed under terrestrial conditions, we are warranted in believing that such a mode of formation would hold under degrees of temperature and pressure far beyond any human ken. Could Mr. Lockyer by any means manage to separate say two root-forms of calcium, and put them together again, his argument would be direct and triumphant. But here the mode of reasoning adopted is merely negative and indirect. We do not know that it cannot be; but neither do we know that it can.

To pass on to a second line of reasoning; if such root-forms exist, the spectra of the various elements ought to show many common lines, even when observed at temperatures lower than the dissociating point. Such lines, adopting Mr. Lockyer's phraseology, might be termed "basic-lines," indicative of the bases, or root-forms of the elements. Again, should it be possible to see a spectrum of one or more of these root-forms, it ought to show these basic-lines and these lines only. In Ångström's map of the solar spectrum, many lines are marked as common to two elements; very frequently iron and titanium go together. As evidence of attaining to a spectrum of a true root-form, Mr. Lockyer, on p. 373, gives a diagram to show that

in prominences and sun-spots, presumably the hottest parts of the sun, the common lines are the very ones most affected. It is therefore inferred that terrestrial iron, or terrestrial titanium, are incapable of sustaining such enormous temperatures, hence we get the simpler spectrum of the root-form. But unfortunately for the first part of the evidence adduced, the occurrence of common lines in two spectra is not real, but only apparent, being due to insufficient dispersive power in the spectroscope employed. For by far the greater number of such common lines have been resolved into two or more components by Fievez of Brussels, using a combination of a grating and a Christie-Hilger spectroscope, and more than this, even referred to their proper elements by Liveing and Dewar, in a series of laboratory experiments. In spite of this, however, the fact that with the dispersion employed these lines, apparently claimed with equal right by two or more elements, should be precisely those which are most seen in spots and prominences, is both curious, and so far unexplained. With regard to the second part of the evidence on this point, it may also be asked whether it can be regarded as a settled question that spots are among the hottest parts of the sun? Both at Greenwich⁷ and at Stonyhurst,⁸ bands have been observed in the spectra of sun-spots, and banded spectra are generally accredited to chemical compounds. Is it possible, as Young long ago suggested, by reason of a similar observation of his own,⁹ that there is at times such a reduction of temperature over a sun-spot, as permits of even the formation of compound bodies?

Another argument in favour of this "new learning," and one which at first sight is almost convincing, is derived from the motions of the metallic vapours on the sun, as detected by the spectroscope. Mr. Lockyer, on p. 400, tells us that an atom, besides being "a thing which cannot be cut in two," is also incapable of "doing two opposite things at the same time." He proceeds: "We have found the thing which cannot be cut in two indicating rest, and motion of thirty miles a second, at the same time." The statement rests upon a great number of observations of the spectra of sun-spots, in many of which while lines of an element, frequently iron, have indicated rest, other lines, presumably of the same element, have shown the vapour to be in motion. Of course the explanation of such a

⁷ *Spectroscopic and Photographic Results*, 1882.

⁸ *Month. Not. R.A.S.* vol. xlvii. n. 1.

⁹ *Nature*, December 12, 1872.

phenomenon advanced by Mr. Lockyer, is that we are here dealing not with the element iron, but with two distinct root-forms of iron, the vapour of one being in motion, while that of the other is at rest. But even here the reasoning is not conclusive. For in the first place it must be borne in mind that though a sun-spot as projected on the slit of a spectroscope, is of apparently meagre dimensions, it is in reality a vast reservoir of metallic vapours, the entire contents of which are not to be measured by hundreds, but by thousands of cubic miles. In this immense space, it is quite possible to imagine that in one portion the vapours of iron would be exposed to temperatures and pressures, totally differing from those that obtain in another region. Now in the spectroscopic radiations from all parts of the sun-spot are received, and arguing from the analogies furnished by laboratory experiment, and in this connection it will suffice to refer to Dr. Schuster's classic researches on the spectrum of oxygen, it is possible that one mass of our typical iron vapour should give a spectrum totally distinct from that received from another, though both masses belong to the same spot. The former mass may be at rest, the latter in motion. Hence one spectrum would indicate the state of rest, and the other that of motion by the displacement of the lines.

Such are some of the arguments by which Mr. Lockyer endeavours to prove his most interesting "working hypothesis." The theory may be true, and the recent numerical investigations of Professor Grünwald,¹⁰ as an independent line of reasoning, certainly lend it great weight, but at present it is not founded on altogether incontestable evidence. For although the difficulties raised by modern spectroscopic research are great, yet the old theory that one and the same molecule is susceptible of different states of vibration under varying circumstances, will explain differences of spectra observed satisfactorily enough, without having recourse to the *Deus ex machina* of the splitting up of the elements. Again, the tendency of the theory advocated by Mr. Lockyer is to favour the materialistic view, which contends for a sort of elementary evolution from some radical or parent form. But any such opinion is metaphysically impossible, for as Professor Flint has very well said, in his Baird Lecture for 1877:¹¹ "No such element, no single entirely un-compounded

¹⁰ *Philosophical Magazine*, vol. xxiv. (5th Series), p. 354, October, 1887.

¹¹ *Anti-Theistic Theories*, 3rd edit. pp. 133, seq.

element, can ever produce another." It is conceivable, and there is nothing intrinsically repugnant in the idea, that the elements may have been evolved from a few parent forms. But while this concept is only suggested by some of the phenomena of modern chemistry, the whole tendency of the science is to increase rather than diminish the number of elementary bodies. In 1837, the number of the known elements was fifty-three, by the beginning of the present year it had increased to seventy, and if the recently published experiments of Krüss and Nilson are to be accepted, twenty more must be added to the long list. Even the experiments of Mr. Crookes on the phosphorescent spectra of the rare earths, to which Mr. Lockyer appeals (p. 401) as "independent evidence" of the truth of the theory proposed, have at least increased the number of known elements; while at the same time the interpretation of the phenomena observed which he would adduce from them, is not the only one admissible. In fact, most of the reasoning in support of the theory brought forward in the *Chemistry of the Sun* is indirect, and founded mainly on analogy. With regard to one element, however, there is direct evidence, and that tells against the theory. For hydrogen is found not only in the fiery flames and deep spots of the solar storms, but also reaching far into the coronal regions, as the eclipse observations of 1871 have shown, in regions where the temperature must be low relatively to that of the blazing photosphere. It is found in the hottest stars, such as Vega and Sirius, showing, as Roscoe¹² has said, "that the hydrogen atom, as we know it here, can endure unscathed the inconceivably fierce temperature of stars presumably many times more fervent than our sun."

Yet although we may regard the "working hypothesis" as not yet firmly established, the highest praise is due to the scientific skill of the propounder. The patient toil that for seventeen years has been expended on experiment and observation would of itself merit most serious attention; prescinding altogether from the theory which is their outcome. By these investigations new methods of observation have been perfected, new instruments have been invented, and difficulties and questions have been raised which, by opening a way to discussion, have furthered in no slight degree the study of solar physics. In a future contribution we propose to present to our readers a view of the explanation of the solar phenomena which

¹² *Loc. cit.*

Mr. Lockyer deduces from his dissociation theory of the elements.

Before concluding it may be well to glance at an instance of the keenness displayed by anti-Christian writers in seizing upon any theory which seems to be capable of being turned against revealed religion. In the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* Professor Huxley has written: "You are quite mistaken in supposing that anybody who is acquainted with the possibilities of physical science will undertake categorically to deny that water may be turned into wine. Many very competent judges are already inclined to think that the bodies, which we have hitherto called elementary, are really composite arrangements of the particles of a uniform primitive matter. Supposing that view to be correct, there would be no more theoretical difficulty about turning water into alcohol, ethereal and colouring matters, than there is at this present moment any practical difficulty in working *other such miracles*; as when we turn sugar into alcohol, carbonic acid, glycerine, and succinic acid; or transmute gas-refuse into perfumes rarer than musk, and dyes richer than Tyrian purple." That is, because an unestablished theory asserts that matter has been evolved by successive transmutation, from one parent stock, our Lord did not perform any more miracle in changing water into wine, than we do in changing gas-refuse into aniline dyes. But did our Blessed Saviour in the performancé of His miracle send for retorts and chemicals, did He make use of long and complicated processes, did He possess some "philosopher's stone," by the application of which He changed the water into wine? No: He spoke the word, and the miracle was performed. Is Professor Huxley in his right senses then in affirming that at this present moment there is no practical difficulty in working "other such miracles?" Or will he undertake to transmute a quantity of gas-tar into dye richer than Tyrian purple by simply talking to it? He could not even produce "Bathybius" before spirits of wine were poured into sea-water, despite much talking, how then would it fare with the gas-tar? The best thing the Professor could try his hand at "dissociating," would be some of his elementary philosophy from his scientific writings.

A. L. CORTIE.

Stonyhurst College.

The Merchant of Venice.

THE traveller now-a-days who visits Venice is carried by the railway into the city itself. Emerging from the railway-station with his portmanteau, he descends a broad flight of steps and entering a gondola proceeds to his hotel. The canals, the bridges under which he swiftly glides, the churches and palaces which throw their broad shadows upon the water in front of him—all are the same as in the Venice of ancient days, but the whole life of the city has changed. Once the capital of a powerful independent State, a vast emporium of trade, a home of learning and culture, it has sunk to the position of a mere provincial town. The stream of commerce has receded from its shores. It is rich in works of art, but they were wrought by hands that have long since crumbled into dust.

The scene of the play is laid in the Venice of the olden time, when the quays now silent and deserted were thronged with sailors passing to and fro, the tawny Asiatic and the dusky African jostling against the fair-skinned natives of Scandinavia; when vessels that had just completed their homeward voyage bearing the produce of some distant land, of China or the Indies, of England or of the Baltic coast, might be seen drawn up within a dozen feet of the warehouse where their cargoes were to be stowed, while scores of busy porters were at work with rope and windlass drawing the bales of merchandize from the vessel's hold, and others passed them deftly along the gang-plank to the warehouse door. The air was filled with the hum of voices, with the creaking of pulleys as the ropes slowly passed through them, with the songs of the boatmen forming a measured accompaniment to the dip of the oar, with all the different sounds that go to make up the busy din of a seaport.

The men who control the industry of this vast human hive may be seen a little further on, chatting in groups in the open space beside the Rialto, that covered bridge which rising in steps gracefully spans the canal. Like the merchants of our

own time, they meet together to hear the news of the day, to learn what vessels have been sighted, and which have arrived in port; to hear what commodities are in demand in the different foreign markets; to obtain information as to what successful ventures have been made and what disasters have taken place in the commercial world. As we see them quietly strolling from group to group, stopping here and there for a word or two, chatting and laughing for a moment and passing on, we can notice amongst them men of various nationalities, distinguished one from another by their complexion and dress, strangers who have settled in Venice, attracted by the advantages which it offers for trade. As in most commercial centres, so here, too, the Hebrew race is well represented. We can at once recognize the Jews, scattered about amongst the various groups, by their strongly marked features and distinguishing dress. It is with Shylock, one of these Jewish merchants settled at Venice, that the story of our play has chiefly to deal.

Shylock, by his business of merchant and money-lender, has grown wealthy. He lives with his daughter Jessica, an only child, left him by his wife Leah, who died some time before the action of the play begins. Shylock has the name of being a hard and rapacious creditor who deals out severe terms to the hapless Christians that borrow money from him and thus fall within his grasp. This traffic of Shylock has been often interfered with by a certain Antonio, the Merchant of Venice, after whom the play is called. Antonio is opposed to the practice of giving or taking interest, and his custom of lending out money gratis often robs the usurer of his prey. We can well understand that between these two men, when they chance to meet on the Rialto, there is no interchange of courtesies.

Antonio, like all men who are at once rich and open-handed, is surrounded by a number of parasites and hangers-on. There is one amongst them, Bassanio, for whom he has a special feeling of kindness. Wearied by adulation, which he is quite aware is paid to his wealth and not to any personal merit he possesses, he feels a craving for friendship of a more real kind. Thus on meeting such a man as Bassanio, who, in spite of his extravagance, possesses some sterling qualities, the Merchant takes him into his friendship, and places no limits to his own feelings of good will towards this friend.

At the time when our story begins, Bassanio seeks Antonio

and thanking him for former loans, states that he hopes soon to be in a position to pay off all his debts. He has reason to believe that a wealthy heiress, a lady named Portia, is not altogether unwilling to accept him as her husband. This lady lives a short distance from Venice, at Belmont, her country seat. He now seeks from Antonio a further loan of three thousand ducats, to enable him to make such a figure among the many suitors for this lady's hand, that he may have a fair chance of success. Antonio, on hearing of his friend's possible good fortune, is even more anxious to further the undertaking than Bassanio himself can be. But Antonio for the time has neither money ready at hand, nor merchandize which he can quickly dispose of. His means are invested in ships, all of which are away on distant voyages. Contrary to his custom he enters the market as a borrower, and as luck would have it, his old enemy, Shylock, is the one to whom he is forced to apply for the loan. Shylock feigning a friendly feeling, but in reality thirsting for revenge, declares himself ready to advance the money free of interest, merely asking for a bond for the repayment of the sum at the expiration of the three months for which the money is required. In place of any of the ordinary penalties, Shylock proposes that by way of a jest they shall insert in the bond, as a penalty for failure to comply with its terms, the forfeiture by the Merchant of one pound of flesh, to be cut by Shylock himself from next the Merchant's heart. Antonio, unsuspecting of any treacherous intention, readily complies. The bond is duly signed and delivered up to Shylock, who advances the three thousand ducats. Antonio hands them over to his friend and speeds him on his wooing expedition to the house of the lady Portia.

This lady's father has by his will left a large fortune to his daughter, binding her at the same time to some strange conditions. All suitors are to have free access to her house, and the lady herself is to be won by a species of lottery. Three caskets, one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead, are placed upon a table. The competitors for the lady's hand are brought to this table one by one, and after swearing that in case of failure they will never again seek any woman in marriage but will at once depart, and for ever remain silent as to the contents of the casket they have opened, they are desired to select one of the three caskets. One of these contains a miniature portrait of Portia herself, and he who selects this casket is the fortunate lover and may claim the lady as his wife. Shortly before the

arrival of Bassanio two lovers have tried their fortune and failed. The Prince of Morocco, whose bearing and conversation indicate a boasting, ambitious nature, is attracted by the golden casket and the motto which it bears: Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire. The next player who enters this novel kind of lottery is the Prince of Aragon, whose short soliloquy indicates a man of arrogant character, contemptuous of the judgments and opinions of his fellows, but with no mean estimate of his own sagacity and merits. He is unable to withstand the influence of the motto on the silver casket: Who chooseth me shall gain as much as he deserves; and he too, like his predecessor, is sent away discomfited. Finally Bassanio makes his appearance. Being brought into the fatal hall to make his choice, he reflects how often in this world we are deceived and led astray by outward show and the fair promise of a rich exterior. Under the influence of this thought he passes by the gold casket and the silver one and selects the one of lead, which bears the inscription: Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath. Opening the casket he finds the lady's portrait and turning to her he claims her as his bride.

The interview of the lovers is rudely interrupted. A messenger arrives from Venice bearing a letter to Bassanio from his friend the Merchant, announcing that unforeseen disasters at sea have prevented him from paying his debt to Shylock, who, on the expiration of the three months specified in the bond, has declared his determination to exact the penalty therein set down. Shylock's hatred of the Christian Merchant has been rendered more intense by the elopement of Jessica, the daughter of Shylock, with Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio. This pair of lovers have now accompanied the bearer of Antonio's letter to Belmont, and Jessica declares that her father will certainly remain unmoved in his determination in spite of any influence that may be brought to bear upon him.

Portia in this juncture shows herself a woman of energy and resource. Moved at the spectacle of her lover's grief and determined to rescue Antonio, who proved himself a good friend in time of need, she dispatches Bassanio to Venice, desiring him to offer any terms to the Jew that may enable him to redeem the fatal bond. She next sends off her steward, a trusty servant, to a cousin of her own, Belisarius, a learned lawyer residing at Padua. From him she hopes to learn what

means the law will offer to preserve the Merchant's life. Then desiring the newly-married couple, Lorenzo and Jessica, to remain for a time at Belmont as master and mistress of the house, she declares that it is her intention to go to a neighbouring shrine, there to pray for her lover's safe return and for the delivery of Antonio from the hands of the bloodthirsty Jew. With her waiting-maid she departs, but having arrived at a safe distance she puts on man's attire, disguising herself as a lawyer, while her maid assumes the dress of a lawyer's clerk. Thus she journeys on to Venice, and after perusing a letter which has arrived from her cousin Belisarius, she enters the court while this very case of Shylock and Antonio is being tried before the Duke.

Things are going hard with Antonio. The debt is acknowledged; indeed the bond, duly signed and witnessed, speaks for itself. Shylock apparently is entitled to exact the penalty set down in the bond, and unshaken either by the remonstrances of the Duke or by Bassanio's offer of several times the principal, he continues to urge his claim. He is well aware that, even to save an innocent life, the law cannot be wrested from its true meaning without impairing the good fame that Venice enjoys, of administering her laws fairly and impartially to her own subjects and to aliens alike. If this character for justice should be even so much as tarnished, the trade of Venice would suffer irreparable loss, for the sense of security which arises from an even-handed administration of justice is the very breath of trade. The Jew, seeing the strength of his position, continues to urge his claim in no measured terms. His plea is ever the same: the law entitles him to this penalty; he chooses to exact it; the law must take its course.

Matters stand thus when Portia, disguised as a lawyer, enters the court. On being shown the bond she declares it forfeit, and turning to the Jew, begs for mercy on his unfortunate debtor. But Shylock is obdurate, nor will he consent to relinquish his claim, not even when thrice the original sum is offered him. Portia, as one who has now tried all means and failed, desires the Merchant to lay bare his breast. The triumphant Jew, knife in hand, approaches his victim. But Portia bids him stay a moment lest he should exceed the law. He has demanded justice, and justice he shall have. By the terms of his bond he is entitled to one pound of flesh; but there is no mention made of blood. Consequently if in cutting this

pound of flesh he sheds a drop of blood, or if he exceeds or falls short of one exact pound, be the difference ever so slight, he goes beyond his due, and according to a certain Act now produced by Portia, this will render him liable to death, while his property will be confiscated to the State. Shylock is taken aback for a moment, but collects himself. He will be satisfied, he says, to receive thrice the principal, and he will let the Merchant go. But he has already, Portia reminds him, rejected this offer; he is not now entitled even to the original sum. Foiled at every turn, he is about to depart, but Portia retains him. There is still another statute, she declares, affecting this question. Shylock, an alien, has sought the life of a citizen of Venice, and by this statute he himself is subject to the penalty of death, and his whole property to confiscation, one half to pass to the State and the other half to the party whom he has sought to injure. Shylock, a few moments ago triumphant, is crushed beneath this blow. But Antonio and the Duke deal mercifully with him; the latter spares his life, and they both consent to remit the fine provided that he forthwith become a Christian, that he hand over to Antonio one half his goods in trust for his daughter Jessica, and bind himself to bequeath her the remaining portion. Shylock, seeing nothing else for it, accepts these conditions, and departs.

Portia, who in her disguise has not been recognized by Bassanio, on being asked what fee she will accept for her services, at first declines all recompense, but, as if by an after-thought, she begs from him a ring which she notices upon his finger. Now this ring had been given him by Portia herself at Belmont, and he had sworn never to part with it; consequently he at first refuses the request, but reflecting that the claim upon his gratitude is too strong to be thus slighted, he sends a messenger to present the ring to the young lawyer, who has already departed.

Bassanio, overjoyed at the happy issue of the suit, and at his friend's escape, proceeds with him to Belmont, where they are warmly welcomed and congratulated by Portia herself. Feigning to discover suddenly the absence of the ring from her lover's finger, she reproaches him for having parted with it. The explanations that ensue clear up in the minds of Bassanio and his friend the mystery of the sudden appearance in court of the young lawyer who brought them out of their troubles so triumphantly, at the very moment when the position seemed desperate.

When we thus glance rapidly through the play, we can perceive that there are two ideas prominent in the author's mind which he desires to set before us under different aspects. These two ideas are the use and abuse of wealth. Shylock, the miser and usurer, makes the accumulation of money the one engrossing object of his life; this passion has obtained a complete dominion over him; the man is not the master, but the slave of his own money. In the merchant Antonio we find the opposite characteristic; the mere ownership of wealth, the consciousness of being possessed of a large property, has no charm for him. Unlike Shylock, he regards wealth, not as an end in itself, but as means to the end that he may have in view. Thus, when he hears of his friend's suit and determines to further it, feeling no attachment to the mere gold, it costs him no effort to part with it in order to secure the desired object. He is the full and complete master of that which he possesses, using it as his judgment directs. Portia, too, shows the same indifference to wealth for its own sake. On hearing of the Merchant's danger, and learning the history of the fatal bond, she at once decides to rescue him, whatever be the cost. She can appreciate the character of the man, while the strange experiences of her life have served to show her how small is the value of mere wealth compared with personal worth. She has seen many suitors arrive at Belmont and depart, men of rank and fortune, whom the fame of the heiress had attracted. She has scrutinized them keenly, and her experience has shown her that wealth does not of itself render the possessor either wise or virtuous. It is not surprising that she should be able to appreciate the honourable and generous character of the man of whom she hears, for estimating riches at their true value only, she has been drawn to seek and to recognize the existence of something higher.

It is in the trial scene, the scene in which the interest of the play culminates, that the use and the abuse of wealth is set before the audience in strong colours, colours to which the contrast lends additional strength. We see the Jew triumphant; his plot has succeeded; the hated rival, who has so often rescued other debtors, is now at his mercy. The exultation at having his prey within his grasp, at being able to gratify his revenge and remove an obstacle from his path, is so great that he loses all power of self-control. The hatred that had so long lain hidden within his heart now stands forth in all its nakedness. The Merchant, on the other hand, is calm and self-

possessed at the prospect of approaching death. In the opening scene of the play we saw him before these misfortunes had come upon him, surrounded by his friends, at the height of his prosperity. He is there represented to us as an open-hearted, generous man, more attached to the good that wealth can procure for others than to the wealth itself. Now, in his adversity, the same characteristic stands prominently forth. Neither defiant nor desponding, he calmly awaits the worst that may befall him; the only touch of emotion that he displays is when he bids his friend farewell. But the positions are suddenly changed. The Jew, who but a moment ago was uppermost in the struggle, sees his weapon snap within his grasp at the instant he is about to deal the death-blow. The same fate that he had reserved for his antagonist now stares him in the face. From the triumph of approaching vengeance he passes suddenly to the depth of despair. Even the gift of his life has no value in his eyes, if his wealth, which has been the one object of his life, is to be seized. The sudden change of fortune produces less effect upon Antonio. It found him calm and resigned to the worst; it leaves him calm as before. The danger through which he has passed has softened him towards his old enemy, and he makes amends for the hostility he had shown to Shylock when they had both been prosperous. It is at Antonio's solicitation that the fine laid on Shylock is remitted, upon the easy terms that the father shall make a fitting provision for his daughter Jessica.

The interest of the audience is greatly heightened by the appearance of Portia on the scene, as the person who is to defend Antonio, for whom their sympathy has been already enlisted. She has herself gained their goodwill in the various passages of her own history which they have witnessed. In spite of the terms of her father's will, which made her a mere puppet in the hands of fortune, she has secured the husband of her choice. Her remarks to her waiting-maid upon her various suitors, her ready generosity when sending her husband to assist his friend, all show that she is fully capable of appreciating the character of the Merchant, which has something akin to her own. The audience, knowing moreover that she is shrewd and quick-witted, feel that in her the cause of Antonio will have an able defender, and are satisfied to stake the issue upon her defence.

This scene, though not the concluding one, is the real finale

of the piece. The interest in the fate of the various actors is kept sustained until this scene, and this uncertainty serves to keep the attention of the spectators closely fixed during the time that the characters of the two prominent persons in the piece are being brought out in relief one to another. The contrast between the Jewish and the Christian merchant, which stands out so boldly in this scene, is the object to which the remaining scenes in the play, with the exception of the last, are subordinated. The audience is gradually made acquainted with each of these two characters. In the first scene, when we find Antonio in the midst of his friends, their conversation shows the dominion that the mere thought of wealth possesses over them; he, on the other hand, seems but little affected by anything of the kind. This indifference comes out more strongly when we see him, a few moments after, eager to serve his friend Bassanio. Again, in the third act, the letter in which he announces his misfortunes to Bassanio is evidently that of a man who preserves his equanimity in the midst of pecuniary losses. Shylock, too, is introduced to us by degrees. When we first see him, the characteristics of the professional money-lender are those that strike us—the eagerness to secure a customer, veiled beneath a studied hesitation and assumed indifference of manner. We get a glimpse of the darker side of his character, in the hatred he displays towards his rival; a hatred which smoulders beneath a calm exterior till he considers the Christian within his power, and which then bursts forth in all its fury. We get a further insight into the man when news of his daughter, who has fled from beneath his roof, is brought him, and the natural feelings of the father struggle for a time with the avarice of the usurer, and are worsted in the struggle. In order that we may see him acted upon simultaneously by these contending passions, the daughter's elopement is introduced into the play. This, again, requires that there shall be some means of communication between the Jewish household and the Christian circle of friends, but the messenger must not appear to be introduced into the play for the mere purpose of bearing the message. To give the proceeding a natural air it must be made to seem a coincidence that the lovers should happen to find a convenient messenger just when they need his services. Here we have the reason why Launcelot Gobbo is introduced so early in the play, and why we are called upon to witness his change of masters. Portia, and the various scenes at Belmont

in which we see her taking the leading part, are all directed to the same end of bringing out in strongly marked colours the contrast between Shylock and Antonio in the trial scene. Not only are the actions and motives of the two men laid bare before us, but the feeling of approval and of condemnation which rise in the heart of each of us, become less vague and indistinct when these same feelings are expressed in clear and forcible language by Portia, whom we have come to look upon as at once generous and intelligent, and therefore as a person capable of forming a correct judgment on this matter. This great unity of design which runs through the whole play adds very much to the pleasure excited in the audience, for no interest is raised, no curiosity is excited which does not hinge very closely upon the trial scene, and thus everything concurs to rivet our attention at the very moment when it is essential to the object of the author that every word and gesture shall have its full weight.

We are told that the story of the Three Caskets and of the Fatal Bond existed separately before this play was written. It is evident that each of these two tales is complete in itself. In the play, however, the two stories are interwoven by the same person being presented to us as the friend and debtor of Antonio, and also as the bridegroom of Portia; and again by Portia appearing at the critical moment as the lawyer who saves the life of Antonio. The former story is completely subordinated to the latter, and thus the unity of the piece is in no way impaired.

In every play of a serious kind we expect to have the various actions set before us not only attractively, but also with a well-defined purpose; and besides this, that the passions of the actors, the mainsprings from which these actions derive their force, shall be laid bare to our gaze. In the *Merchant of Venice* we have something more than this. The author directs our attention to one of the sources of that social misery which is common to all ages. Lightly but unhesitatingly he lays his finger upon one of the roots of that evil which embitters the lives of rich and poor alike. He shows us the result of the principle that absolute ownership and unrestricted use of all kinds of property may be justly claimed and exercised.

The picture that he draws of the usurer is an implicit condemnation of usury, or the practice of wringing from a needy borrower a more than sufficient compensation for the loss

or risk incurred by the lender. But Shylock does not stop at usury. It is not over his money only that he claims absolute dominion, but likewise over the life of his debtor :

The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.¹

If the right of purchase, argues the Jew, justifies the Venetian slave owners in inflicting such treatment as they choose upon their slaves, he too may justly claim the unrestricted use of that which he has purchased. The similarity between the two cases cited by Shylock is evident enough, but this similarity only serves to call attention to the evils of slavery. In the play we have no explicit condemnation of any abuse of wealth, whether by usury, by slavery, or by the purpose to which Shylock turns his ducats, when he seeks by means of them to compass the death of an innocent man, but we hear both sides of the question urged and defended by their respective supporters, and the picture which is finally presented to us cannot fail to impress upon us the lesson that the author desires to convey.

¹ Act iv. Scene i.

A Cruise in the Ægean.

IT was on July 19, 1882, that I found myself, towards the close of a brilliant summer's day, on board a vessel which was lying at anchor in the Golden Horn. No mere description can convey an adequate idea of the beauty of the surrounding scene, beheld moreover as it was, in the soft evening light. Graceful catques were darting hither and thither in all directions, small steamers were rapidly plying from side to side of the port, whilst on either hand might be seen, close to the shore, a crowd of white sails and decorated mastheads, from which waved Greek crosses and Turkish crescents, flags and pennons of every description, whilst underneath them all the massive outlines of strongly built European ships could be descried. As a frame to this picture the traveller has before him an amphitheatre of villas such as can be found nowhere else in the world; the mosques of Stamboul, with their airy minarets and gleaming cupolas, the bridge of Kara-Keni with its surging human tide, composed of a hundred different nationalities, each with its own language, its own dress, its own peculiar physique, from the pale-skinned Turk to the swarthy Nubian, all races and all religions being represented in the vast and picturesque crowd, which, viewed as a whole, presents a scene so incessantly shifting, so ever new, so strange and so remarkable, that I felt I could never grow weary of contemplating it.

This delightful evening was to me however only the foretaste of greater enjoyment, for I was about to spend some weeks in sailing over yet fairer waters, beneath skies more sunny still. I was on my way to the Ægean Isles, I was about to visit Syra and Tenos, in the very centre of the Cyclades, and I was hoping later on to see something of Athens.

Already we have weighed anchor, and are floating over the blue waters of the Sea of Marmora, thus named from the Island of Marmora, celebrated for its marble quarries. Stamboul ere long becomes a mere line, vaguely discernible on

the distant horizon ; the bell rings for supper, and when at the conclusion of our repast we return on deck, a refreshing coolness has succeeded to the burning heat of the day, and the moon is rising over the calm waters with that peculiar lustre which can be seen only in the East. There is a special charm about such evenings at sea ; peaceful thoughts and pious reflections seem to rise spontaneously to one's mind, and on the present occasion it was with no small regret that I at length retired to my narrow couch.

The Sea of Marmora is crossed in about twelve hours, so that by the next morning we had entered the Straits, and about seven o'clock we anchored off the city of the Dardanelles, the ancient Abydos. Here we only paused long enough to have the ship's papers examined, and to take on board three hundred soldiers bound for Smyrna. They disposed themselves as best they could, for there was already very little room to spare, and the vessel was soon once more under way.

Never shall I forget the moment when I first saw the classic waters of the Ægean Sea gleaming in the distance ; never can the impression then made be effaced from my recollection. Arrived at the southern extremity of the Straits, between the Thracian Chersonesus and the Cape Sigeum, I knew myself to be standing on the threshold of the scenes amid which the *Iliad* is laid, and I paused, so to speak, and drew in my breath, before I should pass the mystic portal. Whilst I was thus musing, the strait widened rapidly, and the Archipelago came into full view. What, I asked myself, am I about to behold in this wondrous ocean, bathed as it is in the clearest light, rich as it is in the most fascinating associations, forming as it does a sanctuary alike of nature and of art, a vast and glorious temple, whose vault is the azure firmament, whose marble altars are the various isles which stud its bright expanse, and within whose precincts body and soul thrill in unison, the one stimulated into fuller life by the invigorating breeze, the other elevated and inspired by thoughts of the truest poetry ?

As we emerge from the Straits we behold on our right the Island of Imbros, called by Homer the Stony Isle, and certainly it does not wear a very inviting appearance, with its bare rocky outline rising against the horizon. Nevertheless, it is not altogether destitute of attractions, for Mr. Wrench, the English consul at Constantinople, told me that red partridges are remarkably abundant there, and afford excellent shooting. Samothrace,

with its volcanic mountains, forms a weird background to the island of which we have been speaking. Its earliest colonists were, as its name implies, Greeks who came over from Thrace, and bestowed upon it a designation which should remind them of their mother-country. It plays no unimportant part in regard to the topography of the *Iliad*, for its sombre and mysterious heights can be plainly discerned from the heights of Troy, and the poet has chosen them for the abode of the divinities who were hostile to the sons of Ilion. "From amid the wild peaks of verdant Samothrace," he says, "Neptune watched the successive phases of the strife; since from those mountain summits can be seen the whole range of Ida, the city of Priam, and the vessels of the Greeks."¹ This affords an additional instance of the manner in which an acquaintance with the scenes amid which events are laid, renders the comprehension of even the most elaborate poetical works a comparatively simple matter; and it also proves that Homer, before he became blind, must have been a great traveller, for had he not beheld with his own eyes the panorama he describes, even his magnificent genius could scarcely have portrayed it with such masterly ease and marvellous fidelity.

The next island we perceived was Lemnos, but we left it to the west without attempting to land there. It is barren and desolate, exposed to frequent shocks of earthquake, and suffers moreover from a chronic scourge, in the shape of a peculiar kind of fever. From a mythological point of view, its history must be familiar to all, since it was on to this island that Vulcan fell, after his abortive enterprise in the Olympian halls, there that the god of sleep established his abode, and there that the unfortunate Philoctetes, forsaken by his friends, dragged out a wretched existence until the conclusion of the Trojan War. We take a passing glance at the famous Mount Athos, *Ayon-Oros*, or the holy mountain, as the Greeks call it; and then turning to the south, double the Cape Sigeum, where some windmills mark the sight of Achilles' tomb, and for the next two hours our vessel placidly skirts the plains of Troy.

As far as enjoyment of this type is concerned, I can imagine nothing more delightful than to contemplate while seated on the deck of a powerful and well-appointed vessel and borne swiftly over the buoyant waters, the most poetic country in the world, a land where everything is full of mirth and song, of life and

¹ *Iliad*, xiii. 13.

gaiety, a land which was so ardently loved, so valorously defended, so bitterly mourned by her heroic sons, the land of Simoïs and Scamander, crowned with the majestic heights of Ida as if with a lofty diadem, heights from whose midst there rose of yore the stately towers and crenelated battlements of Ilion! Thus I meditated at leisure on this glorious past, listening to the music of the waves, and the melody of the poet, thinking of men and of nature, of the real and the ideal, of the tears of Andromache and the grief that caused them to be shed. Whilst I was musing after this fashion Tenedos came into full view. Its aspect is dreary and depressing, for it consists of a mass of bare rock, yellowish in colour, and shaped like a sugarloaf, which rises abruptly out of the water. Nor does it prove more attractive on closer inspection, for a group of windmills, and one poverty-stricken village, are the sole signs of life perceptible on this desolate strand, once the home of a famous race, but which has sunk in forgetfulness since the Trojan War.

Notissima fama

Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant ;

Nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis.

One can scarcely be said to lose sight of Mount Ida until one enters the strait which is formed by the coast of Anatolia and the island of Mitylene, the Lesbos of the ancients, the country of Arion and Sappho, of Alcæus and Theophrastus ; its jagged peaks look like a number of needles wrought in stone. It is one of the largest islands in the Archipelago. Its story, like that of Tenedos, is of a melancholy cast ; formerly a favoured home of art, a spot where the delights of life could be tasted in their fullest perfection, it used to be called the Fortunate Island, and knew no rival except Rhodes—

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Mitylenen.²

It abounded in the choicest wines, the most delicious fruits, and its inhabitants, who were renowned for their beauty, spent their days in dancing and amusements. But alas ! repeated wars have changed the face of things, Persians, Romans, Greeks, Genoese, and Turks have by turns invaded this delightful corner of the earth, and changed the garden into a desert, so that of its former prosperity not a single vestige remains.

Every vessel, after leaving Mitylene, pauses in its course to make a brief stay at Smyrna, but that city is too well known to

² Horace, *Odes*, 1, 6.

need description here, and I am, moreover, anxious to proceed with my account of the isles of the Ægean. Chios was the next to be visited ; it is celebrated for its wines, its olives, and its mastic, the latter being a scented gum which exudes from a tree, and is only found here. Chios is the most fashionable island in the whole Archipelago, and every Greek who desires to be considered *comme il faut*, strives to make himself out to be a native of it. As it is large and densely populated, its inhabitants amounting to more than sixty thousand, this task is fortunately no very arduous one, and if some cousin of yours, no matter how many degrees removed, does but chance to reside there, you can boldly assert, in the face of heaven and earth, that you belong to the ranks of the aristocratic natives of Chios. Over and over again I had occasion to smile at the expense of these latter, and yet, in a certain sense, I share their feelings, and would fain be reckoned among their number. But I love Chios from a very different motive ; I love her for her own sake, for the sake of the lofty and majestic mountains, the fair and fertile valleys, the clear and crystal streams, the rich and fruitful vineyards, which constitute here a veritable earthly Paradise, and I therefore took leave of her with real regret.

Our next halt was at Syra, one of the Cyclades, an island of medium size, but possessing more than thirty thousand inhabitants, owing to the erection, in modern times, of the city of Hermopolis, where numerous Greek refugees seek an abode in which they may be safe against the Ottoman forces. It stretches in a semi-circle at the foot of the old town, which is called Syra, and no more absolute contrast can possibly be imagined than that existing between the two ; they differ in every respect, in manners and customs, in origin and traditions. The lower town is modern in the fullest sense of the term ; its streets are straight, wide, and tolerably clean ; some of them being planted on either side with palms and magnolias, and adorned with statues and fountains. Cafés may be seen on every hand, fiacres are waiting for hire, a theatre invites you to enter, and as this latter is, moreover, brilliantly lighted with gas, what more can the heart of man desire ? The old town, on the contrary, perched upon the heights, is merely a net-work of mean-looking streets, so narrow that two donkeys can scarcely pass abreast, abounding in unsavoury odours, and haunted by crowds of pigs, who seem to imagine that the right of way belongs entirely to

them, just as the dogs do at Constantinople. These streets run parallel, and rise one above another, being connected by stairs hewn out of the solid rock. The ascent is toilsome and laborious to the last degree, but once arrived at the summit, the splendid view obtained from thence is an ample reward for all the fatigue one has undergone. The entire group of islands can be seen clustering in a circle around classic Delos, the home of Diana and Apollo, and seeming to bow down before it, as if offering their silent homage of respectful veneration. Delos owed its origin to the kind-heartedness of Neptune, who, touched with pity for Latona, caused the island to arise suddenly out of the ocean to afford shelter for her when, pursued by the jealousy of Juno, she sought an asylum where the twins to whom she was about to give birth might see the light of day. Thus Diana and Apollo were born on virgin soil, and the entire island was thenceforth dedicated to them. No children were allowed to be born, no corpses to be interred there, and thus this tiny corner of the universe became a symbol of that eternal life which knows no beginning and can have no end.

My immediate destination was a house which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, and which possesses a terrace whence the magnificent prospect to which I have alluded may be enjoyed to the full, and during the week I spent beneath that hospitable roof, my kind hosts allowed me to make the most of it. The inhabitants of the old town, between four thousand and five thousand in number, are Catholics, while those of Hermopolis, on the contrary, almost all belong to the Orthodox Greek Church. I of course failed not to pay my respects to the Bishop of Syra, who is a Franciscan. The holy old man received me with his habitual courtesy, and showed me over the Cathedral. Before leaving the island, not content with what I could see from my terrace, I determined to ascend to the highest point of the mountain, where a tower formerly stood. It still goes by the name of Pyrgo, and consists of an oblong plateau, strewn with fragments of rock, and with the ruins of the ancient tower. Words would fail me were I to attempt to describe the beauty of the spectacle which spread out all around me, and more than recompensed me for my pains.

Too soon did the time arrive for me to depart from this attractive island, and it was with real regret that I embarked on board a small Greek steamer bound for Tenos. Had it not been for the smoke proceeding from the funnel, and the noise of the

engine, I might have fancied myself setting out for the Trojan War, for in no country is the difference between ancient and modern days so little marked as it is in sunny Greece. This is partly because the national character has undergone so slight a modification, the Greek of our own times is as vivacious, merry, cunning, and demonstrative, as were his brethren in the ages when Homer lived. One finds the same ready flow of words, the same exuberance of imagery, the same vivid colouring of thought and expression, the same violence of temper and tendency to dispute. Alike on land and sea, the people around one seem to live in a perpetual flutter of excitement, and if they are not scolding and quarrelling, they are shrieking with laughter, or carolling with delight.

As I conclude these observations, the city of San-Nicolo, the port and chief town of Tenos, comes into view, its jetty being thronged with spectators, anxious to watch the landing of our passengers, which has to be effected by means of small boats. As soon as I set foot on shore, I had the unexpected good fortune of being greeted by two friends of mine, who carried me off without delay to the Franciscan monastery, where I was most hospitably entertained at dinner. Later in the day I set out, mounted upon a mule, on my journey into the interior of the island, no trifling undertaking considering the state of the roads, or rather remembering that roads, properly so called, do not exist at all. Taking a north-westerly direction, we came to the village of Xinara, where there is a fine Cathedral, and where the Catholic Bishop of the island resides. Hitherto we had been ascending the slope of a somewhat precipitous mountain, but we now began to descend, and in another half-hour reached the village of Loutra, where I was to fix my head-quarters during my stay in Tenos. Here I found a beautiful church, lately built by the Jesuits, and a large girls' school, presided over by French Ursulines, who after encountering numerous difficulties and much opposition, have at last the gratification of seeing their undertaking crowned with complete success. This happy result they owe in no small measure to the cordial and generous sympathy and support they have received from the French consul at Syra. I was fortunate enough to be present at the annual distribution of prizes, in honour of which his Lordship the Bishop came over from Xinara, and I had the pleasure of distributing the French prizes with my own hand. The pupils were all dressed in white, with

wreaths of laurel, and one might easily have imagined them to constitute the choir in some Greek tragedy. During my travels in the East, I have seen many charming groups, replete with natural grace, but never have I met with so true an embodiment of the antique type, with its elegant attitudes, its air of calm serenity, its marvellous repose.

Of the twenty-two thousand inhabitants of the island, only four thousand are Catholics, the rest being schismatics. The Bishop deeply deplores the lack of vocations to the priesthood throughout the isles of the Ægean, and Catholics would be badly off indeed for pastors were it not for the aid afforded by the Franciscans, who have several flourishing convents in various places. One thing I must remark in regard to the language spoken here, namely, that the word soul ($\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$) is used to designate an individual, and I confess I liked to hear our servant say, when any one came to pay me a visit, "Sir, there is a *soul* waiting for you downstairs." May I be allowed to devote a word in passing to a subject so frivolous as dress? Here, as everywhere else, the national costume is disappearing by degrees, and the simple cap, formerly worn by the women, is being replaced by the modern bonnet. The question is regarded as no trifling one, and I can assure my reader that the battle of the bonnets will be fought ere long with an energy and determination worthy of a better cause.

From Tenos I went to Athens, where I made a brief stay, and on the 1st of September found myself once more at anchor in the Golden Horn. It was the hour when, all along the shore, the bells ring out their summons to the *Selamlık*, or solemn prayer, which the Sultan offers every Friday in one of the mosques in the immediate vicinity of the imperial palace. I landed, engaged a *Hammal*, or porter, to carry my portmanteau, and climbed with a light step the hill of Pera. A few moments later I was once more at home, thanking God from the bottom of my heart for my pleasant holiday.

In conclusion, I wish that it may fall to your lot, my friendly reader, to make some day, as I did, beneath a cloudless sky and on an azure sea, a *cruise in the Ægean*.

VICTOR BAUDOT, S.J.

The Lindsays.

A STORY OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

CHAPTER XXII.

"TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS!"

IT was past eleven o'clock when Dr. Mackenzie and his companion returned from Exeter Hall; and after getting a little supper in the dining-room together, they parted for the night, Semple making sure that the minister went straight to his bed-room, before he retired to his own. Hardly, however, had Dr. Mackenzie been left alone, when a tap came to his door. It was the nurse in attendance on Mr. Lindsay, who had been sent to tell the minister that the sick man was anxious to see him before he went to sleep.

"I've got the draft of the will, Doctor," said Mr. Lindsay, as his guest entered the room. "I thought you would may be like to see it; and as they want it sent back to-night, I had to send for you."

The minister professed himself to be very willing to look over the draft, and seating himself by the fire, he read it carefully through twice.

"It will be a disappointment to some of them, I'm thinking," said the old man, as the other at last laid down the paper.

"But think of the good it will do," rejoined the minister. "What better use can we make of money, which is, after all, mere dross, than devote it to the cause of Christ?"

"Is the draft all right?" asked Mr. Lindsay, after a pause.

"Yes; it seems to be in accordance with your wishes."

"Just read it over to me, before it goes," said the old man; and the minister did so.

"Now, I must get it posted to-night," said Mr. Lindsay, when the reading was finished.

"I'll post it myself," said Dr. Mackenzie, promptly. "There's a pillar-box at the corner. It won't take me a minute."

This offer was gratefully accepted. The minister let himself quietly out of the house, leaving the street-door a-jar while he went to the pillar-box, which was only a few yards off; and when he returned he went back to his own room, without making noise enough to wake any one in the house.

It had not been without some reluctance that Laura Mowbray had consented to play the spy for James Semple. Not that she was conscious of any humiliation in the matter—she rather enjoyed the excitement of it—but she felt that in yielding to his wishes she had made the tie between them stronger than was perhaps altogether prudent. In their last interview Semple had assumed that he was her accepted lover, and she knew that he had grounds for so doing. So long ago as the summer when they had been together at Loch Long, she perceived that he, as well as Alec Lindsay, was in love with her, although Alec's passion found vent in words while his cousin's did not. When Semple did declare himself, some time afterwards, she had given him much the same answer as she had given to Alec. But lately he had renewed his pleading, and meeting with a very weak resistance, he had assumed that he was, or very soon would be, successful. Of late, however, he had had no time for love-making.

Laura had produced in his mind exactly the impression she had intended. She did not wish to accept his offer just then, but neither did she wish to send him away. Her heart (such as it was) was with Alec; but then she could not bring herself to marry a poor man; and Alec had thrown away his chances of ingratiating himself with his uncle so persistently, that she had very little hope that he would find himself rich after his uncle's death. Semple, she felt sure, would be the heir, but she had no idea of pledging herself irrevocably till the event had declared itself.

On the morning after she had paid her visit to Mr. Lindsay's bed-room, in accordance with her lover's directions, Miss Mowbray took good care to be early in the breakfast-room. She anticipated that Semple would take that opportunity of having an interview with her, and she was not disappointed.

"Well?" he said eagerly, as soon as he entered the room, without waiting to bid her good morning, "did my uncle get the letter last night?"

"What would you give to know?" returned the girl, with a saucy air.

A coarse expression sprang to the young man's lips, but he had sense enough to restrain it.

"Don't trifle with me," he said.

Laura was struck by the anxious, haggard look on his face, as well as by the tone of his voice.

"Why are you so anxious about that letter?" she asked.

"Don't bother me with questions now. I'll tell you all by-and-bye, if you wish it. Did he get the letter?"

"Yes, I was in his room when he opened it."

"Good."

"And I saw him take out the two papers you described."

"Yes? Do be quick; some one will be coming down."

"He put the large one back into the envelope, and put it under his pillow."

"And the thin one?"

"He put it into the little desk which stands on the table at the foot of his bed."

"You saw him do that?"

"I did. He asked me to hand him the desk; he opened it, and put the paper in."

"Did he lock the desk afterwards?" asked Semple, dropping his voice.

"Yes, he did."

There was a minute's pause.

"What did he do with the key?" was the next question.

"The key was on a bunch. He put it back on the table, the little one, close to his hand."

"I must get those keys," said Semple.

"Not through me," said Laura, growing pale as she spoke. "I'll have nothing to do with taking away any papers, or burning them, or anything of that sort." The girl was thoroughly frightened, and Semple saw that it was necessary to reassure her.

"Don't be foolish," he said. "Who wants to steal anything? I want to see that paper, and I must see it."

"Well; I can't help you."

"Look here, Laura, you don't understand. I'm trying to counteract the schemes of that villain, Dr. Mackenzie. If I succeed, I shall have two hundred thousand pounds under my uncle's will."

"Two hundred thousand pounds!"

"Yes; or between a hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand, at any rate. We shall be able to go to Italy, all round the world if we like. Eight or ten thousand a year, Laura; think of that! You see it's worth taking a little trouble for. Can't you get the desk and the bunch of keys out of the room, just for five minutes?"

"Impossible," said Laura firmly. "I have no idea where your uncle generally keeps his keys—very likely in some drawer that is locked up. You needn't think of it."

There was another pause.

"There is one way," said Laura slowly.

"Yes—what way?"

"Though I can't get the keys, I might get the desk out of the room. Or you might do it yourself. You see the desk stands on the table at the foot of the bed, out of your uncle's sight. It is not heavy, quite a small thing, and easy to move. You have only to find out when your uncle is asleep, and quietly carry the desk out of the room. The nurse would never dream of interfering with you. Of course, you would have to bring it back soon, in case your uncle should ask for it."

"Of what use would the desk be, without the key?"

Laura smiled contemptuously, but suddenly she grew grave. "I have said quite enough," her face said pretty plainly.

"Could you get me the desk, or let me know when it would be safe to take it?" was Semple's next question, spoken almost in a whisper. "Think how much may depend on it," he added.

"Why should so much depend on it?"

"I can hardly tell you."

"Never mind," said Laura hastily. "It doesn't matter to me." She saw it might be safer not to know too much.

"Will you do it then?"

"I won't touch the desk, if you mean that," said Laura. "Mr Lindsay generally takes a nap about four in the afternoon. I could easily——."

At that moment Aunt Jean made her appearance, followed by a servant with a tray, and the conference was at an end.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DAVID MACGOWAN GETS INTO TROUBLE.

THE first thing that caught Alec Lindsay's eye when he went down to the office next morning, was the draft of his uncle's will. No corrections had been made in it; no suggestions had been written in the margin; and assuming that the managing clerk had looked over it on the preceding evening, he was about to send it out to the law stationer's, when he remembered Beattie's hint that it would be more prudent to have it "engrossed" in the office.

Taking the paper in his hand he went into the "outer office," where four clerks sat whose duty it was to do the more mechanical part of the work of the conveyancing department.

"Where's Hobson?" asked Alec.

"He and Graves are out, comparing an abstract," said one of the clerks whose name was Hill. "Mr. Beattie told them last night they were to go the first thing in the morning."

"Then you had better leave off what you are doing, Hill, and engross this will."

"Very sorry, sir, but Mr. Beattie has given me this settlement and this mortgage to do," pointing to the papers and parchments as he spoke, "and he particularly told me not to leave them till I had finished them."

MacGowan's services were available; but Alec would have preferred to intrust the draft to one of the other clerks. "When will Hobson and Graves be back?" he asked.

"Not until late, I expect," answered Hill; "they have gone into the country—to St. Albans."

It was more than probable that the two absent clerks would contrive to make a day of it at St. Albans, so Alec turned to MacGowan and asked if he were busy. He was not.

"I wish you would engross this, then," said Alec, giving him the draft, "and see you hold your tongue about it when you go outside," he added in a lower tone.

MacGowan promised obedience with more fervour than was necessary, and Alec returned to his own room.

Left to himself, MacGowan laid the draft before him and measured its length with a practised eye. There was abundance

of time for him to finish engrossing it before the luncheon-hour. He was glad of this, for it was pay-day; and he knew by experience that it was very doubtful if he would be back at his desk in the afternoon. Every month, as pay-day came round, he made a resolution that he would dine sparingly, drink nothing but water, and return at the proper hour. But the resolution had been so constantly broken, that he had no faith in his own power to keep it, and always took care, on such occasions, to leave matters so that his absence might attract as little attention as possible. More than once he had been nearly dismissed for this very offence, but his fellow-clerks were generally good-natured enough to invent excuses for him, and once, as we have seen, Alec had stood his friend.

One o'clock struck, and the will was finished. MacGowan left his seat and went to the cashier's room to receive the money that was due to him. That official, however, had gone out, and he returned discontentedly to his place.

It happened that he and his fellow-clerk Hill were not on very good terms with each other just then, so, by way of putting off the time until the cashier's return, he took the will and the draft from which he had copied it, to Alec Lindsay, and got him to go through the process of "examining" the two documents along with him—one reading the engrossed will aloud while the other read the draft—on the plea that Hill was too busy to do it.

As he returned to the outer office, he met the managing clerk.

"Have you engrossed a will for Mr. Lindsay this morning?" asked Mr. Beattie.

"Yes, sir; just finished it."

"If you bring it to my room, I will examine it with you. I don't want Hill to be taken from what he is doing."

This was an unusual kind of offer for Mr. Beattie to make; but MacGowan, of course, answered:

"Mr. Lindsay has examined it with me."

"Oh, very good," said Beattie, as he passed out of the office.

MacGowan waited impatiently until, about two o'clock, the cashier made his appearance. By that time he was very hungry, and thirsty as well.

"I want my salary, if you please," said he, as soon as the cashier was seated at his desk.

"It's early in the day, MacGowan," said the cashier, kindly.

"Better let me give you only a shilling or two now. If you take it all, the chances are you won't make your appearance again to-day, and you know what the consequence of that must be, sooner or later."

"I'll be back at three, Mr. Alsop, never fear," said the clerk.

"You had better not take it all at present."

"I must take it all, sooner or later," answered MacGowan, in a hard, stubborn voice, "and little enough it is. Give it to me, Mr. Alsop."

A few minutes afterwards MacGowan was hurrying along in the direction of a large tavern near the office, where he usually dined on high days. If he had not been so intent upon getting there, he would have noticed Mr. William Beattie walking slowly along, on the other side of the street. Beattie, who knew the clerk's habits perfectly well, was in fact waiting for him. As soon as MacGowan entered the tavern, Beattie, with a smile on his thin lips, returned to the office. Everything had happened exactly as he had foreseen that it would happen.

In the course of the afternoon Alec Lindsay made his appearance in the managing clerk's room, and asked him if he would attend at his uncle's on the following morning, to superintend the signing of the will.

"Indeed I can't. I have to be in the Vice-Chancellor's room by ten, and I shall probably be out all the morning. Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Because my name is mentioned in the will."

"What does that matter? You needn't witness it. Get two of the servants to do that."

"But I have never done anything of the kind before."

"Why, a child might do it. Ask Mr. Hatchett to go, if you like, but don't bother me any more, there's a good fellow. I'm terribly busy."

Alec knew that Mr. Hatchett would never dream of attending personally at so simple a matter as the execution of a will, so he made up his mind to go himself.

About five o'clock that afternoon Mr. Beattie went into the outer office, and inquired for MacGowan. Of course he was not there—had not been seen for the last three hours. Beattie struck his fist angrily on the desk before him, and went straight to Mr. Hatchett's room.

Graves (who had just returned from St. Albans) looked at Hill and grinned.

"'E'll 'ave it this time, to a dead certainty," said Mr. Hill.

"Right you are, Mr. 'Ill," said Mr. Graves.

"I'm afraid, we can't afford to keep that fellow MacGowan any longer," said Beattie to Mr. Hatchett. "He has not been here since three o'clock—drinking, I suppose. It is the same thing every pay-day, and on other occasions too, whenever he has money, in fact."

"Dismiss him, then, and advertise for another clerk," said the solicitor, hardly troubling himself to look up from the paper he was reading.

"I think in that case you had better write the note, Mr. Hatchett. He will understand then that the decision is your own."

Mr. Hatchett wrote a dozen words on a sheet of paper, and handed it to his subordinate. "Get it copied in the letter-book, and send it to his lodgings," he said, turning back to his work.

Mr. David MacGowan was troubled by no fears of the fate which had been prepared for him. About eight o'clock that evening he was sitting in the snug parlour of "The Alexandra," with a glass of punch before him, applauding in a loud, half-tipsy tone, a song which had just been finished. Care he had cast to the winds. He was not quite drunk, though he was far from sober; and after his besotted fashion he was enjoying himself thoroughly. Suddenly his face grew pale, and his tongue refused to speak the words on his lips, for there, calmly surveying the company from the doorway, stood—Mr. William Beattie.

A vague sense of alarm filled MacGowan's mind; but he was too tipsy to speculate on the reason which the respectable Mr. Beattie might have for coming to such a place.

In another moment Beattie had recognized him, and walked straight up to him.

"Will you step outside for a moment, Mr. MacGowan? I wish to speak with you," said he.

"Better say't here, whatever it is," answered the clerk, stringing his words together as he spoke.

"Come upstairs for a minute," was Beattie's answer, laying his hand on the other's arm, and looking straight into his eyes.

MacGowan recognized the presence of a stronger will; he staggered to his feet and allowed Beattie to lead him out of the room.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, the clerk followed

Beattie to a private room which the latter had already engaged. On the table lay two or three sheets of foolscap, an inkstand and pens, while a decanter and two or three glasses stood on a small side-table.

"Sit down, MacGowan; you have been enjoying yourself, I see."

"Just for once in a while, Mr. Beattie," said the other, with tipsy gravity. "*Dulce est desipere—in-loco*, ye ken."

"Exactly; and I'm sorry to interrupt you; but I want to know whether you engrossed a will this afternoon."

"I'm sure I don't know. Dare say I did."

"Well it appears you have made a blunder in it. I can't stop to explain it. It wasn't your fault really; and it won't make any difference if you will just copy it over again."

"I can't; not just now; I'll do it in the morning;" and Mr. MacGowan seemed on the point of dropping off to sleep.

Beattie roused him with a slap on the shoulder. "Come, come," he cried, "you're not too tipsy to write——"

"Tipsy? Who's tipsy? I'm not tipsy," interrupted the other.

"All right, then. Come along. See; I've ruled a sheet of paper; and I'll read the draft for you, so that you can make no mistake."

MacGowan suffered himself to be dragged to the table; and once there his mechanical power of copying asserted itself. Steadily his pen moved over the paper, while Beattie looked over the writer's shoulder, reading every word as it was written, to make sure that no blunder was committed.

Before ten o'clock the task was ended. The document was folded, endorsed in the orthodox manner, and safely lodged in Mr. Beattie's pocket.

"You'll stand a bottle of champagne, Mr. Beattie," said the clerk, throwing himself back in his chair.

"Certainly; but I'd advise you to stick to whisky. It's the healthier of the two," said Beattie, slipping half a sovereign into the other's hand. "Hadn't you better go home now," he added, feeling pretty certain that the advice would not be acted upon.

"In a wee while, Mr. Beattie. I'll drink your very good health in the first place. I look upon that as a duty. Good-night, sir; good-night. You're a gentleman, sir. And look here, I'll be at old Hatchett's as usual to-morrow, and you'll say nothing about

seeing me here? It's a low place, Mr. Beattie; I'm quite aware of that—a place I very seldom come to."

"Certainly not. It is not my business to carry tales."

"And, I say, how did you know I was here?" asked MacGowan suddenly.

"Oh, I thought it likely."

"And about that will——" began MacGowan; and he stopped, trying to recollect what the other had said about it.

"Oh, never mind; it's all right. I'm afraid I must be off now," said Beattie.

"All right. Then, good-night, Mr. Beattie, good-night." And so the managing clerk made his escape, while poor MacGowan returned to the room from which he had been summoned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SIGNING OF THE WILL.

"I HAVE more right to be here, sir, than a stranger." These were the words, uttered by James Semple in a voice of suppressed indignation, which Alec Lindsay heard as he entered his uncle's bed-room next day. He had come to superintend the execution of Mr. Lindsay's will, bringing the document with him ready for signature.

The old man was sitting up in bed, a table with writing materials beside him. Near the fire-place stood Dr. Mackenzie, a look of firm resolve on his face. At the foot of the bed stood Semple, who seemed to be bitterly protesting against being excluded from the room.

"Just consider, uncle!" he continued, "I have served you for the last ten years, and served you faithfully. What have I done, to be treated like a stranger now? Alec is to make your will—I don't complain of that. Don't think for a moment I am jealous of him. But why am I to be thrust out, while one who is no member of the family is admitted?"

The old man glanced helplessly at Dr. Mackenzie as if asking for advice. But the minister held his peace.

"I think you might let my cousin stay, uncle," said Alec. "It is perhaps only fair that he should know your intentions."

"Ay; so let it be," said Mr. Lindsay, in a feeble tone. "The whole world will know soon enough. But don't blame me, lads,

after I am gone. I did it for the best. God knows, I did it for the best." And Semple, having received permission to stay in the room, walked over to the window.

"We must get two witnesses," said Alec, drawing the will from its envelope. "Marks and the cook will do."

"The will had better be read first," put in Dr. Mackenzie. "There's no need for the servants knowing its contents."

"True," said Mr. Lindsay; and Alec, standing at the old man's bedside, began to read in a clear firm tone.

He had nearly finished his task, when he noticed that Semple (who was still standing by the window), was pulling down the blind.

"Don't do that, James; I have hardly light enough as it is," said Alec.

"I thought the light was in my uncle's eyes," answered Semple, without pulling the blind up again.

"It was very well as it was; pull up the blind," said the old man, fretfully.

Semple did as he was told, and Alec went on reading.

A moment afterwards a hansom drove up to the door, and there was a loud ring at the door-bell. James Semple slowly moved away from the window, and left the room.

"You can ring for Marks and Mrs. Jackson now, Alec," said Mr. Lindsay.

He did so; but Marks, who answered the bell, told Alec that a Mr. Beattie had called to see him on very important business. "I wonder what it can be?" said Alec to himself. "I will be back in a minute or two, uncle," he said, as he laid the will which he had just read on the table by his uncle's bed, and ran downstairs.

"Lindsay," began Mr. Beattie, as soon as Alec made his appearance, "you saw Marchand, I think, one day about a month ago, about the Walters' case?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember what passed between you?"

"Nothing very important. I told you of it at the time;" and Alec detailed the conversation which had taken place.

"Very good," said Beattie. "Now I want you to make an affidavit of what passed, to be used at the motion which comes on for hearing to-day."

"But you can't use an affidavit filed to-day."

"We can try; and I think we shall manage it. Sit down,

like a good fellow, and jot down what you remember of the conversation. I've brought draft-paper with me."

"All right; but wait until I've seen my uncle sign his will, and then I'll go down to the law courts with you."

"You needn't come just yet, for I have to get a copy made of course. If you will only sit down and put the heads of it in writing, it won't take you ten minutes; and then, while you are getting the will signed, I will drive down to the law courts, and get it copied and ready for you to sign when you arrive there. The fact is," added Beattie, "I ought to have asked you to do this yesterday, but I was so busy with other matters that it escaped me."

"Very well; I'll just go and tell my uncle that I am detained for a few minutes."

"It isn't necessary," answered Beattie with some anxiety in his tone. "The thing would be done almost before you could get upstairs. I do wish you would do it at once; for that motion may come on at any time after twelve, and if it is lost for want of this affidavit, it will be my fault."

Beattie's request was not unreasonable, so sending a message to Mr. Lindsay to explain the delay, Alec began hastily to jot down the substance of the affidavit he was about to make, while Beattie paced quietly but restlessly about the room.

As soon as Alec had joined his fellow-clerk in the library, James Semple went to the drawing-room, which at that hour of the day was always empty. On this occasion, however, Laura Mowbray was there, waiting for him.

"Now's the time, Laura," he cried, in an excited tone, though he spoke under his breath. "Alec is safe in the library, and the will is lying on the bed, probably; or at any rate it is somewhere in the bed-room. You have only to whisper to uncle that the solicitor's managing clerk, Mr. Beattie, wants to look over the will to see that it is all right, and he will let you take it at once."

"But, James, I don't like doing it. Can't you think of any other way of getting a sight of it?"

"No, I can't."

"Why can't you go yourself, and tell my uncle this?"

"Of course he would suspect that I wished to read it."

"And is it really necessary that you should see it?"

"Didn't I tell you this morning, Laura, that unless I can get a sight of it, I shall never see a penny of that two hundred thousand pounds?"

"Why?"

"Because if the will is not in my favour, I will press my uncle to revoke it, after that minister has gone. But unless you want to ruin me, you will go now. Soon Alec will be back from the library, and then it will be too late."

Still Laura was not satisfied.

"Couldn't you manage to be in the room when the will is read over to your uncle, before he signs it?"

"No, no; that has been done already. That is—it won't be done. Now do go, Laura, unless you mean to make us poor all our lives."

A smile that was half-contemptuous passed over Laura Mowbray's pretty face, as she glided away from the drawing-room. She certainly did not intend to be poor all her life in the company of Mr. James Semple.

In less than a minute she had reached Mr. Lindsay's room. Dr. Mackenzie was still there, standing with his back to the room, looking out of the window. Laura glided up to the bed and spoke some words in a tone so low that the old man could not catch them. He knew, however, that the visitor downstairs was Messrs. Hatchett's managing clerk, so that when Laura lifted the unsigned will lying beside him, he merely said, "Do they want to see it?" at which Laura nodded, and took it away. The minister saw that she had come and gone, but he ascribed no importance to what passed. He did not notice, indeed, that the will had been removed.

Laura carried it to the drawing-room, where Semple was impatiently waiting for her. Almost snatching the paper from her hand, he said in a whisper, "stand just outside the door and listen, in case the library door should open," and took the will to one of the windows at the farther end of the room, to read it. Laura obeyed so far as to stand in the doorway, from which position she could hear any one opening the door of the library, on the floor below.

Semple's scrutiny of the will did not last long. Very soon he returned to Laura, with satisfaction in his face and bearing.

"All right," he exclaimed. "Now, all you have to do is to put it back again. Here," he added, picking up an open newspaper which looked as if it had been brought there on purpose, "slip the will under this, and lay them both on the table. When Alec comes back he will remember that he left the will on the table; he will lift the newspaper and find it

there; and uncle will never notice, if you attract his attention, that Alec did not bring it back into the room himself."

Laura admired and rather wondered at these elaborate instructions for carrying out what she thought was a very simple ruse. But she had no opportunity of putting them in practice. As she ascended the last flight of stairs, Alec came bounding up, three steps at a time, and overtook her as she reached the landing.

"Why, Laura, what have you got there?" he asked in surprise, taking the will from her unresisting hand.

The two stood looking at each other for a moment, without speaking.

"What were you doing with this?" asked Alec.

Laura had made up her mind. She would not confess to Alec that she had been acting under Semple's directions. It would have been equivalent to making that definite choice between the two, which she had resolved not to make until it was known what share of his uncle's property Alec was to have.

"Oh! don't tell my uncle," she said rapidly, speaking almost in a whisper. "I wanted to know what was in it."

"You wanted to know whether my uncle was going to leave you anything?"

"Yes; and I pretended to him that you and the other clerk from your office wanted to see it. But I have not looked at it. I have not read a line of it! Indeed I have not!" and Laura burst into tears.

Alec did not speak. It did not seem a very serious matter, but he was pained to think that the girl he loved should have done such a thing.

"Only promise me that you won't speak of it!" she cried, with clasped hands, her eyes swimming in tears.

Alec reflected for a moment. He could not see that there was any duty cast upon him to mention Laura's indiscretion to his uncle. Even if she had peeped into the will, no harm could have been done. He gave the required promise, and turned away, going into his uncle's room, while Laura, unwilling to go downstairs and meet Semple, whom at this moment she positively hated, ran up to her own room.

"What a fool I was to listen to him!" she exclaimed aloud, when she had shut the door. "But, after all, it doesn't very much matter," she said to herself, a moment afterwards. "Alec

thinks it was only my own curiosity that made me meddle with the will; and *he* won't tell upon me, that's certain. I wonder whether Mr. Lindsay has left me anything! I suppose James never looked; he was only anxious to find out what he was to have for himself. And Alec never would tell me. I wonder what Alec himself will get. I shouldn't wonder if he gets as much as James. Oh! I wish he had not caught me just now!" And renewing her resolution to wait until the will was read before she committed herself irretrievably to either of the two young men, Laura proceeded to wash away the traces of tears from her face.

Meanwhile Beattie had left the house, and Alec had summoned Marks, and Mrs. Jackson, the cook, to their master's room.

The will was duly signed and witnessed, Dr. Mackenzie looking on with a grave face; and when all the formalities had been gone through, Mr. Lindsay put the document in its envelope, sealed it carefully with his own hand, and gave it to Alec.

"Give it to Mr. Hatchett, my lad," he said. "He should have been here to-day himself—but it doesn't matter. Tell him to lock it up in his safe, till—till it's wanted. And now I think I'll try and get a little sleep, for I feel tired."

Alec took the will to Mr. Hatchett, and saw it put away in his safe, before going down to the law courts.

As for Dr. Mackenzie, after a final interview with Mr. Lindsay he took his leave, and returned to Glasgow by the night mail.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. WILLIAM BEATTIE ACTS LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

AFTER leaving Mr. Lindsay's house, Mr. Beattie went first of all to the Law Courts in the Strand. But he did not remain there long. He took the draft affidavit to a law stationer's, and then, leaving instructions for Alec with the junior clerk who had been waiting in the Judge's chambers, he left the case of *Walter v. Walter* to take care of itself, called a hansom, and told the cabman to drive to King's Cross. Arrived there, he dismissed the cab, and plunged into a nest of squalid, airless streets, not far from the railway terminus.

After some difficulty, he found the one he was in quest of—Milton Street—and then a further search ensued for No. 76. When this, too, was found, he made some further inquiries, and obeying the directions he obtained, made his way to the top of the house, and knocked with his umbrella at a rickety door.

A faint voice bade him enter, and there, sitting by the fire-place was the man he sought. Mr. David MacGowan did not present an attractive appearance. Unwashed, unshaven, his shabby clothes in complete disorder, his hair undressed, his eyes bloodshot, his hand trembling, he certainly looked a miserable object. The fire, which had been lighted with damp wood under an overburdening mass of coal-dust and cinders, was slowly going out, but MacGowan had not sufficient energy to try to make it burn. His miserable breakfast stood untasted on the table, upon which lay an open letter. When he saw who his visitor was, he did not say a word, but turned his face to the smouldering fire, and gazed at it moodily.

Beattie, without waiting for an invitation, sat down opposite him, and began to ask him where he had put certain papers which had been in his charge, and some other questions of a like nature. MacGowan sullenly answered him, without removing his eyes from the fire.

"When I looked over the letter-book this morning," said Beattie, when these matters had been discussed, "I was sorry to see a letter of Mr. Hatchett's telling you that you need not come back again."

"Ay! I dare say ye ken a' about it," said the other.

"If you mean that it was my doing, you are quite mistaken," said Beattie, hastily. "Mr. Hatchett decided upon it himself; and really, you know, MacGowan, you can't be very much surprised at it."

MacGowan gave an indifferent kind of sigh, as much as to say that it mattered little from whose hand the blow had fallen, and that he did not very much care.

"Will they give me a character?" he asked suddenly, turning his eyes for the first time on his visitor.

Beattie shook his head mournfully.

"You might write me one yoursel'," suggested the ex-clerk.

Beattie shook his head still more decidedly. "Unless I used the firm's name, it would be of no use," said he; "and if I did, it might be as much as my place is worth."

The gleam of hope died out in MacGowan's watery eyes, and he turned once more to contemplate the dying fire.

"What are you thinking of doing?" asked Beattie, after a pause.

"Nothing."

"But you must do something, or starve."

"I don't care."

"Oh, nonsense, man! I'll tell you what you ought to do—emigrate! In a new country, where there are fewer public-houses than there are in London, and no temptations to spend money, you might make a fresh start, and end by becoming a rich man."

MacGowan made no answer.

"Come now; wouldn't it be the most sensible thing to do?"

"May be; but how can I go abroad? I haven't enough to pay my fare to Aberdeen, let alone America."

"Get your friends to lend you enough to pay your passage-money, and to start with."

MacGowan gave a scornful laugh. "Where may they be, I wonder?" said he.

"Well, MacGowan," said Beattie, speaking very slowly and deliberately, "you know we Scots should help one another in a difficulty; and if I thought you would pay me back again, I wouldn't mind giving you the means of making a fresh start."

"Would you really, man?" exclaimed MacGowan, looking up eagerly in Beattie's face.

"I would, if I thought you would really make an effort to repay me."

"I would pay you back, as sure's death," said MacGowan, earnestly.

"I wouldn't advise any young man to go to America," said Beattie. "There are more men there than there is work for. Australia—Western Australia—that's the place for a young fellow of talent and energy."

"It's a long way off," said MacGowan, doubtfully.

"Not in these days of big steamers," said Beattie, in a cheerful tone, taking a newspaper from his pocket as he spoke. "See here, man," he added, running his eye over the shipping advertisements, "here's your chance: 'Steam to Australia. The *Tasmania*. Third-class passage, £13. Superior accommodation.' Sails to-morrow. What do you say to that?"

"It would be cheaper to go to the States," said MacGowan, reaching out his hand for the paper.

"But you would have no chance in the States," answered Beattie. "It would be throwing away money to go there."

"I would want an outfit," said MacGowan.

"Not very much. I'm told you can buy most things as cheaply out there as in this country. If you like to go to Western Australia, which is the country I recommend, decidedly, I'll lend you enough for the passage-money and some clothes, and twenty pounds to start with. What do you say to that?"

MacGowan was astonished. "Man, Beattie, you're acting like a Christian," he said, solemnly, as he stretched out his hand. Then he began to weep.

Beattie took the outstretched hand, though it was not a very clean one, and shook it.

"Look here, now," said he, "this is what you'll do. Make yourself as smart as you can, and meet me at the King's Cross Metropolitan Station in an hour's time. I will have half the money—twenty pounds—ready for you then. Thirteen of that will be for your passage-money, and the rest for clothes. Go to the owner's office in Fenchurch Street, and take your ticket this afternoon. Bring it to my lodgings any time this evening, and I'll see you off to-morrow afternoon, and give you the other twenty pounds. Will that suit you?"

"Couldn't be better, Mr. Beattie; couldn't be better. But if the same firm should have a boat for Canada, for example——"

"I thought we had settled that," said Beattie, quietly. "Why should I throw away my money in helping you to emigrate to a country where I feel convinced you would starve?"

Whereupon MacGowan protested his perfect readiness to go to Australia, and Mr. Beattie departed.

Once or twice during the interview Beattie had been tempted to make distant references to what had passed at the tavern the preceding night, with a view to ascertaining how much or how little of it MacGowan remembered. But he wisely refrained from doing so. The clerk seemed to have forgotten the piece of extra work which Beattie had persuaded him to do, or, if he remembered it, he apparently thought it was not worth alluding to. To refer to it now, Beattie considered, might only have the effect of refreshing his memory, whereas, if nothing happened to

recall the incident which had taken place when he was half tipsy, it would probably fade altogether from his recollection.

An hour later, MacGowan presented himself at the rendezvous at King's Cross. He had evidently made a great effort to look respectable; but he still had the appearance of a man who was just recovering from a debauch. Beattie did not detain him long.

"Here's the money," he said, slipping a roll of sovereigns into his hand, "and you'll repay me out of the first money you can conveniently spare."

"I'll work my fingers to the bone; I'll live on bread and water——" began MacGowan.

"I don't ask you to do that," said Beattie quietly, as a satirical smile crossed his face. "You have plenty of time to go to Fenchurch Street and take your ticket, before the office closes. I will expect you at eight, at my lodgings, to hear how you have got on."

At a few minutes past eight MacGowan made his appearance. He was sober, but to Beattie's shrewd eye it was evident that he had been taking something in honour of the impending change in his fortunes. This, however, was only what might have been expected.

"Have you got your passage-ticket?" began Beattie, rather sharply.

"Yes, sir," answered MacGowan, handing over a piece of paper. "I took it——"

"Why, how's this?" exclaimed Beattie; "this ticket is in the name of P. Macartney!"

"I was telling you, sir," answered MacGowan in an injured tone, "that I thought it better to take another name, and——"

"And make a completely fresh start? Quite right. You showed great good sense in doing that, MacGowan. Much better to break with the past altogether. But why on earth did you take an Irish name, when everybody can see you are a Scotchman?"

"It's a Scotch name, too," answered MacGowan, in a slightly offended tone. "It was my mother's name. And my grandfather was called Peter."

"Oh, very well; I don't suppose it very much matters," said Beattie, handing him back the ticket. "When does the steamer sail?"

"To-morrow afternoon or evening, sir. We are to be on board by four o'clock."

"I'll come down and see you off. St. Margaret's Dock, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; but it's an awkward place to get to, and a long way. I could call on you, Mr. Beattie, at any place and hour you choose to appoint."

"No, no," said Beattie, smiling. "I'll meet you at the ship. Will you take a glass of wine before you go?"

"Nothing, Mr. Beattie; nothing for me," said MacGowan, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, turning away his head, as if to avoid the very sight of temptation. And so he took his leave.

"Arrant humbug!" exclaimed Beattie, as his visitor left the house. He'll go straight to a public-house. And he'll drink himself to death within a month after he lands. Perhaps it would have been better if I had given him a little more money; but sooner or later it comes all to the same thing."

David MacGowan was waiting for his benefactor, as the latter drove down to St. Margaret's Dock the following afternoon.

"That's the steamer, is it?" said Beattie, "and a fine ship she is. I almost wish I were going to Australia too, by Jove!"

MacGowan grinned faintly, as if the treat of having Mr. Beattie as a companion were too good to hope or pray for; and Beattie plunged his hand into his pocket.

The hoarse cry of the steam fog-whistle was already sounding for the last time.

"There's the money I promised to lend you," said Beattie. "Count it, and see that it's all right." ("No need to do that, sir," murmured MacGowan.) "I hope you'll make a good use of it, and—prosper, you know. Good-bye."

MacGowan, after many expressions of gratitude, went on board, and the steamer, which was already crawling at a snail's pace past the wharf, slowly worked her way to the entrance at the further end of the dock. With the help of her tug she got quickly through the dock-gates, and Beattie stood watching her as she glided out into the river, until she was hidden in the sea-mist and the gathering darkness.

Reviews.

I.—READINGS WITH THE SAINTS.¹

WE have had of late a number of miniature volumes with readings from this or that saint for every day of the year, and the idea of making such collections is an excellent one. But they labour under the disadvantage of being rather a miscellaneous assemblage, a series of jewels coming one by one without any regard to their grouping or relation to each other. In the *Readings with the Saints*, lately published by a Priest of the Diocese of Clifton, this evil is remedied. The jewels are set in order. The beautiful sayings of the saints, sparkling as they do with light from Heaven, are gathered into one according to the subject of which they treat. Beginning with Faith, Hope, and Charity, the compiler has run through the most prominent virtues and subjects of pious meditation, and under each head has told us what the saints say of each. None save the saints are allowed to contribute, or, to speak more exactly, none save those who have a high repute for sanctity, since the Venerable Curé d'Ars is not yet raised to the altars of the Church, nor Venerable Father da Ponte, or Anna Maria Taigi, or Father Eudes, and we find sayings of theirs recorded in these pages. It is almost impossible to give any idea of a book like this by one or two detached extracts. But we must give one or two which strike us as specially practical and suggestive. Thus the Curé d'Ars says of temptation :

The good soldier has no fear of the battle, and so a good Christian ought to have no fear of temptation. All soldiers are good in garrison : on the field of battle we see the difference between the brave and the cowardly. The greatest of all temptations is to have none. We may almost say that we are happy in having temptations ; it is the moment

¹ *Readings with the Saints*. Compiled from their Writings for the use of Priests, Religious, and Christians in the world. By a Priest of the Diocese of Clifton. London : Burns and Oates.

of the spiritual harvest, when we lay up stores for Heaven. It is like the time of harvest, when we rise very early, and take a great deal of trouble; but we do not complain, because we gather in a great deal (p. 194).

On the same subject St. Ignatius has words full of consolation (though not under the same head) to those who are sore beset :

Do not torment yourself about evil, impure, or sensual thoughts, nor about your miseries or lukewarmness, when you endure these things in spite of yourself. St. Peter and St. Paul were not able entirely or partially to avoid such distresses (p. 199).

St. Macarius has some excellent advice well suited to our own days, when men seem to have thinner skins and to be more sensitive to praise and blame than were our more stoical forefathers.

St. Macarius once sent a youth who wished to become an anchorite to the burial-ground of the brethren, and ordered him to praise the dead. When he returned he said to him : "Go there once more and revile the dead." After he had obeyed the Saint asked : "What did the dead answer thee, my son?" "Nothing, my father," replied the astonished youth. "Imitate, then, my son, their insensibility to the contempt or praise of men; for eternal life depends not upon the judgments of the world, but upon the judgments of God" (p. 99).

We might easily find matter for quotation under each of the subjects enumerated in this volume. For spiritual reading it is most suitable, and to the preacher will furnish admirable thoughts and topics on which to dwell. Nearly every one of these readings will supply matter for an excellent sermon, or, at all events, will be of great use to one who is composing a sermon and desires to set it off with apt quotations and sayings that bear the stamp of sanctity. Whatever the topic of the discourse, he will find in this volume passages most suitable to adorn and enforce it.

2.—THE SACRED HEART.¹

It was desirable that Father Tickell, after having enriched Catholic literature with a history of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque and her mission in spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart, should supply us with an account of the nature of that devotion and the theological basis upon which it rests. All solid

¹ *The Incarnate Word and the Devotion to the Sacred Heart.* By the Rev. George Tickell, S.J. London : Burns and Oates.

devotion must be rooted in faith or in principles springing from it, and there can be no more important work, nor one for which Catholics should be more grateful, than that of clearly expounding the connection between devotion and faith. This work Father Tickell has done and in a way that shows he has thoroughly mastered one of those portions of theology that require the greatest accuracy, and where it is not only easy to make a mistake, but also where a mistake might entail serious consequences.

First Father Tickell explains what adoration is, what kind of adoration is due to God, and how this same adoration, which we give to God, is to be given to the Sacred Humanity of our Blessed Lord, or to any part of that Humanity. All this is proved theologically and the quotations from the Fathers are very much to the point, especially that from St. John Damascene containing these words: "We do not pay adoration to the creature; for we do not adore mere flesh, but united, as It is, to the Deity; and because His two Natures are united to one Person and one Hypostasis of God the Word. I fear to touch a burning ember on account of the fire which is united to the brand. I adore the two Natures of Christ on account of the Deity united to the Flesh" (p. 25).

"But," continues Father Tickell, "the Sacred Humanity is not merely the Object of Adoration. It is also the object of Manifestation, by which the object of our Adoration manifests Himself to us, and moves us in a singular manner to a love and Adoration of His excellence and goodness" (p. 30).

The manifestation is as manifold as are the human actions of our Lord. But "all the several manifestations of the Incarnate Word may be referred either to the exterior Life and Passion of Christ, or to His interior Life and Passion, the informing principle, so to speak, of the exterior" (p. 46).

We reverence that outward Life and Passion, when we adore the Sacred Wounds. When we enter into those Wounds and penetrate to that inward Life and Passion, when we grow in holy familiarity with our Blessed Lord, we arrive at the Sacred Heart. Since the heart is regarded as the seat of the affections and the symbol of love, the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been aptly chosen as the brief epitome of the history of all He did for us, and as it were recounting in one compendious word the wonderful tale of Divine love. It is this human, material, physical Heart, which out of gratitude and love, and by way of

expiation, we are especially to adore. To this deep Heart man shall come and God shall be exalted.

Father Tickell tells us that his work is taken in great part from Cardinal Franzelin's admirable treatise, *De Verbo Incarnato*. But at least the clear, vigorous, excellent English is Father Tickell's. He also adds the practical application of the doctrine concerning the Sacred Heart. He says: "Amongst the special gifts with which our Lord rewards those who are truly devout to His Heart, holy confidence holds a prominent place" (p. 53). This he illustrates from St. Augustine, and from a singularly beautiful passage in one of the sermons of Father de la Colombière.

One or two minor criticisms—Denziger is twice written for Denzinger (pp. 11, 12)—*prescission* is a bold word to coin and scarcely intelligible to ordinary readers, and lastly in the note on p. 13, Father Tickell says that Nestorius "taught that the Word united Himself to Christ (a mere man), after His birth." There is a dispute amongst theologians, whether according to Nestorius Christ's Human Nature, which subsisted with its own Human Personality, was assumed at its conception or after its conception but before its birth. The former view is defended by Franzelin (th. xxv.). Nevertheless, Franzelin allows that Nestorius admitted another union between the Word and the man Christ, which took place in the course of the life of Christ after His birth. Perhaps it is to this second union that Father Tickell alludes. Still, even according to Franzelin's view of the heresy of Nestorius, it would be giving a wrong idea of the heresy to speak only of the second union without mentioning the first, which took place at Christ's conception, or at any rate before His birth.

We must conclude with saying that many parts of the book are full of beauty; the various stages of the argument are clearly defined, and the reasons are well stated. None of the spirit of piety to be found in Franzelin is lost, and Father Tickell has added much to satisfy devotion, as the character of the work naturally demands. We hope that this little book will enkindle in men the love of that tender and adorable Heart, which loved and loves them so well.

3.—CLARE VAUGHAN.¹

Lady Lovat has done a real service to the cause of religion by preserving to us the remembrance of Clare Vaughan in the little *Life* that she has lately published. It is but a simple sketch, simply drawn, but the simplest of sketches, when it portrays such a soul, is full of an absorbing interest by reason of the beauty of its subject. Clare Vaughan was essentially what the French call an *âme de choix*, one of those chosen souls into whom God pours with unstinting hand His choicest gifts. There is always a charm about the words and deeds of such a soul. Their lives are not like the lives of ordinary good people, they shine with a light of their own, or rather with a light that comes directly from the throne of God, and is reflected in their unsullied purity as in a stainless mirror. It seems to be especially virgin souls, untainted by the world, that have this charm. The song that they are to sing before the throne of God sounds its first notes in their angelic life on earth. It raises our hearts to Heaven with a spell which we cannot account for on any natural grounds. Just as the words of a saint touch and convert the hearts of men, though in themselves they seem rather ordinary, while the eloquence of one of lesser holiness has no such power to move or to reclaim, so the lives of these chosen souls touch our hearts, however wanting in incident they may be, and however oft-repeated in the course of religious biography have been the acts of mortification, or of the love of God, or of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, that they have practised.

Yet it is not so wonderful after all that we should be as it were spell-bound by the history of such a soul as Clare Vaughan, when we remember that the impulse from Heaven makes actions the most ordinary instinct with Divine life. Besides, in all these chosen souls there is a vein of sanctity peculiar to itself; if it presents nothing new, yet it presents many things in a new way. For instance, when she was told that her prayer for death might not be in accordance with God's will, and that possibly she might glorify Him more by living,

"I should not ask to die," said the novice, "if I knew for certain that I should give more glory to God by living. But no one could persuade St. Philip Neri, whose zeal for the conversion of sinners was so

¹ *Clare Vaughan*. By Lady Lovat. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

great, to ask God to prolong his life in order that he might continue his labours. Only St. Martin is known to have said to our Lord that he was ready to live in order to work for His glory and the salvation of souls. If you could see into my heart, you would understand how much more I should glorify God by dying than by living longer" (p. 150).

This is a new aspect of the desire for death common among the saints. She had an inner persuasion that somehow God would be more glorified by her death, mere child as she was, than by her life, and having this persuasion, how could she ask to live?

Or, take the following passage from one of her letters, written when she was only seventeen:

"I always expect an immensity of trial and suffering when I am a nun, were it only for that, no wonder nuns are happy! Pain gives me a great deal of happiness, one feels so *thoroughly* belonging more to God, because we know His hand is upon us. Oh! what does anything matter so that we only become more like that Heart which was once so full of sorrow; that Heart abandoned by all, even by God Himself" (p. 56).

This joy in suffering because it recalls God's hand upon us, is a remarkable evidence of the supernatural life she was living, and the utter contradiction existing between the spirit of the world and that which, at that early age, had grown strong within her.

The most interesting part of this charming little book is the account of her life in Religion. It was put together, shortly after her death, from the narrative of her Sisters in Religion. But the whole book is full of interest. The dates are rather perplexing, but this is a matter of small importance.

We have elsewhere attempted to sketch the leading characteristics of the holiness of Clare Vaughan. If our readers share our admiration for the beauty of her soul, and the wonderful graces God bestowed upon her, Lady Lovat will not have written this sketch of her life in vain.

4.—THE ORDINARY MAGISTERIUM OF THE CHURCH.¹

Several years ago we remember to have read with pleasure two short treatises of the Abbé Vacant, Professor of Theology at Nancy, the one relating to the certitude requisite for the assent to the existence of revelation, the other on our natural knowledge of God. Quite recently he has published a brochure based on a former production, which won the prize offered by the *Controverse* to the best theological dissertation, from amongst a number of competitors. We are not surprised after having read the Abbé Vacant's *Le Magistère Ordinaire*, that the jury, composed of several professors of the faculty of theology of Lyons, should have awarded the prize to him; since we are struck with the clearness of exposition, precision of language, and perfect method, which characterize him throughout.

He begins by stating what is meant by the ordinary and daily *magisterium* of the Church, shows how the Church is not a mere automatic instrument mechanically repeating through the course of centuries the formularies of our Blessed Lord and His Apostles; but how she is a living teacher, understanding what she says, and adapting her teaching to the intelligence and wants of each succeeding generation. Yet she adds nothing to nor takes anything away from the Divine deposit entrusted to her. She only varies the form in which she presents it. We have therefore the ordinary and universal *magisterium* always before us; since we behold the Church speaking unceasingly by the mouth of the Roman Pontiff and the Catholic Bishops throughout the world, making herself intelligible to all men, and instructing them to regulate their intellect and heart, their faith and morals, according to the revelation committed by God to her care. After having described what the ordinary and daily *magisterium* is, the Abbé proceeds to point out those whom the teaching body assumes as assistants in the function of its ordinary and daily teaching, the way in which this teaching body in its ordinary and daily life expresses itself, and the obligations it imposes in doctrinal matters. The whole subject is of the greatest interest, and is treated in so clear and concrete a manner as to leave in the mind exact and definite ideas. We are shown

¹ *Le Magistère Ordinaire de l'Eglise et ses Organes.* Par J. M. A. Vacant, Maître en Théologie, Professeur au Grand-Séminaire de Nancy. Paris: Delhomme et Brignet, 13, Rue de l'Abbaye, 1887.

how writers, schoolmasters, and parents are made auxiliaries, all in their own measure, to the Bishops, in carrying out the magisterial duty belonging to the episcopal office. We see what is the doctrinal authority of the Fathers and Theologians and of the majority of Bishops scattered in their various sees; the danger to which certain well-meaning men expose themselves and others by trying to minimize Catholic teaching; the development of doctrine; the necessity of some utterance on the part of the Roman Pontiff alone, or of all the teaching body solemnly assembled together with him, before a doctrine, which has not yet been held as of faith by the faithful, should become to be regarded as revealed and to be believed by all. This last is well exemplified by the various stages the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception passed through before it reached its final condition of clearness and certainty.

Lastly, the Abbé tells us what part the Pope performs personally in the exercise of the *magisterium*. He distinguishes the solemn decisions of the Pontiff from the exercise of his ordinary personal *magisterium*, saying that the Pontiff is infallible in both. He says he is thereby advancing an assertion, which is nowhere expressly stated by theologians he has read, but is conformable to their doctrine. Perhaps theologians do not use precisely the same manner of distinguishing as the Abbé Vacant; but they treat of the same matter. We cannot help thinking that his distinction does not add clearness to the question. If we consider the Roman Pontiff as the teaching Head of the Church, he is infallible, at least in so far as he acts as Head, and wishes to use that authority inherent in the Head. When he does use this authority, he must in some way manifest the fact, and also the extent to which he uses it. This he may do with more or less solemnity, the degree of solemnity being only accidental. If the Pope does not act as the Head of the Church, he does not claim infallibility for himself, whether he possesses it or not. But whenever he does act as the Church's Head, he exercises the power of his ordinary personal *magisterium*. Therefore it seems to us that the exercise of this ordinary personal *magisterium* of the Pope embraces all definitions or authoritative declarations, and should not be distinguished from that exercise of power, whereby definitions or decisions are made with certain especial solemnities.

Whatever may be our difference of opinion from the Abbé Vacant on a matter of minor importance, we cannot fail to praise

his little work, which is thoroughly sound and orthodox, breathing the true spirit of a Catholic theologian, and is admirable for its clearness and simplicity.

5.—THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.¹

This handsome volume contains yet another attempt to translate Dante's Divine Comedy "in the terza rima of the original." This work, Mr Haselfoot tells us in his Preface, is a labour of love. It is certainly a work that has called for immense patience, unwearying toil, and self-devotion. But we fancy still further qualifications than these are required to justify a man publishing to the world the fruits of his labours. In the present case, where so many translations of Dante have already been issued, we look for some special excellency in the work—an excellency the translator considered lacking in former attempts. For the only obvious reason that can call for a new translation of any work is, that the translations hitherto produced have not adequately represented the original; and that the new champion in the field fancies his own work an improvement. But Mr. Haselfoot does not appear to see the thing in the same light. He tells us he has not read, indeed he has studiously avoided reading, any English terza rima translations hitherto published; he knows Wright, Cayley, Sibbald only by name; he has only permitted himself to refer to Cary's and Longfellow's blank verse translations during the course of composition. We fancy if Mr. Haselfoot *had* read Wright he might, perhaps, have thought it worth while considering whether very much improvement could be made on that writer's version; and whether, if so, he himself were qualified to make them. Judging by the principle given above, we think that Mr. Haselfoot's version, excellent in many ways as it is, does not in anything surpass Wright's translation, while in many instances it falls far short of it. Mr. Haselfoot is, indeed, sometimes more literal, though in this, and in some felicitous expressions here and there, he is, we believe, indebted to Longfellow; and nowhere is he as musical. Take the rendering of canto v. of the *Inferno*, beginning with

¹ *The Divina Commedia of Dante Alighieri*. Translated line for line in the Terza Rima of the original, with Notes, by Frederick K. H. Haselfoot, M.A. London, Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1887.

Quali colombe dal disio chiamate,

and compare it with Wright and Longfellow. We find that the passages best given, are almost Longfellow's, word for word, as for example,

O animæ gratioſo e benigno,

in Longfellow is,

O living creature gracious and benignant,

and in Mr. Haselfoot's version :

O living creature, gracious and benign.

Both these are perhaps better than Wright's :

O thou benign, compassionate and good.

But what can be more unmusical than the last line of the canto :

And I fell, as with a dead body's fall.

We certainly prefer Wright's line :

As falls a lifeless body, down I fell.

Take again canto xxxiii. of the same book ; we scarcely think any one will consider the opening lines an improvement on the translators above quoted :

That sinner raised his mouth from its dire taste
Of that repast, and wiped it on the hair
Of the head which he had behind him laid waste,

beside forfeiting the claim to "line for line" translation. Longfellow is much more line for line and more musical :

His mouth uplifted from his grim repast,
That sinner, wiping it upon the hair
Of the same head that he behind had wasted.

The same remarks will apply to such trying passages in *Purgatorio*, canto iii. "Come le pecorelle," &c.; canto viii. "Era già l'ora," &c.; and the paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer in canto xi.

The notes are extremely brief, and not indicative of very profound erudition ; but Mr. Haselfoot tells us he has expressly aimed at making them explanatory rather than critical or philological.

It would be useless entering into discussion with Mr. Haselfoot on the subject of terza rima versification in English : he "is prepared for the animadversion of those critics who see in every rhymed translation of the *Divina Commedia*, and,

most of all, in one composed in terza rima, nothing but an unmeaning jingle, and another attempt to perform the impossible." For ourselves we persist in believing that the genius of the English language does not lend itself to this metre, any more than it does to the hexameter; and that a perfect terza rima translation of Dante is as much a possibility as a perfect hexameter version of Homer in English.

The following extract is a fair specimen of Mr. Haselfoot's work, and with it we will conclude our notice. We quote the final lines of the *Paradiso* :

O Light Eterne, shrined in Thyself alone,
 Alone self-knowing, and on whom, by Thee
 Self-known, Thy conscious love and smile are thrown !
 That circle which seemed so conceived to be
 Within Thee, as to be a light reflected,
 Of its own very hue appeared to me
 Within, when somewhat by my eyes inspected,
 To have our image painted thereupon ;
 Wherefore my sight was thither all directed.
 As the geometer, absorbed, works on
 At measuring the circle, nor can trace
 By thought the principle he needs to con ;
 Such at the novel sight became my case :
 I wished to see what made the image fit
 The circle ; how it has therein a place :
 But my own wings might not accomplish it ;
 Save only that the wished-for faculty
 Came in a flash whereby my mind was smit.
 Here power fell short of the high fantasy :
 But now, as when a wheel moves free from jars,
 Was swaying *velle* and desire in me
 The Love that moves the sun and the other stars.

6.—THE PSALMS AND CANTICLES OF THE DIVINE OFFICE.¹

It is not necessary to dilate on the treasures of holy thought and holy affections, adapted to every need and phase of the soul, which we possess in the Psalms of David. Devout persons are wont to provide themselves with manuals of devotion to assist them in their intercourse with God. But far above all such manuals as proceed from the pen of man, must be placed the Psalms of David, the inspired manual of devotion, which God Himself

¹ *Explanation of the Psalms and Canticles in the Divine Office.* By St. Alphonsus Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Translated by the Rev. T. Livius, C.S.S.R. London : Burns and Oates.

drew up for the use of the faithful both of the Older and Newer Dispensation. It is on this account that the Church is anxious that at least her clergy should become thoroughly familiar with it, well knowing that its industrious and intelligent use is the surest means of cultivating the spirit of union with God which is the well-spring of sacerdotal efficiency. Hence it is that she prescribes the recitation of the Divine Office, the staple of which is made up of Psalms. But the Psalms are so difficult to understand, especially when they come to us in the form of an ultra-literal Latin translation of the LXX. version. This is true and may be acknowledged without any disrespect to the Church. History tells us that when St. Damasus sought to introduce St. Jerome's newer and better version of the whole Bible from the Hebrew, the faithful who bore the change patiently in regard to the other books, were in consternation at the idea of losing a version of the Psalter whose very language from long usage had struck such deep roots in their affections. So the old version, contemporary almost with the earliest centuries of the faith, kept its place then and has retained it ever since. We ought to remember this, when we hear the Church condemned for retaining it in this critical age. Moreover, although it may be readily conceded that the text which this version represents is in many cases obviously inferior to the Masoretic text, still in such a book as the Psalms the possession of the exact text of the original is of less moment. We use the language of the Psalms in our devotion rather as a most appropriate vehicle for the expression of our own thoughts and affections than with the wish to arrive at and appropriate the exact meaning with which they were composed by the author. We have said this much as a necessary apology for books such as that which we have to announce. Since the days of St. Alphonsus we have got to penetrate deeper into the real meaning of the Psalms, our knowledge of the language in which they are written and of its method of expression having been improved with the course of time. We must not therefore blame the Saint, if he does not provide us with all which we might be able to obtain elsewhere. He has used the best means at his disposal in those days, and has produced a most valuable aid for those whose object in consulting it is, like his in writing it, practical and not literary. Father Livius, to whom the clergy owe a debt of gratitude for the translation, has in our opinion even improved on the original, so far as the arrangement of the book goes. Whereas St.

Alphonsus gives the text of the Psalter in large type, and then in a smaller combines without distinction, translation and explanation, the translator has placed the text and an English translation in smaller type in parallel columns, and has kept the large type to follow below for such explanations as are occasionally required when the translation fails to remove the obscurity. There are also occasional footnotes by the translator himself, or adopted from the French translation of Père Dujardin, C.S.S.R. It is interesting to be reminded that this little book of the Saint's is mentioned by name in the Decree of March 23, 1871, by which he was declared a Doctor of the Church. Although hitherto unknown in this country, it became popular in Italy from the time of its publication. New priests will find it especially useful.

7.—A NEW NATURAL HISTORY.¹

The title Mr. Leys has chosen for his little book might lead to the supposition that it adds one more to the manuals of zoology that find their most fitting place on the shelves of the school-room. But were school-books formed on such a model as this, our children would find lesson hours both short and sweet, and with Mr. Leys for their teacher, natural history would appear the most easy and delightful of sciences. It is no scientific treatise we have before us: this elegant little volume contains a number of papers about animals—many of them reprinted from *Good Things*—grave or gay, humorous or pathetic as the case may be, but each and all charming to the youthful reader, and conveying a useful lesson to the childish mind. Mr. Leys evidently understands children, and knows how to please them, for he cleverly combines the possible and the impossible, the real and the fanciful, giving to fiction the garb of fact, and clothing truth in a fantastic dress, after a fashion which cannot fail to fascinate the listener, half mystifying, it is true, but wholly delighting him.

The purpose of these short sketches is to give a reason, legendary or imaginary, for the peculiar structure, the striking plumage, or the eccentric habits wherewith nature has endowed various members of the animal kingdom, familiar friends to us all. For instance, we hear how the robin got its red breast and the

¹ *A New Natural History of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.* By John K. Leys, M.A. London: Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane, 1886.

insignificant glow-worm its lamp ; why the rabbit has so short a tail and the giraffe so long a neck ; why the ostrich is unlike all other birds, and the guinea-pig is called by so odd a name. As a specimen we will give the following extract, affording an account in which the gay humming-bird acquired its brilliant hues.

Now I daresay you might be surprised to hear, if you had not read several surprising things already in this book, that once these birds had plain brown coats, like sparrows, and then, of course, they looked very insignificant. No one cared to stick them upon bits of stick in glass cases in those days : and what was worse than being despised, they were so defenceless that they were the prey of any animal or bird that took a fancy to a humming-bird by way of dessert. Not only cats, but weasels, ferrets, falcons, hawks—all sorts of birds and beasts of prey devoured them, until at last only two were left, and it seemed as if there would soon be no such creatures any more. . . .

On day they were both at home in the bush . . . when the cock humming-bird got a terrible fright. There was a wild-cat at one side of the bush crouching for a spring !

"Tweet ! a cat !" he cried to his little wife, and in a moment they were both in the air, safe from the cat, and hovering round their nest. But now a new danger came. A hawk that was flying in the wood for shelter from the storm, thought, I suppose, that he might as well snap up one of them as not, and he was flying towards them, not very far off. But they saw him in time, and darted off for their lives to the shelter of the forest. . . . And now the rain came down pouring in streams, while every living thing crept under something for shelter, and away behind the trees the thunder muttered. But the humming-birds were safe under the strong, thick leaves, and sat and watched the torrents of rain and the sun shining brightly and sending down shafts of light, like Angels' ladders, through the mist, far away on the plain.

"Oh, my eggs !" cried the mother suddenly, "they will be quite dead by this time !"

"But, my dear," said her husband, "you can never fly through all that rain. It would beat you down to the earth in three seconds. Then the hawk may be on the look out yet ; and I am sure that frightful cat is at the bush still. The eggs will be all right."

"But they will die if I don't go !" she said again ; "you stay here till the rain stops. There's no reason why we should both run the risk of being killed."

"Oh, if you go, of course I'll go with you," said Mr. Humming-bird ; and then he grumbled something about women always making a fuss, and never knowing when they were well off ; but his wife never heard that—she was off through the rain, with her lord and master at her tail.

How the rain did come down ! It beat upon them and nearly stunned them, while the wind blew them about as if they had been feathers, and they lost their breath and thought they would never reach their nest alive. At last, though, they did reach it, helpless and breathless, all bedraggled with the rain.

But when the two humming-birds turned and looked at each other, what a glorious sight they saw ! They were no more poor, brown, insignificant things, but sparkling with beauty, glittering in gold and green and fiery red, and the purple of the summer hills. It was very natural, after all, for you see they had been flying through the end of a rainbow ; and the beauty that comes down from heaven now and then, but finds no spot to make a home in on earth, descended upon these two creatures, faithful and loving, and abode with them (pp. 60—64).

We will add no more in commendation of the *New Natural History*, but only advise all the friends of children to make acquaintance with it for themselves.

8.—JOHN CANADA, OR, NEW FRANCE.¹

The readers of *The Castle of Coëtquen* and *The Treasure of the Abbey*, notices of which appeared a short time ago in the pages of THE MONTH, are already acquainted with the cruel and almost incredible misfortunes which befel the Marquis Tanguy in his native country ; and such of them as are interested in the fate of the unhappy nobleman will hail the appearance of the promised volume, wherein the tale of his adventures is continued and concluded.

In the opening pages of *John Canada*, the sequel to the above-mentioned volumes, we find the Marquis of Coëtquen landing as a fugitive on American shores, or rather following the course of the St. Lawrence till it leads him into the depths of the wild Canadian forests. He is accompanied by his father-in-law, who was a sea-captain, and his little son—the romantic circumstances of whose birth in a subterranean prison the reader will remember—also by Patira, the much-enduring youth whose early history and devotion to the Coëtquen family are well known to us. The party of refugees, accustomed to encounter perils by land and sea, are inexperienced in the dangers of the

¹ *John Canada, or New France.* Sequel to the *Castle of Coëtquen* and *Treasure of the Abbey*. Translated from the French of Raoul de Naverly. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son, 1887.

far West, and consequently narrowly escape destruction in the rapids of the river, being rescued by none other than John Canada himself, who offers them the hospitality of which they stand in much need. By his advice they purchase land and set to work to construct a dwelling-house; meanwhile Patira and Hervé form a fast friendship with a wondrous Indian maiden living under John Canada's watchful care.

To Patira's imagination the silver-haired maiden appeared as a being unlike all others, clothed in poetical mystery. He loved her, but not without a kind of awe. She seemed to belong to the race of Korigans, rather than that of ordinary maidens, and but that he had seen her bow her head to receive the missionary's blessing, he would perhaps never have believed that she was not a kind of fairy or nymph. Everything about her tended to keep up the idea of mystery. But the thing that struck Patira most was that for Nonpareille darkness had no existence; the beautiful eyes of the maiden were gifted with the faculty of seeing in the dark, as certain nocturnal birds can do. No one who saw her by day could have guessed that she had this strange power, for her eyes were bright, clear, and transparent, and possessed a depth of expression unusual in one so young. . . . Nonpareille's mother was dead. The Hurons slew her. One night the war-cry was heard, the enemy came—the tomahawk did its deadly work—the Blue Owlet sought to carry Nonpareille away and save her, but an arrow pierced her and cast her to the ground.

"How were you saved?" inquired Patira.

"The Black Robe has often told me about it. Father Flavian was returning from Lake Superior with the Master of the Great Hut; they were passing through the desolated village; Nonpareille was moaning among the dead; John Canada took her away as a treasure and kept her safe" (p. 47).

The voluntary exiles had fled from France to escape death at the hands of the Revolutionists, but far from finding tranquillity and peace in the New World, they were drawn into the struggle which had been going on for thirty years in Canada between France and England, between the Catholic faith and Protestantism. The French inhabitants of the colony, though abandoned by the mother-country, could not submit to the yoke of their conquerors, who sought to deprive them not only of their lands but of their faith, persecuting them on account of the latter, and banishing them from the former; John Canada was the soul of the party of resistance, and his friends were involved in the dangers to which he was exposed. Several Indian tribes, partisans of the English, were paid by them to perpetrate deeds

of darkness they themselves would never have done. These native warriors, cunning and cruel, greedy of spoil and eager to obtain scalps, made a night attack on the settlers, set fire to their houses, and after a desperate fight, took the Marquis and Halgan prisoners. The description of the unequal contest with the savages, and the escape of the maiden with the child Hervé from the burning house, by climbing into the branches of a neighbouring tree, are full of thrilling interest; no less so is the account of the detention of the prisoners in the wigwams of their captors, their attempts at flight, their recapture after an exciting chase by the infuriated Indians, the tortures inflicted on them, and their final deliverance through the skill and daring of the gifted Indian girl.

Meanwhile the little boy, formerly the *Treasure of the Abbey*, has been confided to the care of some French Catholics residing in Montreal, in connection with whom a sad tale of suffering and trial is related. The ardent patriot, John Canada, is forced to take part in a premature insurrection.

He wished for a splendid victory, a victory which should give back to France the "acres of snow" that she had despised. He dreamed of the revival of his fallen country and of the triumph of the Catholic cause, but he knew that such projects demand time to mature them.

For twenty years he had cherished a great plan and had been carrying on preparations for its execution, recruiting his forces on the banks of the rivers, in the depth of the forests, on the shores of the lakes. He had won new tribes to the cause of France, and he might have counted on success as certain, only on condition that the fitting moment should be chosen for action and that prudence should be joined to valour (p. 253).

The revolutionary movement, taking place too soon, only served to rivet more closely the chains of the impatient people, and cost the lives of many brave men, amongst whom was John Canada. On his death-bed—

"I have had but one passion and one love," he said. "I devoted myself to it with all the enthusiasm of my nature. I took my dream for a living reality. I believed that the French would reconquer New France, and ought to do so. God has not permitted it. But who can understand His secret purposes? What I have been unable to do, may yet be done without me, when I am gone. And if at last a day of glorious liberty should dawn for Canada, all that he hoped and longed for will be realized in generations yet to come" (p. 287).

There was nothing to induce our friends to linger in a

country where cruel war was raging. Peace had been restored to France, and they were desirous to be back in Brittany; they therefore set sail at once, accompanied by the "Silver-haired Maiden," to whom they owed so much; and when we take leave of our friends, they are again in their native land, on the ancestral estates of the Marquis of Coëtquen, now his once more.

Throughout this volume the action is rapid, the description vigorous, the interest well-sustained; the sequel being not only quite worthy of the preceding portions of this striking and uncommon narrative, but undoubtedly surpassing them in the brilliancy of the style and excellence of the plot.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE impulse given by Pope Leo the Thirteenth to the devotion of the Holy Rosary is one of the many wise and prudent means by which he is bringing down a blessing on the Church. We may naturally look for a greater prominence for the Rosary in the services of the Church, and in the prayers of the faithful, than has hitherto been the case. If hitherto it has been the favourite devotion of Mary's clients, it will now be dearer to them than ever, and will add to their numbers by the graces it brings down on all who repeat it devoutly. Father Grimm has translated from the German, and Messrs. Benziger have published in convenient and attractive form, a series of thirty-one Meditations (with suitable prayer and story following each) on the most Holy Rosary.¹ The object of this little volume is to augment the fervour with which the Rosary is said, and to keep before the mind of him who says it the mystery that he is celebrating. It is with this object that the short meditations, which form the chief part of the book, bring before us first of all the reasons for honouring Mary, the best method of so doing, &c., and then expound to us in simple and interesting words, the

¹ *The Most Holy Rosary.* Translated from the German of Rev. W. Cramer by Rev. E. Grimm, C.S.S.R. Benziger Brothers.

Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, and each of the fifteen mysteries in turn, with the lessons they respectively teach. The prayer which follows the meditation brings this lesson home to us, and the story imprints it on our memory. We commend to all lovers of the Rosary this means of fostering the devotion to it alike in themselves and others.

No one can have studied the symbols and formularies of Freemasonry without noticing that their rather senseless jargon has a large admixture of a Jewish element. The Masonic ritual has many Hebrew words: the Masonic almanack corresponds to the Jewish: there are many references to the building of the Jewish Temple in the Masonic ceremonies. The author of *Judaïsme et Franc-Maçonnerie*² gathers from these and other evidences that the Jews are the prime movers of Freemasonry throughout the world, that their aim is to establish a universal Republic on the ruins of all existing authority, spiritual or temporal, and that they are deliberately preparing the way for the reign of Antichrist. There is certainly a great deal that is true in this suspicion of Jewish influence, but we cannot help thinking that this notion is pushed a little too far in the pamphlet before us. There are some good people who take a leaf out of a Protestant book and who see the Jews everywhere and trace to them everything hostile to religion, just as Protestants persuade themselves that the influence of the Jesuits is supreme in the Catholic Church. Just as in the latter case there is a sort of foundation for this idea, so also in the former. The Jews are a wealthy, enterprising, influential community. The Liberal newspapers of the modern world are mainly in their hands. The leading bankers comprise in their numbers many Jews. The Jews, like the Freemasons, hate Christianity and all that is Christian, and hence an alliance between Judaism and Freemasonry arising rather from the force of circumstances than from any subtle deliberate design.

We doubt whether there exists in the world so beautiful and edifying a collection of pious stories as the *Fioretti di S. Francesco*.³ More than thirty years ago it was published for the first time in English, and now we are glad to see that a second edition is called for. If any of our readers have not already made its acquaintance, we strongly advise them to do

² *La Franc-Maçonnerie, est elle d'origine Juive?* Desclée et Cie., Bruges et Lille.

³ *The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi.* Edited by Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Second Edition. London: Burns and Oates.

so. To our mind no spiritual reading is so powerful to move the heart as that which teaches by example, and certainly none is so naturally attractive. What is so particularly charming in these stories is their naive simplicity. No one could have invented the anecdotes narrated of B. Juniper and others.

The Leakage Question is one of the very greatest importance, and we are glad to see that the four papers which recently appeared in *THE MONTH* have been republished and edited by Mr. Britten.⁴ The first of these, by Mr. Edward Lucas, establishes by statistics which cannot be explained away the fact of our constant losses. They are perhaps only such as necessarily take place where Catholics are a small minority, and are surrounded by enemies to their faith. Still they are very sad. It is necessary that we should look them boldly in the face. The other three papers are remedial. They point out the chief directions in which Catholics must work in order to prevent those lamentable defections which are causing the loss of so many souls. The first of them, by C. G., advocates strongly some means of keeping a hold on our boys after leaving school. The last two are by Mr. Britten himself, whose remarkable success in the formation of a boys' club, and other similar good works, gives him a right to speak with authority. We feel sure that the discussion on our Losses has already begun to rouse Catholics to greater exertions in order to meet the evil. We hope that these four papers may further still more their interest in the good work.

It is always pleasant to find among the servants of the muses those whose devotion to them is the pouring forth of a natural love of song, with no thought of pecuniary gain or selfish motive. Still more pleasant is it when such love of song is inspired by Christian motives, and has for its object to tell of the beauties of nature and the joys and sorrows of earth, as proclaiming the Goodness of God and being the means intended to draw us upwards to Heaven. This is essentially the aim that Lord Braye⁵ sets before himself in the verses of which he is the author. Even when writing of scenes and subjects of mere classic or Pagan interest, he never forgets that he is above all a Catholic and a Christian. He might well take as the

⁴ *The Leakage from the Catholic Church in England.* Four Papers reprinted from *THE MONTH*. Edited by J. Britten, 18, West Square, London.

⁵ *Poems.* A Selection from the Works of Lord Braye. New Edition with an Advertisement. London: R. Washbourne.

motto of his minstrelsy a stanza of the poem of Gratitude, in which he pours forth his love to the Catholic Church—

Unchanging guardian of redeemed mankind,
The tongue shall fail that seeks to tell thy praise,
Who strings his lyre for such a task shall find
The theme too lofty for his solemn lays ;
Yet not in vain would I essay to raise
Some tribute to the love I bear to thee,
Poor though that tribute seem ; a broken phrase,
A kiss, a smile, or passing glance may be
Dear to a mother's heart—accept such gift from me (p. 122).

The selection which Lord Braye has published is but a small portion of his collected poems. It contains, however, an Introduction and one or two poems which have not appeared in print before.

*The Cathedral Chorister*⁶ is an extremely pleasing little tale, attractive not merely on account of the interest of the narrative, but also of the simple and agreeable manner in which it is related. It is the story of a conversion, and purports to be strictly true ; we doubt not that it is so, for strange as are some of the coincidences, a short experience suffices to teach one that stranger things occur in real life than the imagination of the novelist is able to invent. Nor is there anything actually improbable in the history of Donald, an orphan boy, who when he leaves the home of his childhood in Winchester, passes through many painful vicissitudes before he again meets the old priest who was his earliest friend, and Constance, the playfellow of his childish days, in the Scotch Highlands, whither an unaccountable impulse has led him. He is discovered to be the grandson of an old Laird, and past troubles are forgotten in the happy present and bright future. This tale is published in a very cheap form.

*Clare's Sacrifice*⁷ is a pretty, simple anecdote of a little girl who gives up the pleasure of going home to her mother in order to make her First Communion in the convent where she is being educated, and is rewarded for her generosity in an unexpected way. It will be read with interest by little girls, as it is prettily and brightly written.

⁶ *The Cathedral Chorister*. By Georgiana Lady Chatterton. Edited by E. H. Dering. London: Catholic Truth Society; Art and Book Company, Leamington.

⁷ *Clare's Sacrifice*. A Tale for First Communicants. By C. M. O'Hara. London: R. Washbourne, 1887.

Mr. Britten has reprinted his article, published in the first instance in the *Dublin Review* of July last, and has added a postscript defending himself against various attacks made upon him.⁸ There is one sentence in this postscript with which we fully agree. "It might, indeed, be better to pass the whole matter over in silence." Indeed it might, however unfair the personalities which were levelled at Mr. Britten. They would soon have been forgotten, and their very unfairness would have rendered them harmless shafts. But to reply to them is to give them a fresh point, and to level personalities in return is to prevent the wound from healing speedily.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have published *The Burial Service and Mass for the Dead*,⁹ in Latin and English. In some dioceses of England, the Burial Service is conducted in English, we presume for the benefit of the friends of the departed. We do not criticize the custom, as we have no doubt the Bishop has good reason for sanctioning it, but we hope that the publication of a little manual like this may facilitate a return to the use of the language generally in use in the Offices of the Church. The translation of the *Dies iræ* in the Mass in this manual is new to us, and departs not a little from the original. For instance the first verse is rendered thus—

Nigher still, and still more nigh
Draws the day of prophecy,
Doomed to melt the earth and sky (p. 24).

The "Day of wrath" disappears altogether, so do David and the Sibyl, while the first line of the English is entirely an interpolation.

⁸ *The Work of the Laity*. An Article reprinted from the *Dublin Review*. With a Postscript. By James Britten, 18, West Square, London.

⁹ *The Burial Service and the Mass for the Dead*. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* again protests against the system of State education in Germany. The training of the young is now, practically if not theoretically, directed in an anti-Christian spirit, the staff of teachers in the schools and colleges being recruited from a body of men who are utterly indifferent, if not hostile to religion. In consequence of the low standard of morality that prevails amongst the boys, the number of juvenile criminals has doubled in the space of seven years; statistics also testify that suicide and lunacy are alarmingly on the increase. The State takes no measures to remedy the evil, and prohibits others from doing so: every gymnasium formerly under ecclesiastical direction, whether Catholic or Protestant, is placed under Royal or State patronage; Government aid is withheld from denominational schools, and the right to give certificates is denied to private gymnasiums, as was the case with one recently opened in Schleswig, in order to provide instruction for the children of God-fearing Lutherans. The spread of socialistic and communistic principles amongst the lower orders induces Father Cathrein to discuss the theory respecting landed property propounded by Henry George in *Progress and Poverty*, and demonstrate the fallacy of some of his assertions. Father Marty concludes his account of the cremation movement in Italy, which has met with small success, despite the efforts of the Cremation Society in Milan to erect furnaces and form branch associations in other towns, in view of reviving this pagan custom. Although supported by the Freemasons, in only seven hundred and eighty-seven cases during the space of eleven years has this method of disposing of the dead been adopted in Italy. The *Stimmen* also contains the continuation of Father St. Beissel's interesting essay on the influence exercised by St. Francis of Assisi on the corrupt age in which he lived; as well as another of Father Baumgartner's graphic Scandinavian sketches, describing the town of Stockholm, picturesquely situated on and amid a thousand isles and promontories.

The essay on the works of Methodius is concluded in the *Katholik* for September. This synopsis of his teaching will be useful to the student of patristic theology; it is, we are told, from the pen of the late Professor Pankow, and will shortly

be published as a separate pamphlet. In reading the sketch of the cosmology of Nicholas of Cusa, it is interesting to observe how completely he overthrew the accepted ideas of the time, and ushered in a new era of thought, by proclaiming the measureless extent of the universe, and the insignificant position of our earth amongst the infinite number of worlds revolving in limitless space, all constituting an harmonious and well-ordered whole, originally called into being by the absolute will of an Almighty and eternal Creator. The *Katholik*, in terminating the notice of the mystical writings of St. Bonaventure which has extended through several numbers, strongly recommends the works of this Doctor, eminent alike for erudition and piety, to the study of priests. It also explains that the imputation of a leaning to error sometimes brought against him, arises from misapprehension of certain obscure passages in the *Itinerarium*. The *Katholik* also gives the pastoral letter of the Archbishops and Bishops present at the Congress of German Catholics at Treves, every line of which manifests the close union existing between the clergy and laity, and the profound attachment of both to the Holy See.

The political decadence of France during the century which has elapsed since the Revolution, has already engaged the attention of the *Civiltà Cattolica*; the financial and moral condition of that country now commented on (Nos. 894, 895) presents no more encouraging aspect. Lavish expenditure of the public funds, and the high salaries paid to the numerous officials, have got the nation into debt, while the diminution of exports and the ravages of the phylloxera have considerably reduced the annual revenue; agriculture languishes, national industries are on the decline, and, excepting the Italians, the French are the most heavily taxed people in Europe. Still more serious is the moral decadence of the nation; a vast increase in crime, infanticide and suicide, the general corruption of manners, is the result of civil marriage, divorce, compulsory secular education, bad literature, immoral plays. Almighty God is ignored, His Name being carefully eliminated from the school-books; the Revolution, which began with a government without God, ends in a government against God; and the *Civiltà* regards as a punishment of this national apostasy, the fact that Jews—the scourge of Christians—now form the dominant power in the State. The series of articles on political economy are clearly and pleasantly written, and are well suited for the

present time, since, although the subject is treated with reference to the nation rather than the individual, they bear on the great social question of the day, the mutual relations of capital and labour, of profit and produce. The writer on Seismology contributes some further information in support of the new theory of the cause of earthquakes, and the question whether the cracks and fissures observable in the earth's surface are produced by them is also discussed. Amongst other articles we must mention one on the science of music and its effect on the human soul; and also another, the upshot of which is to point out how the truths of Christianity give nobility and dignity to the poorest artisan, by recognizing in him, equally with the mightiest monarch, the child of God and inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, while the principles of modern unbelief degrade the working classes to the level of the brutes, made for the purpose of serving our material interests and needs.

It is not often that a local magazine is of general interest. But in the new Salford magazine, *The Harvest*, issued under the auspices of the Bishop, and edited by Mr. Austin Oates, we have a signal exception to the rule. Salford is the centre of a movement which is of the greatest importance to the future of Catholicity in England. The energy and zeal of Dr. Vaughan has started the Catholic Protection and Rescue Society, which has for its object to deliver Catholics, and especially Catholic boys and girls, from institutions and from influences destructive of their faith. This magazine is primarily the organ of this most admirable Society, which is no less needed in Liverpool, London, Glasgow, and half a dozen other large towns than in Manchester. As such it will be of interest to every loyal Catholic, and we ask our readers to support it, not only for its own sake, but that they may become familiar with the dangers to which young Catholics are exposed in English cities, and the best remedy for the evil. But they will find plenty of other excellent matter. Mr. Austin Oates has given a most vivid description from personal experience of a night in a common lodging-house and of the inmates he encountered there. There is also a serial story, and other matter of general interest. The cost of *The Harvest* is only a penny, and it might with advantage be adopted in other dioceses, and adapted to their local needs. Why cannot we have an edition for Westminster and Southwark? We recommend this suggestion to the enterprising editor.

2

1

Vis

Th

Se

Th

Co

Ca

El

St

MA

- I

Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin Mary. For Every Day in the Month. By ST. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. EUGENE GRIMM, C.S.S.R. Large type edition. 32mo, cloth, \$0.50; maroquette, \$0.35.

The Most Holy Rosary. In Thirty-one Meditations, Prayers, and Examples. Suitable for the Months of May and October. With Prayers at Mass, Devotions for Confession and Communion, and other Prayers. Translated from the German of Rev. W. CRAMER by Rev. EUGENE GRIMM, C.S.S.R. 32mo, cloth, \$0.50; maroquette, \$0.35.

Sermons, Moral and Dogmatic, on the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary. Translated from the German of Rev. MATTHEW JOSEPH FRINGS by J. R. ROBINSON. 12mo, cloth, net, \$1.00.

The Life and Acts of Pope Leo XIII. Golden Jubilee Edition, newly revised and brought up to date. With many new Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 480 pages, cloth, \$2.00.

Compendium Sacrae Liturgiæ Juxta Ritum Romanum una cum Appendice de Jure Ecclesiastico Particulari in America Foederata Sept. vigente scripsit P. INNOCENTIUS WAPELHORST, O.S.F., S. Theol. Lector, olim Rector Sem. Salesiani et S. Liturgiæ Professor. With Imprimatur of the Most Rev. Archbishops of St. Louis and New York. Crown 8vo, cloth, net, \$2.50.

Canonical Procedure in Disciplinary and Criminal Cases of Clerics. A Systematic Commentary on the "Instructio S. C. Epp. et Reg. 1880." By the Rev. FRANCIS DROSTE. Edited by the Rev. SEBASTIAN G. MESSMER, D.D., Professor of Theology. 12mo, cloth, net, \$1.50.

Elements of Ecclesiastical Law. By Rev. S. B. SMITH, D.D.
Vol. I. Ecclesiastical Persons. Sixth Edition. 8vo, cloth, net, \$2.50; by mail, \$0.30 extra. Vol. II. Ecclesiastical Trials. Completely revised. 8vo, cloth, net, \$2.50; by mail, \$0.30 extra.

St. Alphonsus' Works. Centenary Edition.

- Vol. I. Preparation for Death.
- Vol. II. The Way of Salvation and of Perfection.
- Vol. III. The Great Means of Salvation and of Perfection.
- Vol. IV. The Incarnation, Birth, and Infancy of Jesus Christ.
- Vol. V. The Passion and the Death of Jesus Christ.
- Vol. VI. The Holy Eucharist.
- Vol. VII. and VIII. Glories of Mary. Each volume, 12mo, cloth, net, \$1.25.

FOR SALE BY ALL CATHOLIC BOOKSELLERS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,

Printers to the Holy Apostolic See,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF VESTMENTS AND CHURCH ORNAMENTS.
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND CHICAGO.

BONA MORS.

DEVOTIONS FOR A HAPPY DEATH.

New Edition, with Music,

FROM THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

J. STANLEY, MANRESA PRESS, ROEHAMPTON, S.W.

J. L. BACON & Co.,

Hot Water Heating Engineers,

Cathedrals, Churches, Chapels, Convents, Colleges, Schools, Asylums, Hospitals, Warehouses, Offices, Private Houses and Buildings of every description, warmed to healthy and agreeable temperatures by our well known and approved Small Pipe System.

TEMPERATURES GUARANTEED.

ECONOMY OF FUEL.

ESTIMATES FREE.

PHŒNIX WORKS:

34, Upper Gloucester Place, Dorset Square,
London, N.W.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET POST FREE.

RUPTURES CURED.

RUPTURES! RUPTURES!!

"HODGE'S

AUTOMATIC
SOFT RUBBER SHELL

PATENT
Self-adjusting

TRUSS

is the most perfect we ever examined."—*Medical Press and Circular*, October 21, 1885.

RUPTURES.—"HODGE'S Patent Truss is the most comfortable and effective truss. It gives an elastic pressure, possessing a very great advantage. It adapts itself readily to the movements of the body, and is very effective."—*Lancet*, Oct. 3, 1885.

RUPTURES.—"VERY ingenious and successful truss."—*British Medical Journal*, May 23, 1885.

RUPTURES.—"WITHOUT enlarging the opening, as conical pads are apt to do, while its resiliency ensures the pad keeping its place without exerting injurious pressure."—*Medical Times*, Oct. 10, 1885.

RUPTURES.—"POSSESS decided advantage both in efficiency and comfort over all others with which we are acquainted."—*Liverpool Medical Journal*, Jan. 7, 1886.

RUPTURES.—"A VERY ingenious truss."—*Edinburgh Medical Journal*, Feb. 1, 1886.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS AND BELTS IN STOCK.

Description, a Stamped Addressed Envelope.

HODGE & CO.,

Surgical Instrument, Suspensory Bandage, & Army Truss Makers,
327 & 329, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

FACTORY—18, JAMES STREET, W.

ROEHAMPTON: PRINTED BY JAMES STANLEY.

es
ne
.
d,
its
al
th
rs,